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THE NEW YORKER

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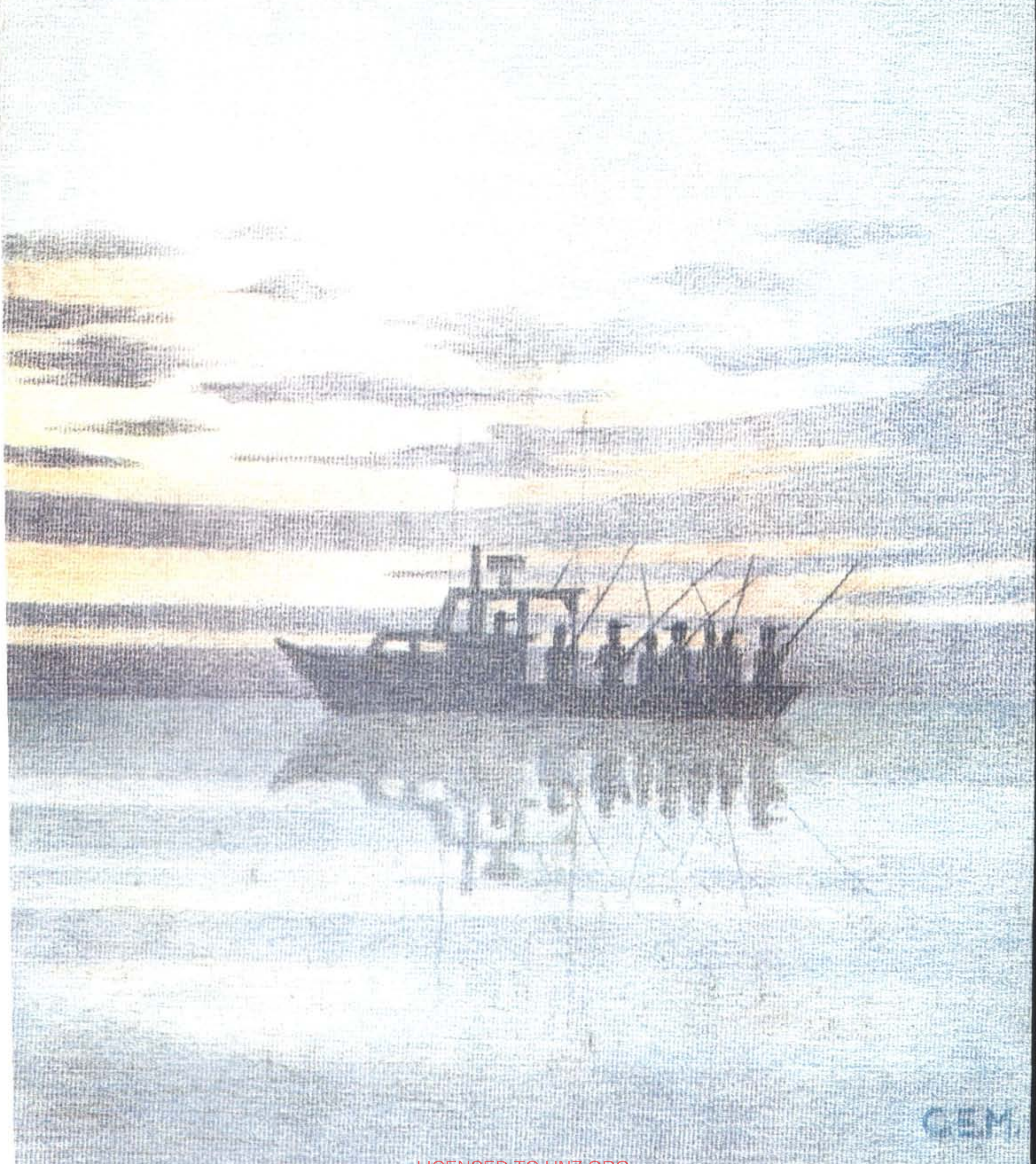

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. Mia Dillon fills in for Miss Plummer Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Charlotte Sweet—A spoof of Victorian music hall that is occasionally amusing, but more often just silly. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Fox—An adaptation, by Allan Miller, of D. H. Lawrence's story about two women who live on a farm in rural England and whose lives are disrupted (to say the least) by the intrusion of a mysterious young soldier. The time is November of 1918. Under the direction of Mr. Miller, the performance is all it should be, and the script embodies both Lawrence's strength and his weaknesses. With Jenny O'Hara, Mary Layne, and Michael Horton. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 19.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—There is little sense of ghostliness in this heavy-handed production of Ibsen's classic. Liv Ullmann is the star. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **the red mill.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold... and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 12.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward

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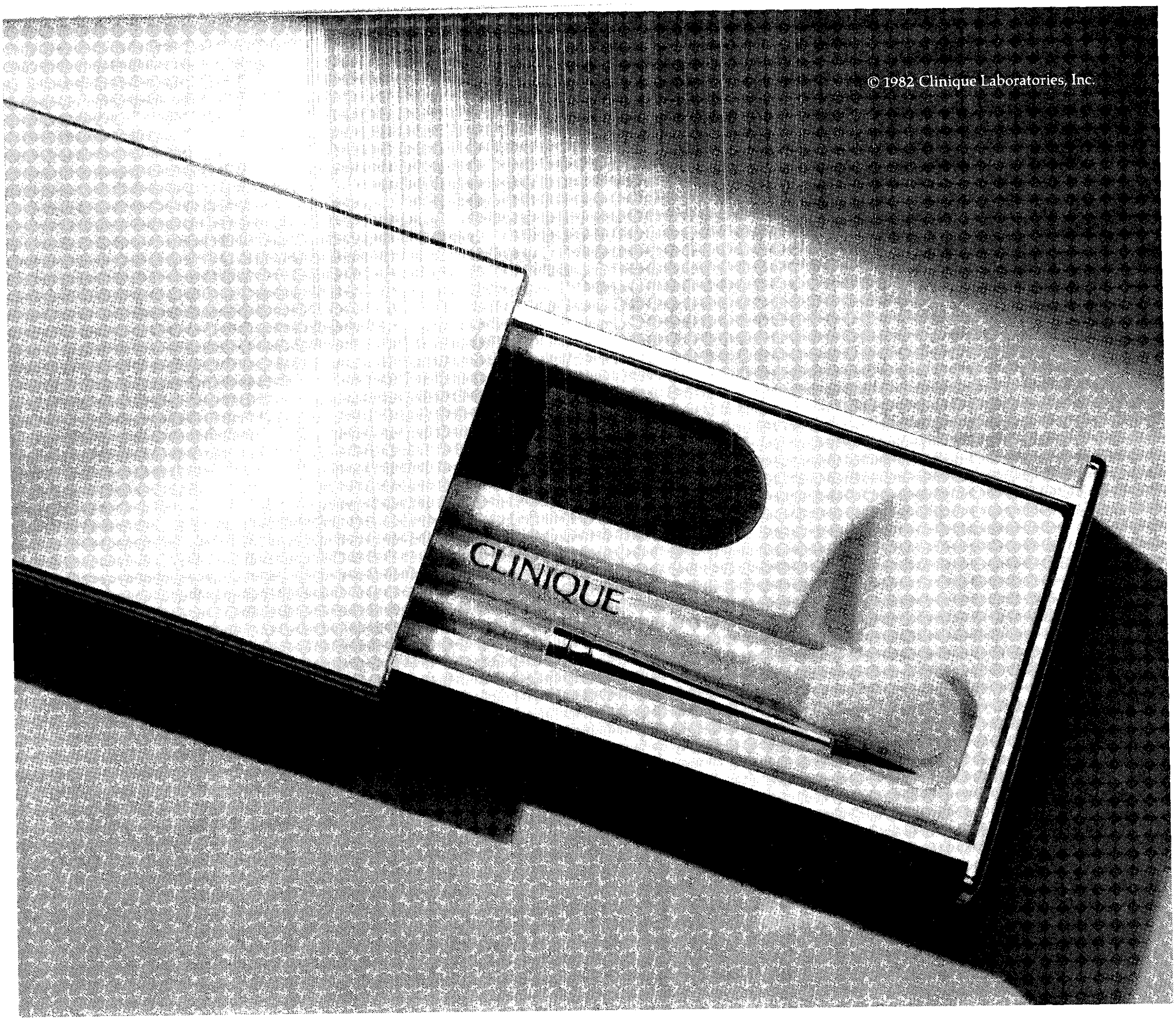

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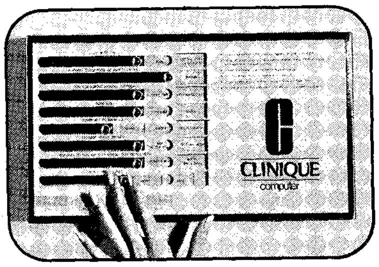

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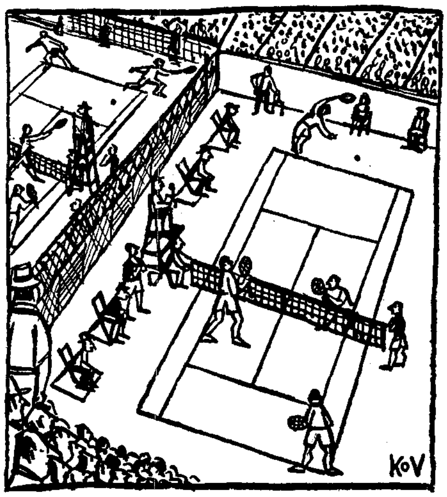
mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

R.S.V.P.—A musical revue by Rick Crom, with a cast of five. Word Baker directed. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a revival of the musical taken from the book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 9, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 3. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,304 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 8-10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12, at 2 and 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER BALLET OF CARACAS:** Thursday, Sept. 16, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

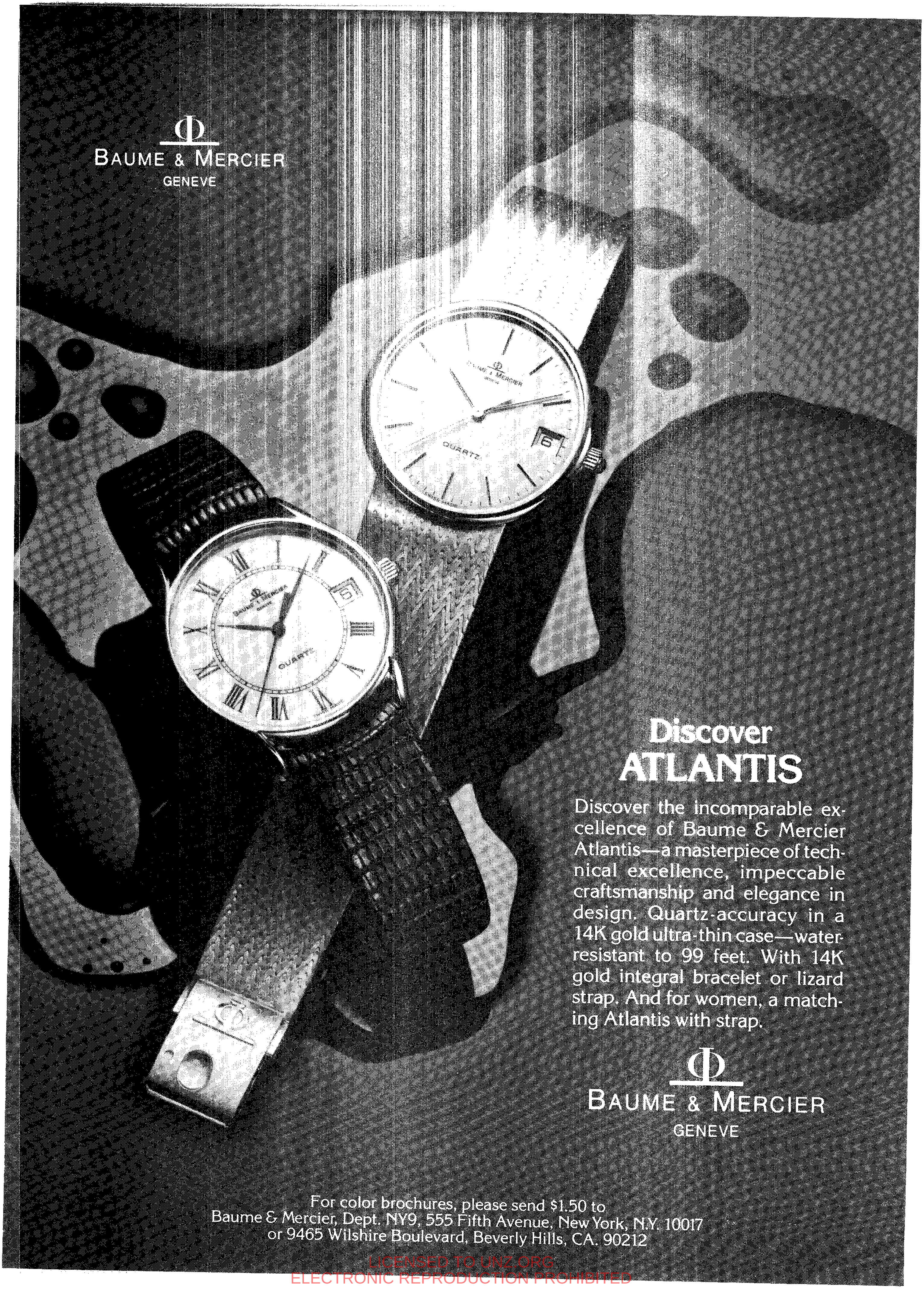
Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, pianist **JOHN HICKS** leads a trio, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the busiest and bluesiest piano-bass duos in town, will turn up here. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **EMILY REMLER,** a compelling bebop guitarist in her mid-twenties, is present with her trio through Sunday, Sept. 12; Monday, Sept. 13, will be claimed by pianist Esther Blue's trio and singer Sabrina Carnesi; and on Tuesday, Sept. 14, R. & B. and jazz tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will bring in his band for a six-night visit. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Sept. 9, blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and the Blasters; Friday, Sept. 10, the comedy duo of **MONTEITH & RAND** and singer **ANDRÉ DE SHIELDS;** Wednesday, Sept. 15, the Lounge Lizards; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, singer Jon Lucien. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. It gets even more talkative when bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** plays—he talk-sings along in a fuzzy baritone as he bows his bass—and he's here through Saturday, Sept. 11, with **HILTON RUIZ,** a fine young pianist who rummages around in the blues, in Latin music, and straight-ahead jazz with equal vigor. On Monday, Sept. 13, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will arrive with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock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Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** works with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, works here through Friday, Sept. 10. On Monday, Sept. 13, **ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, retiring (as a stage personality, not as a pianist) resident musician, will return to this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 8, Standing Waves, Mondo Boffo, Robbie Watson, and Great Jones; Thursday, Sept. 9, the Executives, X-Davis, and the Kool Rays; Friday, Sept. 10, the Swinging Madisons; and Saturday, Sept. 11, the Lenny Kaye Connection. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Waylon Jennings and Billie Jo Spears. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo for the uninitiated. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday, Sept. 11, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler, and Saturday, Sept. 18, the Double Decker String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Sept. 12, the Lou Stein quintet will begin performing from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays, other small combos work from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Pianist and arranger **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** leads her trio through Sunday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 14-15, pianist **CEDAR WALTON'S** quartet will be on the bandstand; and starting Thursday, Sept. 16, pianist **HANK JONES** and baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** will co-pilot a quintet that will feature **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

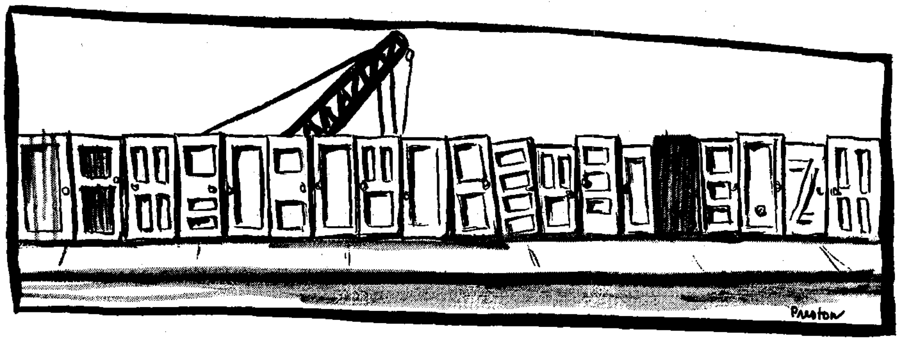
Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Sept. 9, ex-singer and bassist with the Band **RICK DANKO** (at eight and eleven); Friday, Sept. 10, Aztec Two Step; Saturday, Sept. 11, Judy Gorman-Jacobs and Serious Bizness; Sunday, Sept. 12, Sudden Jestures and Jax; Thursday, Sept. 16, Triona Ni Dhomhnaill and Micheal O Domhnaill (at eight and eleven); and Saturday, Sept. 18, veteran folk-rock singer **ERIC ANDERSEN.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: jazz and blues singer Ebony Jo-Ann through Saturday, Sept. 11; Monday, Sept. 13, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and their guest, guitarist Charles Hughes; and on Tuesday, Sept. 14, singer Marion Cowings will move in for a five-night stint. On Sundays, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY** can be found here. Music Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, bassist **NABIL TOTAH,** guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** pianist **DICK KATZ,** and vocalist **ALICIA SHERMAN** work together; and on Mondays and Tuesdays a trio led by speedy, bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. Both these groups begin about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride-piano tunes and some Ellington material and sings a bit.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. The Leslie Pintchik trio performs through Saturday, Sept. 11; on Tuesday, Sept. 14, pianist Chris Anderson will bring in a trio. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer and pianist, and **MICHAEL MOORE,** a melodic, sensitive bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who plays just about anything that crosses his mind in full-blown stride style (his specialty), is at the dining-room grand through Friday, Sept. 10; Saturday, Sept. 11, will belong to the simultaneously free and stride player, **JAKI BYARD;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 14, **RALPH SUTTON,** who likes to play a lot of early jazz, will take over. Mr. Sutton's less than rigorous style incorporates at one time or another the buoyancy of Teddy Wilson, the bluesy, oscillating chords of Junior Mance, and obeisant quotes from Fats Waller. Some early-jazz purists might take exception to all this, but then again Mr. Sutton really does move on out. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.



Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Fridays and Saturdays have been turned over to inner space/outer space jazz explorer **SUN RA,** who was exploring the dance music of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington the last two times he landed here. Sets from about nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **ROLAND HANNA** and **MIKE RICHMOND** are on hand until Saturday, Sept. 11; **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in on Tuesday, Sept. 14. The Sunday and Monday team is, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Sept. 8, the avant-R. & B. band **DEFUNKT** and Keith Joe Dick & the Goners; Thursday, Sept. 9, New Orleans pianist and swamp rocker **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, Sept. 12, rockabilly with **FINN & THE SHARKS,** the Kingpins, and Keith Joe Dick & the Goners; Monday, Sept. 13, Texas rock and roller Delbert McClinton; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 14-15, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL,** a Western-swing band, and Smokey Boys; and Thursday, Sept. 16, Texas Jewish cowboy folkie humorist Kinky Friedman. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. **MORGANA KING** sings here through Saturday, Sept. 11; on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 12-13, **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** will sing and play piano with assistance from saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** and bassist **FRED HOPKINS;** and on Tuesday, Sept. 14, singer and actress **ABBEY LINCOLN** will arrive with her backing crew. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. On Friday, Sept. 10, **MEL TORMÉ** will begin a month-long engagement. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

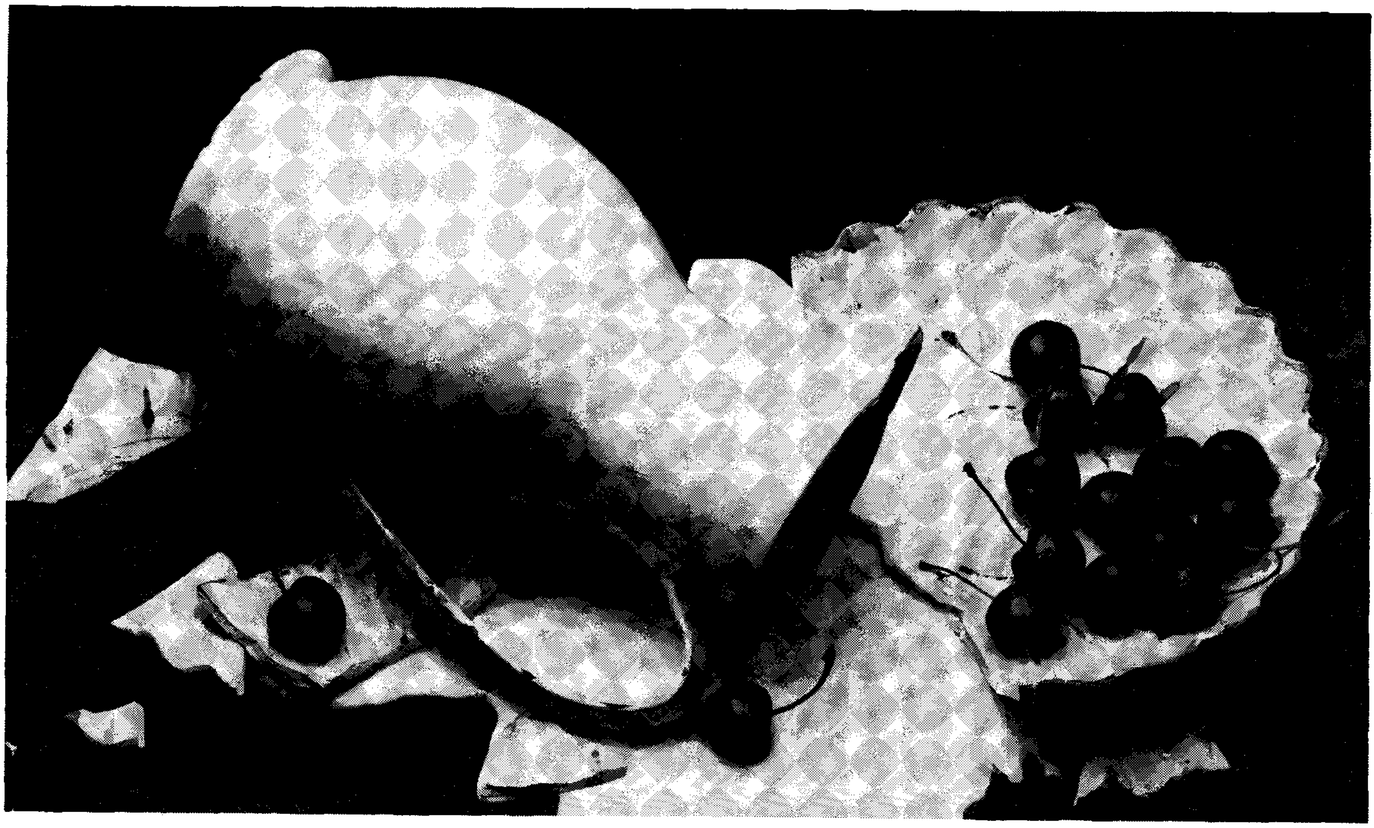
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who likes to do concertlike sets in clubs, is singing at the piano a repertoire that consists of "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," "The Pro Musica Antiqua," and other off-beat (for most singers) material. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready,

IRVING PENN

Recent Still Life

Negatives 1979-1980, Prints in Platinum Metals 1980-1982



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The Spilled Cream, 1980. 11½ x 19⅜ in./29.2 x 49.2 cm. Edition of 58

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September 8-October 2

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 8, vocalist Toby Altman; Thursday, Sept. 9, jazz singer Carmen Lundy; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his class of '82 **JAZZ MESSENGERS**; Monday, Sept. 13, the vibrant **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 14-15, Joe Cool, an R. & B. quartet; Thursday, Sept. 16, Billy Scott; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **ERIC GALE**, the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist and his R. & B. & R. (rhythm-and-blues-and-reggae) septet, which usually features jazz drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and reggae drummer and vocalist **WINSTON GRENNAN**. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 8, Friends & Enemies and B. Willie Smith; Thursday, Sept. 9, the School Girls; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 10-12, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE**; Tuesday, Sept. 14, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** and Jack of Diamonds; Wednesday, Sept. 15, the rock, blues, and ragtime team **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, singer **BONNIE KOLOC** and Shusha; and Saturday, Sept. 18, the Strangers. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll, dancing, video-watching, and general hanging-out in a three-level club that boasts some pretty good live bands, ennui-ridden patrons' faces, a Paul Schrader-grim décor, and very few, if any, pastel colors. Wednesday, Sept. 8, **GRAND MASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE**, a disco-rap band made up of "seven guys and two turntables" (their description); Thursday, Sept. 9, James White & the Blacks and Busta Jones; Saturday, Sept. 11, the Passions; Monday, Sept. 13, Men at Work; Tuesday, Sept. 14, B.T. Express; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, Tex-Mex rock-and-roll singer **JOE (KING) CARRASCO**. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play music to dance to, to listen to, or to gawk out the windows (the room is sixty-five stories up) to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, English rock-and-roll singer **DAVE EDMUNDS**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, Talk Talk; Monday, Sept. 13, the Nails; Tuesday, Sept. 14, the reggae trio **BLACK UHURU** (at seven-thirty and midnight); Wednesday, Sept. 15, John Waite; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18, **JOE COCKER**, the rasping blues, rock, and ballad singer. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The **HEATH BROTHERS**, a wonderful, mainstream-jazz quintet co-led by saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**, can be heard until Sunday,

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Sept. 12; and on Monday, Sept. 13, saxophonists **DAVE LIEBMAN** and **BILL EVANS** will begin working with pianist **ANDY LAVERNE**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS**. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesday, Sept. 8, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON**; Thursday, Sept. 9, and Thursday, Sept. 16, Brasil 2000; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, and Wednesday, Sept. 15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Sunday, Sept. 12, Kenia & Pau Brasil; Tuesday, Sept. 14, Mauro; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **PÉ-DE-BOI**, a power-samba band. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **BUCK HILL** and his quartet—**KENNY BARRON**, **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and **BILLY HART**—occupy the stand through Saturday, Sept. 11; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 12-13, the **JOANNE BRACKEEN** trio will be present; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 14, pianist **RANDY WESTON** will move in with percussionist **CANDIDO**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of real Kansas City royalty—**BIG JOE TURNER**, who's here Wednesdays through Saturdays singing the blues loud and clear (is there a better way?) with authentic, sturdy aid from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, guitarist and master of sliding blues chords **BILLY BUTLER**, and a sufficiently bluesy quintet. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Sept. 8, Charlie Midnight and the Corps; Thursday, Sept. 9, the Race and Zero Boys; Friday, Sept. 10, the Messengers and the Laura Kaye Band; Saturday, Sept. 11, the Nitecaps and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloane; Tuesday, Sept. 14, Leslie Chase & the Chase Manhattan Band and the Shades; Wednesday, Sept. 15, the Decoys and Susan Sexton; Thursday, Sept. 16, Digital Richard and the Male Models; Friday, Sept. 17, the **UPTOWN HORNS** and the James Montgomery Band; and Saturday, Sept. 18, the Sic F*cks. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on Sept. 13, there'll be two bands, flutist **HERBIE MANN's** and the **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** group, and one guest soloist, flamboyant conga player **DANIEL PONCÉ**. The music starts at nine. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

SABRETT
FRANKFURTER
SABRETT
FRANKFURTERS & ROLLS
SABRETT
PEPSI
COOL N' COOL
ALL BEEF
EAT george's
HOT DOGS
Hot SAUSAGE
ICE COLD SODAS
B. Sewell

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** guides a quintet that is made up of saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, trumpeter **IDREES SULIEMAN**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** through Sunday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday, Sept. 14, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will bring in their quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **CAROL SLOANE** sings with support from bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and pianist **MIKE ABENE** through Sunday, Sept. 12, and starting Tuesday, Sept. 14, pianist **SHARON FREEMAN** will spend a few nights here. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM**, a veteran bebopper, has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule is divided up between two saxophonists: Percy France through Sunday, Sept. 12, and **GEORGE KELLY** beginning Monday, Sept. 13. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. The piano-bass lineup: **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Sunday, Sept. 12, and **LARRY WILLIS** and **GEORGE MRAZ** starting Monday, Sept. 13. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Yves Montand—Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2 and 8:30.

Kansas—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Johnny Mathis—With Jeannine Burnier. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 8.)

Keisha St. Joan—With Marvin Horne, Peck Morrison, Walter Perkins, and others. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Superfest—Aretha Franklin, Ashford and Simpson, Stephanie Mills, Dazz Band, and Smokey Robinson. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7:30.)

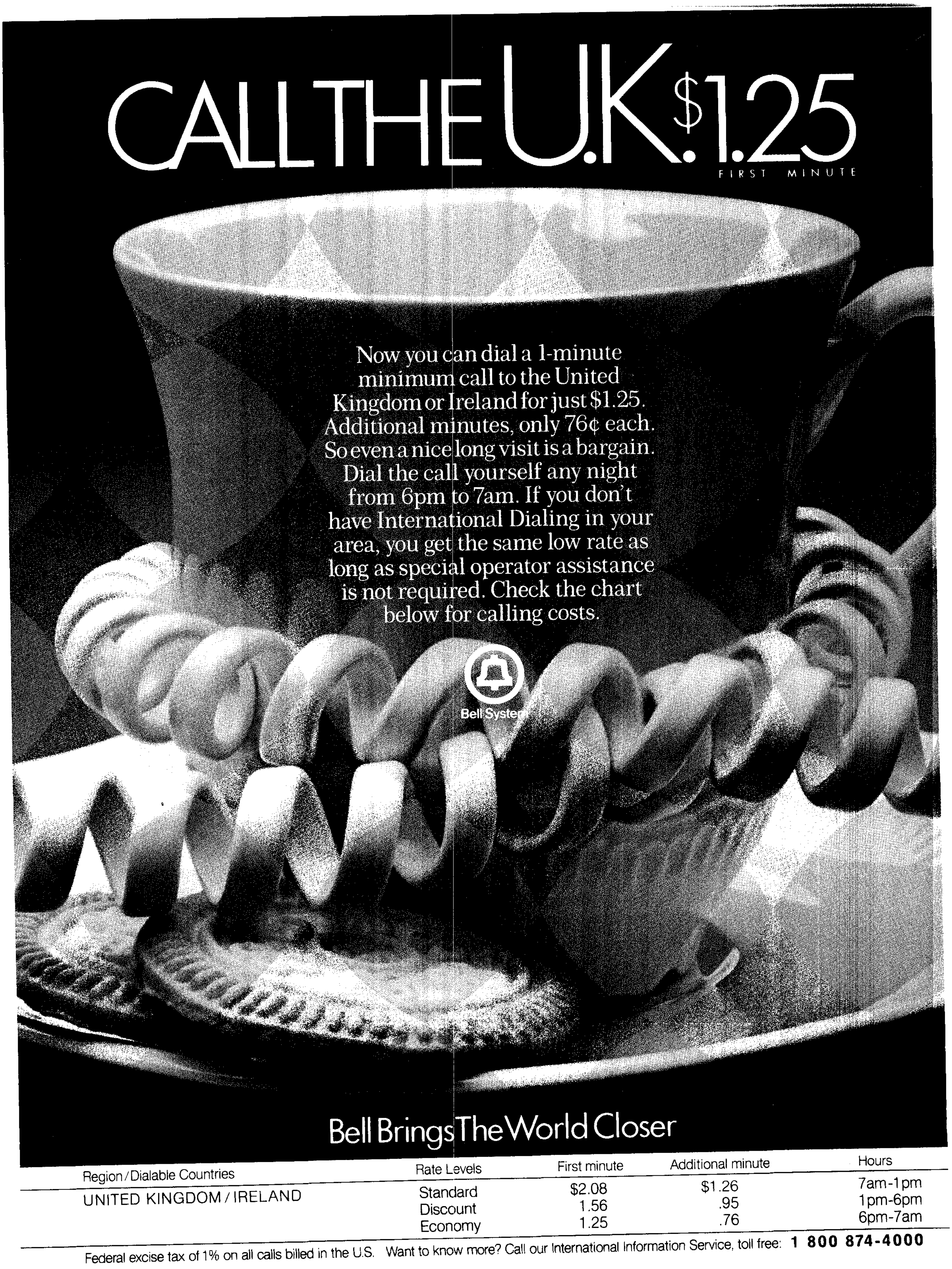
Frank Sinatra—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, Sept. 13—a benefit concert on behalf of the World Mercy Fund—and Tuesday, Sept. 14, through Thursday, Sept. 23. Nightly, except Monday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

Santana—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8.

José Luis Rodriguez—With Blanca Goodfriend. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 3.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Joe Gardner quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Lee Konitz nonet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2: Sonny Stewart, Bob Casanova, and Sandi Jarvis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Steve Turre quin-

lph Lauren



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Roz Chast—Watercolors and three small, handmade books by an artist whose work appears frequently in the pages of this magazine. Through Oct. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Recent pastels of New York's streets and Central Park. Through Sept. 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings, among them views from his studio on Washington Square. Through Friday, Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Candace Hill-Montgomery / Reverend Howard Finster—A two-room installation combining painting, sculpture, and photography. / Works using found objects, with descriptive texts by this retired minister and repairman from Summerville, Georgia. Through Sept. 22. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Ron Isaacs / Richard Seehausen—Painted trompe-l'oeil still-lifes. / Large figurative paintings. Through Oct. 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Paul Jenkins—Large, fuzzy-edged watercolor abstractions done in vivid sunset colors by an artist who specializes in painting on wet paper. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. A. Ushenko—Loosely executed allegorical paintings. Through Sept. 25. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper and paintings on canvas (among them a triptych by Richard Pousette-Dart) by twentieth-century artists. Miró, Dubuffet, Rothko, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper from 1910-25 by members of the Russian avant-garde (Rodchenko, Malevich); works from the fifties through the seventies by Americans (Avery, Steinberg, Christo); and works by gallery artists (Lizbeth Mitty, Ed Kerns). Through Oct. 9. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show, mounted by the Whitney Museum, saluting Universal Limited Art Editions' twenty-fifth anniversary; it complements the ULAE exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art (see below, under "Museums," for dates and times). Through Sept. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Pertaining to Boston" has late-nineteenth-century paintings by William Morris Hunt, John La Farge, Hermann Dudley Murphy, and others. Through Oct. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** at a new location at 38 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Stephen Greene, Anna Bialobroda, Michael Loew, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Four large figurative paintings in oil by Otto Dix and eight watercolors by Egon Schiele are included in a showing of works by half a dozen German Expressionists. Through Oct. 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Conceptual drawings, color renderings, and models for the proposed rehabilitation of four subway stops that serve Astor Place, Eastern Parkway, Lincoln Center, and Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Third Street. . . . ¶ Another renovation exhibit, this one of projects actually under way, of photographs and drawings detailing restoration work at three landmark churches in New York: St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie (built in 1799), the Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields (1821), and the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity (1847). Both shows through Sept. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Dufy, Marini (paintings), Arp, Archipenko (sculptures), and Moore (drawings and sculptures) are among the twentieth-century artists whose works are on view. Through Sept. 30. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by New York artists Dee Shapiro, Jan Sawka, Winifred Godfrey, Robert Swain, and others. Through Oct. 2.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Irving Penn—Forty-one still-lifes from 1979-82. Through Oct. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Erich Salomon (1886-1944) **/ Beaumont Newhall**—Candid prints of statesmen and politicians. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. / Architectural subjects, landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morris Warman—Mostly candid shots of notables—Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Piaf, Rex Stout—by a former *Herald Tribune* photographer. Through Sept. 30. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Sept. 24. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Nearly forty vintage prints by Dutch (Piet Zwart, Cas Oorthuys) and other (Erwin Blumenfeld, László Moholy-Nagy) artists who reinterpreted the De Stijl movement through the lens of a camera. Through Oct. 23. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which has been divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, only part of the permanent collection remains on view. . . . ¶ Current offerings—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions. Through Friday, Sept. 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now while the museum prepares an exhibition of Scandinavian art scheduled to open Tuesday, Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

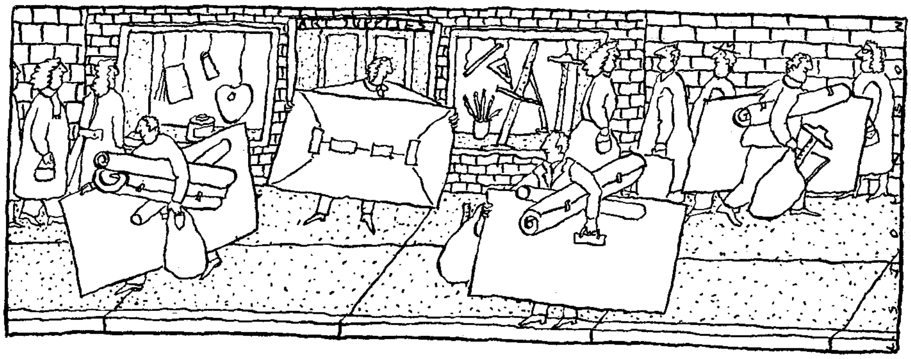
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of selections from the museum's print collection representing five hundred years of work, done primarily by Europeans. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya (including a working proof from his "Los Caprichos" series), Degas, Cassatt, Whistler, Kirchner, Braque, Picasso (his 1935 "Minotauromachy"), Dine, and others. Starts Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. . . . ¶ A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace pat-



terns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Four Rembrandt etchings are among the more than fifty seventeenth-century prints from Amsterdam (most of them on loan) that portray the Jewish population of that city as seen by non-Jewish artists. Starts Thursday, Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sunday, Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the 1440 "Hours of Catherine of Cleves"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 8-10, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, Sept. 11-12: "The Merry Widow," with alternating casts: Elizabeth Hynes, Susanne Marsee, Joseph Evans, and Alan Titus, or Karen Huffstodt, Carol Gutknecht, Bruce Reed, and Louis Otey. Scott Bergeson will conduct both casts. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 14, and Thursday evening, Sept. 16: A new production of Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, RoseMarie Freni, Sherrill Milnes, David Eisler, and Robert Hale; conducted by Bruno Rigacci. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 17: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trussel, Charles Long, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 18: "La Traviata," with Carol Vaness, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 18: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Richard Cross, Vinson Cole, and Alan Titus; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1.)

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ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 21—Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: A Mozart-Verdi-Richard Strauss program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. For the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8; Friday, Sept. 17, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 7:30: A program of music by Ives and Brahms, and the première of Steve Reich's orchestral version of "Tehillim," with Julianne Baird, Cheryl Bensman, and Jane Bryden, all sopranos, and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano.

Aston Magna—A Handel-Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano, and Stanley Ritchie and Jaap Schröder, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Tapiola Choir—Erkki Pohjola directing this fifty-member youth group from Finland. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Caroline Stoessinger—Piano, in an all-Dvořák program, with Elizabeth Coss, soprano, and the Composers String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

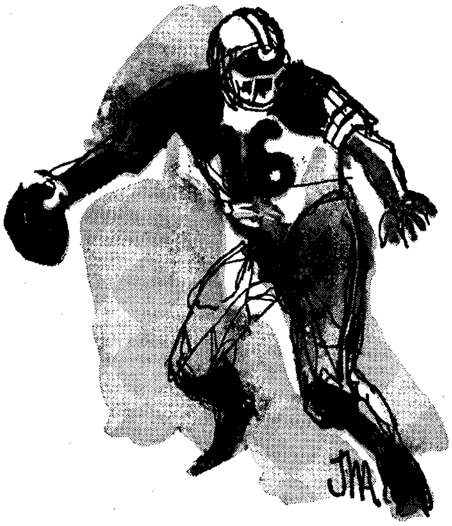
Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Percy Grainger, Nicholas Thorne, Leonard Rosenman, and Alban Berg. With David Golub, piano, and Mark Kaplan, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

David Deveau—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

Brazil Night in New York—Two concerts to be presented on Saturday, Sept. 11. At Avery Fisher Hall, at 8, João Carlos Martins and Arthur Lima in a joint piano recital entitled "Bach Meets Chopin." . . . ¶ At Alice Tully Hall, at 11, Mr. Lima and seven other musicians in a program of music for informal serenades, known in Brazil as chorinhos.

Lars Roos—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

Gothic Concert—A chamber-music program of the Middle Ages performed by John Fleagle, tenor; Nancy Knowles, soprano; and Frank Wallace, baritone. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Rogeri Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

New Music Concerts—The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presenting a two-day festival. Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: The Frank Gordon Ensemble, the AACM Orchestra I, Warren Smith, and Brian Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: Air, Muhal Richard Abrams and Amina Claudine Myers, the AACM Orchestra II, and Craig Harris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

SPORTS

Baseball—yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheaders).

Boxing—Mario Miranda vs. Juan LaPorte, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. Featherweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 15. Preliminaries at 7:15; main bout at about 9:45.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 18: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 12: Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 4.

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 11. The Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 8; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Friday, Sept. 10; the Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 11; the Futurity, Sunday, Sept. 12; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 15; and the Matron and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Sept. 11, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 18.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. San Diego, in the final game in the North American Soccer League's semifinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 10, at 11; Saturday, Sept. 11, at noon; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 4. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

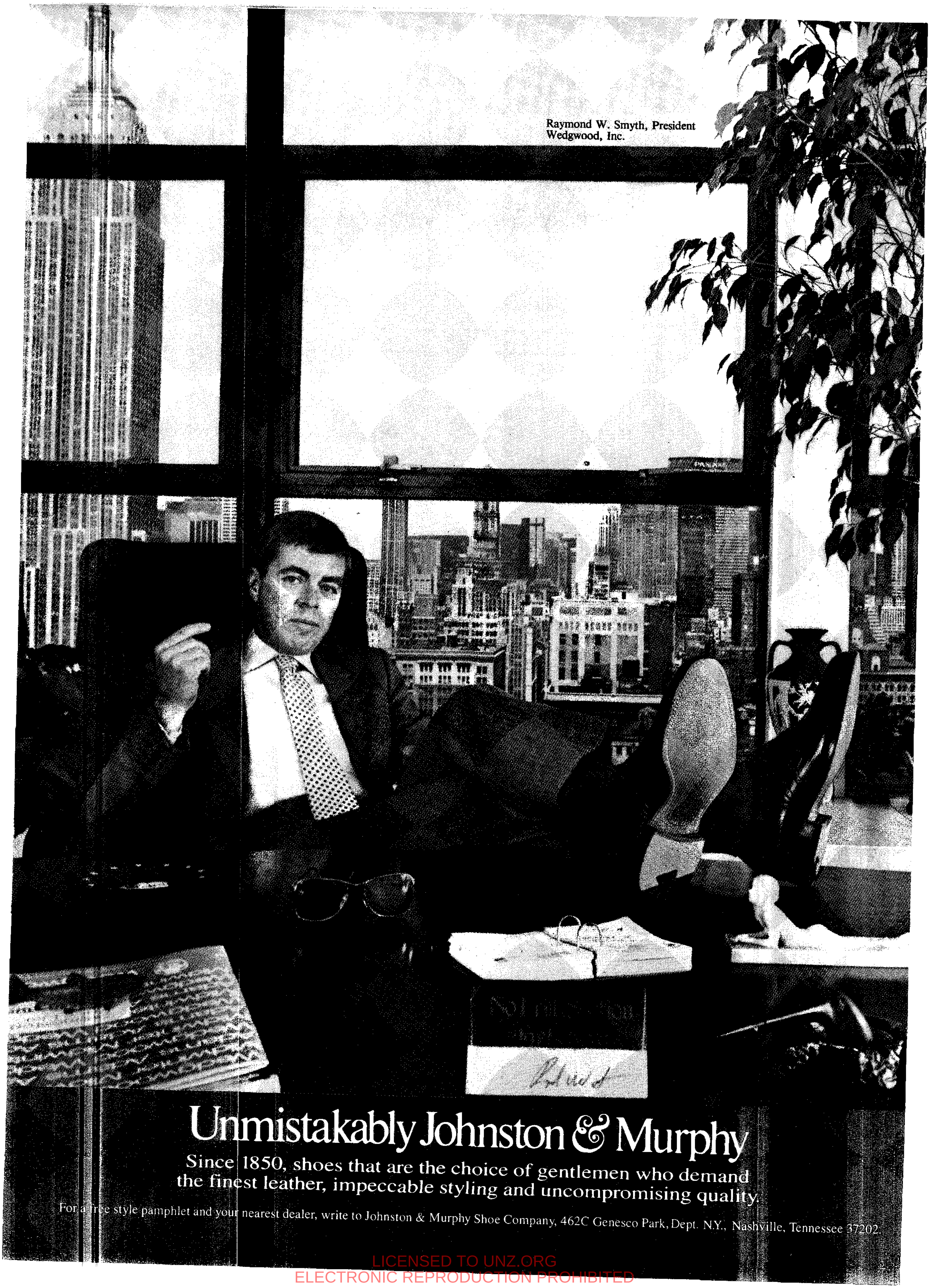
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

ET ALIA

Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum—The Second World War aircraft carrier Intrepid is now permanently berthed in Manhattan and has opened to the public the hangar and flight decks, as well as parts of the island superstructure. Among the exhibits are a collection of historical aircraft; a technological display of man's future in sea, air, and space; and a review of the Intrepid's thirty-eight-year history. (Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. 245-0072. Daily, 10 to 8.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 12. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, from noon until sundown.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (598-7171, theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 12: "Station" (1981, directed by Yasuo Furuhata; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.
From Sept. 14: "Lonely Heart" (1981, Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 11. "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†).
Sept. 12-14: "Manhattan" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†).
Sept. 15-16: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Sleeper" (†).
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 9: "Annie" (†); and "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 9: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 3: "The Road Warrior" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Sept. 12: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Sept. 17: "Hair" (†).
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

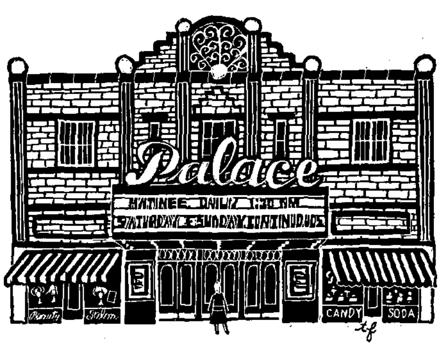
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept 16 (tentative): "The Road Warrior" (†).
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Nest" (Jaime de Armiñan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 9: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 16: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.
From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 16: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.
From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 17: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: "Decision to Win" (1981; in Spanish), made by the Cero a la Izquierda Film Collective, in El Salvador. From Sept. 15: "Reporters" (directed by Raymond Depardon; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Last Tango in Paris" (†). From Sept. 16: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Sept. 10: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).
Theatre 2: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 10: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 16: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Sept. 17 "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 15: "Annie" (†).
From Sept. 16: "Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 12: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.
From Sept. 13: "Josepha" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Miou-Miou and Claude Brasseur.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barbarosa" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Sept. 10: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Dieges; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Annie" (†). From Sept. 15: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Sept. 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 10: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 10: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 9: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. From Sept. 10: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves. From Sept. 10: "Mephisto" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. Sept. 10-16: "Rocky III" (†); and "... All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Reds" (†). From Sept. 10: "Barbarosa" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young; and "History of the World—Part I" (†). From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 4: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Young Doctors in Love" (direct-

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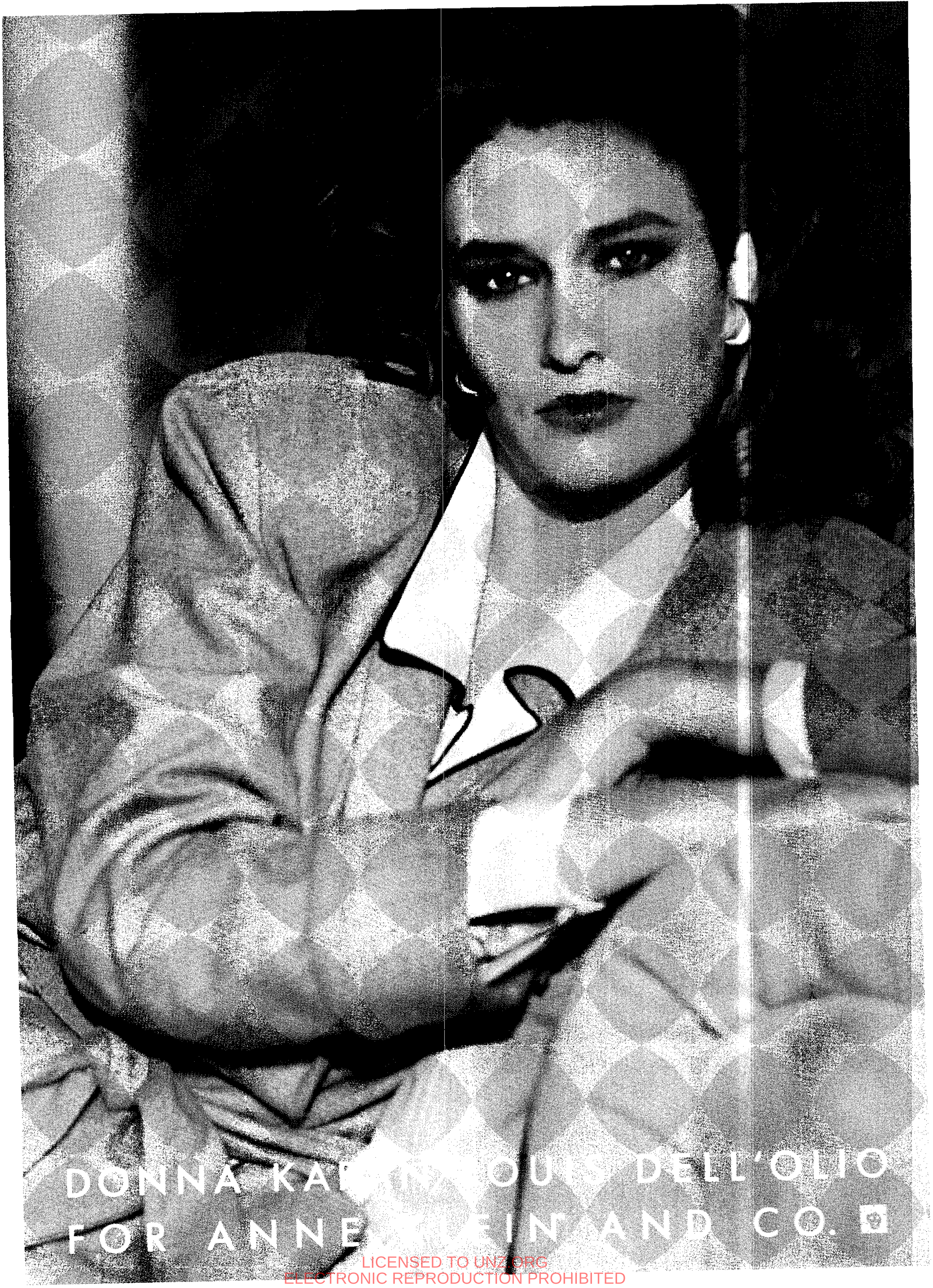
DONNA KARAN & LOUIS DELL'OLIO
FOR ANNE KLEIN AND CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ed by Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 3: "The World According to Garp" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 9: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Sept. 10: "Barbarosa" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.
Theatre 6: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.
Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 9: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Sept. 17: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer. From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 14: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; directed by Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
From Sept. 15: "The Boat Is Full" (1981; Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 8: "Love on the Run" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; and "Like a Turtle on Its Back" (1981, Luc Béraud; in French), with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin.
Sept. 9: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "My Life to Live" ("Vivre Sa Vie;" 1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Sept. 10: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "Divine Madness" (1980; Michael Ritchie), a concert film, with Bette Midler.
Sept. 11: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.
Sept. 12-13: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian); and "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.
Sept. 14: "Sword of the Beast" (1965; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Sept. 15-16: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Sept. 17-18: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Thief" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 8: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
Sept. 9-10: "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Sept. 11: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both with the Marx Brothers.
Sept. 12: "Carefree" (†) and "Follow the Fleet" (†).
Sept. 13: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
Sept. 14: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
Sept. 15: "Antonio das Mortes" (†); and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Sept. 16: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 17: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (†).
Sept. 18: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 9: "Rich and Famous" (1981; George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.
Sept. 10-11: "The Groove Tube" (1974; Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase; and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.
Sept. 12-14: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). X-rated.
Sept. 15-16: "Little Orphan Sammy" and "Little Blue Box," both X-rated films.
Sept. 17-18: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclànova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

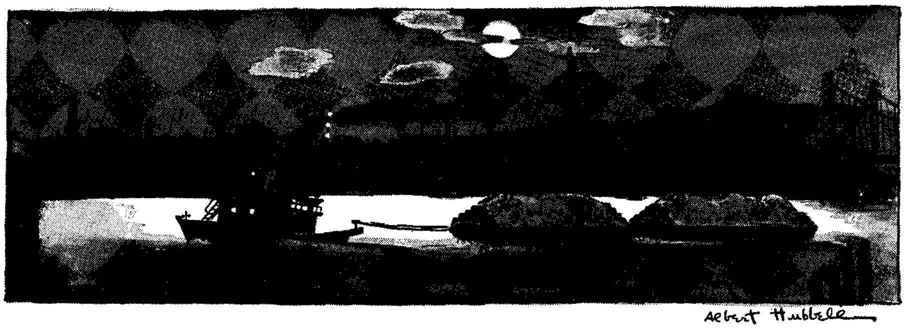
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Road Warrior" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 8: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, and Alfie Bass.
Sept. 9-11: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, and Franco Interlenghi.
Sept. 12-13: "My Fair Lady" (†).
Sept. 14-15: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Sept. 16-18: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 16: "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 8: "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.
Sept. 9-11: "East Side, West Side" (1949; Mervyn LeRoy), with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
Sept. 12-13: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (1967; David Swift), with Robert Morse, Michele Lee, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.
Sept. 14-15: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Sept. 16-18: "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg; and "Network" (1976; Sidney Lumet), with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 8: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze, Jack-


Albert Hubbell

ie Joseph, and Jack Nicholson; and "Queen of Outer Space" (1958; Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming.

Sept. 9: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

Sept. 10-12: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.

Sept. 13: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper; and "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939; Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant.

Sept. 14: "A Nous la Liberté" (†); "Pépé le Moko" (†); and "François Villon" (1945; André Zwobada; in French), with Serge Reggiani and Renée Faure.

Sept. 15: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English); and "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Sergio Corrieri.

Sept. 16: "Term of Trial" (1963; Peter Glenville), with Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret, and Sarah Miles; and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, and Keir Dullea.

Sept. 17-18: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Scum" (1980; Alan Clarke), with Ray Winstone.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 8: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

Sept. 9: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Sept. 10-11: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Sept. 12: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Sept. 13: "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan; and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.

Sept. 14: "Nibelungen Saga" (†).

Sept. 15: "Silent Movie" (†); and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.

Sept. 16: "Breathless" (†); and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.

Sept. 17-18: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Guild; through Sept. 15.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 8-11 and Sept. 15-16.)

A Nous la Liberté (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social satire on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man (Raymond Cordy) who escapes from prison and builds a phonograph-record business with an assembly line that's as regimented as the prison. This factory owner is modelled on Charles Pathé, who said of his phonograph-and-cinema empire, "Only the armaments industry made profits like ours." The tycoon's pal from his prison days is a softhearted "little man" (Henri Marchand)—the underdog embodiment of a free, humanistic spirit. This film is beautifully made. The sets, by Lazare Meerson, are elegantly futuristic; Georges Périnal's cinematography has a simplified, formal perfection; the whole film is paced to Georges Auric's memorable score—one of the earliest (yet best) film scores ever written. The writer-director demonstrates that sound pictures can be as fluid as silents were, and this picture is rightly considered a classic. Yet it isn't as entertaining as Clair's earlier (silent) "The Italian Straw Hat" or his later "Le Million;" his scenario turns a little too carefree and ironic—the film grows dull. "A Nous la Liberté" was obviously the source of some of the ideas in Chaplin's 1936 "Modern Times;" the producing company filed suit against Chaplin for copyright infringement, but Clair had the suit dropped, saying that "all of us flow" from Chaplin, and "I am honored if he was inspired by my film." In French. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence as the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 10.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—Adapted from the Broadway musical based on a *Playboy* article, the film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense; this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 9.)

Breathless (1959; "A Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he conjoined disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so that he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive.* The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema.)

Carefree (1938)—Fred Astaire plays a psychiatrist who was psychoanalyzed out of thinking he wanted to be a dancer; his friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Ginger Rogers, who's in show business. Ralph, who can't get anywhere with Ginger, sends her to see Fred on a professional basis—to be cured of her indifference to him. Ginger begins to fall for Fred, but he hypnotizes her so that she'll love Ralph; then Fred discovers that he's in love with her himself. It sounds promising, in a chaotic sort of way, but this is one of the least scintillating of the Astaire-Rogers pictures; there's too much plot and too much leaden comedy between the dances. It doesn't have the spirit of their best films, or the Art Deco furnishings, either—the production numbers are performed in an ugly, cluttered country-club set. Fred's profession allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when Ginger is in a trance—it's probably the film's high point. Ginger is wackily sexy-funny in some of the dance scenes, and she gets to wear big halo hats, but her timing is off, or maybe the timing of the director, Mark Sandrich, is off, because there's a lot of footage of her trying to be chipper and charming yet coming across as awfully dumb. It may be that nobody could work up much conviction in the material, written by Allan Scott, Ernest Pagano, Dudley Nichols, and Hagar Wilde. The supporting cast is also less than luminous. As Ginger's aunt, Luella Gear seems numbly confused by her feeble lines. Also with Jack Carson, Franklin Pangborn, Hattie McDaniel, Walter Kingsford, Tom

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SALÉN LINDBLAD CRUISING INC.

Tully, Kay Sutton, and Clarence Kolb. The Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam." Technically, this was the next to last of the Astaire-Rogers R.K.O. series, which had begun in 1933 with "Flying Down to Rio," but actually it marked the end of an era; their last R.K.O. picture, "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," wasn't a contemporary musical comedy—it was a period piece, a biographical extravaganza. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

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Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to become a TV star and spawn a dynasty.) The material, derived from the 1922 play "Shore Leave" (which had then become the musical "Hit the Deck"), had grown a bit of moss. The characters aren't as rich and sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies but the corniness is lively. Astaire—chewing gum rhythmically—looks great in his bell-bottoms and he does a lot of snappy hoofing. (He's less balletic than usual here.) The numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the predatory bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, Frank Jenks, and Tony Martin. Directed by Mark Sandrich; the script is by Dwight Taylor; the choreography is by Astaire and Hermes Pan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 17.)

History of the World—Part I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a stand-up philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. The graceful painted vistas are by the special-effects wizard Albert J. Whitlock. (6/29/81) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 16.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Film Forum; through Sept. 15.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (R.K.O. Century Art; through Sept. 14.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; starting Sept. 10.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius

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professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Sept. 11.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison had already played Higgins a bit too often. With Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 12-13.)

Nibelungen Saga (1924)—Utterly extraordinary: gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental German silent film, conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length parts—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"—and the second, made a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tends to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sitcom. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. The influence of the painter Arnold Böcklin is evident; this film, in turn, was a strong influence on Eisenstein and Leni Riefenstahl. There's a fine analysis of it in Lotte Eisner's book "The Haunted Screen." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14.)

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An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the regenerative moral powers of military discipline, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap on a motorcycle. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bone-hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, Line Noro, Saturnin Fabre, and Charpin. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time commissioner of the Paris police. (The American version was remade as a musical, "Casbah," in 1948.) In French. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and Embassy.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (72nd Street East, and Embassy; through Sept. 9.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and

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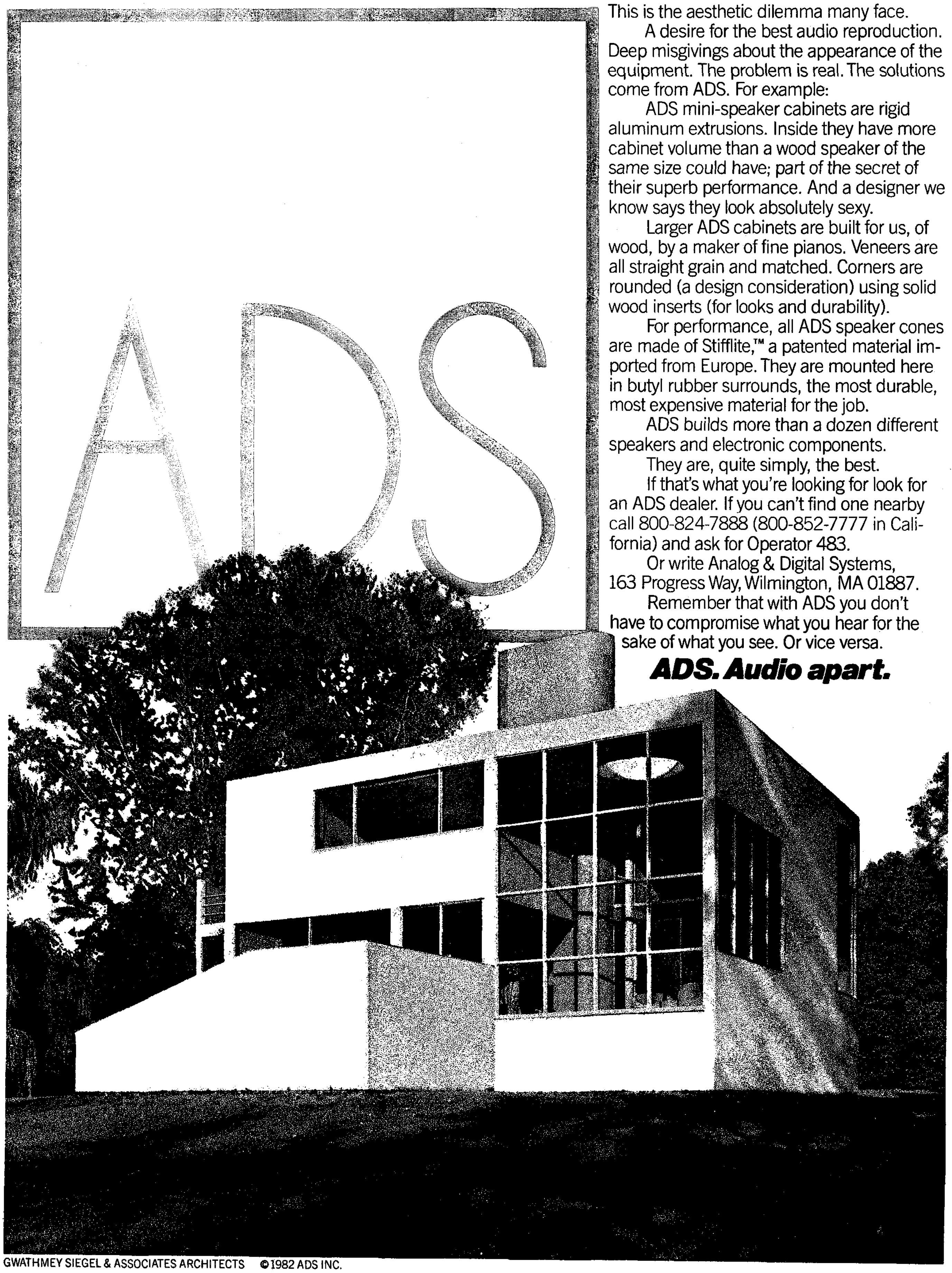

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 9.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Sept. 10-16.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife and his Cranach-faced mistress. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

Silent Movie (1976)—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

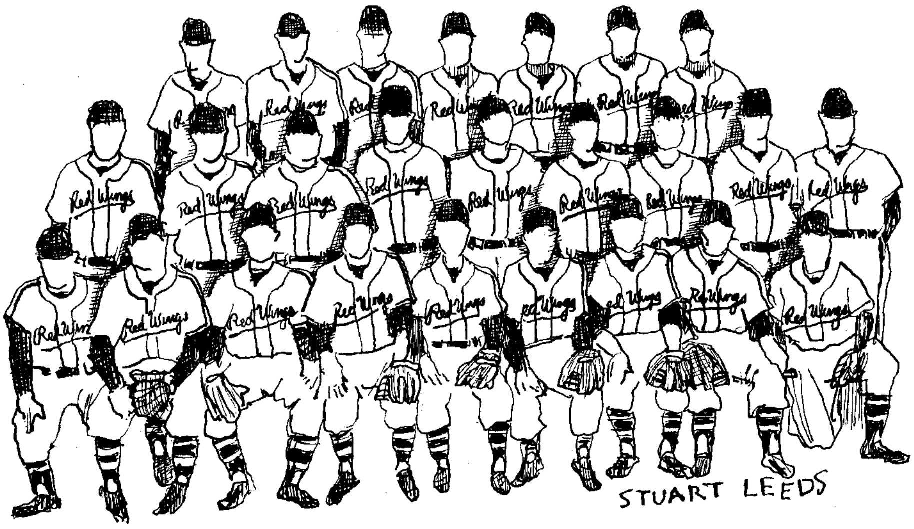
Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 15-16.)

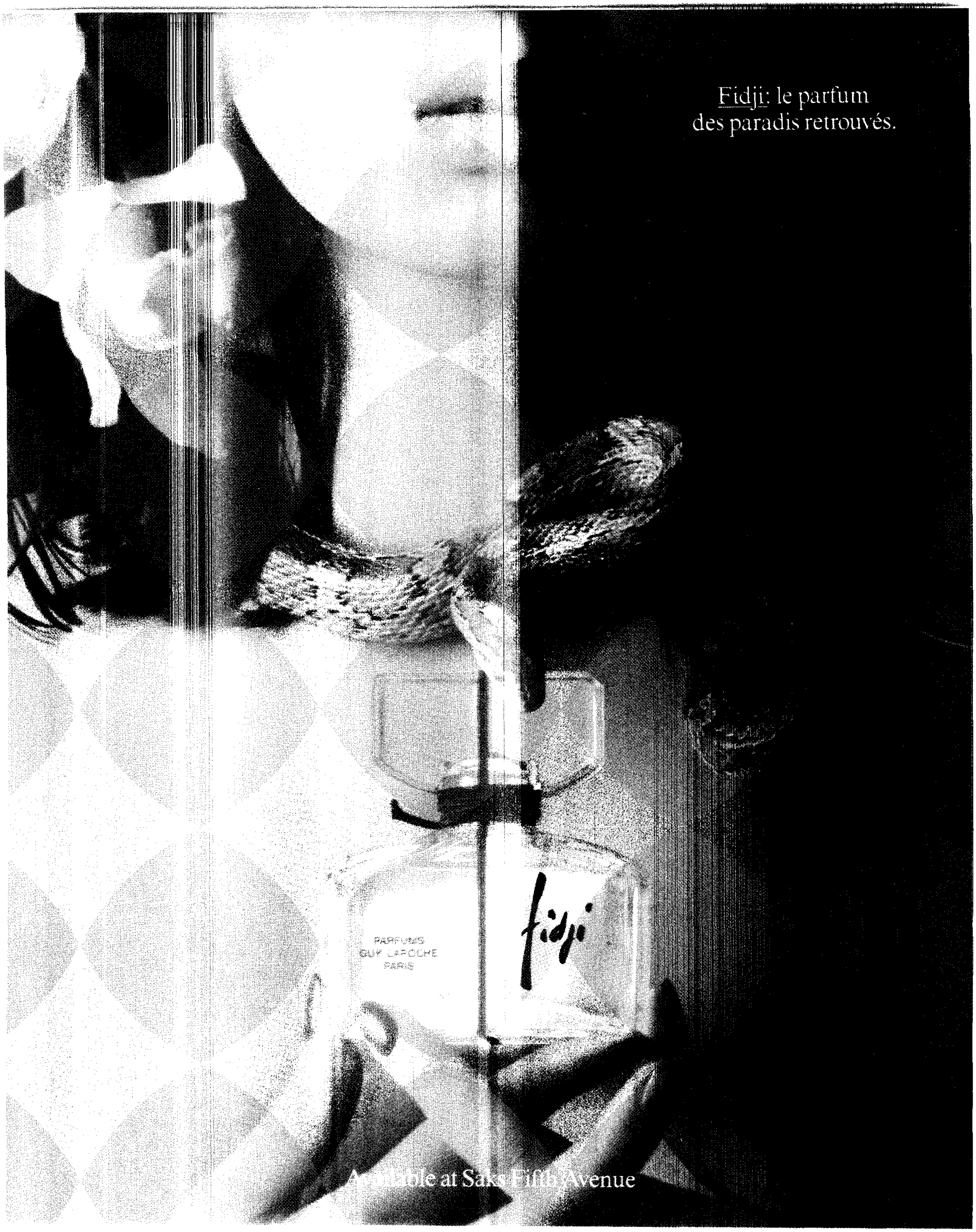
Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (R.K.O. Century Art; Sept. 12-14.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Thief (1981)—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize about. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choochoo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal, despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, burnt-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 17-18.)

The World According to Garp—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 9.)

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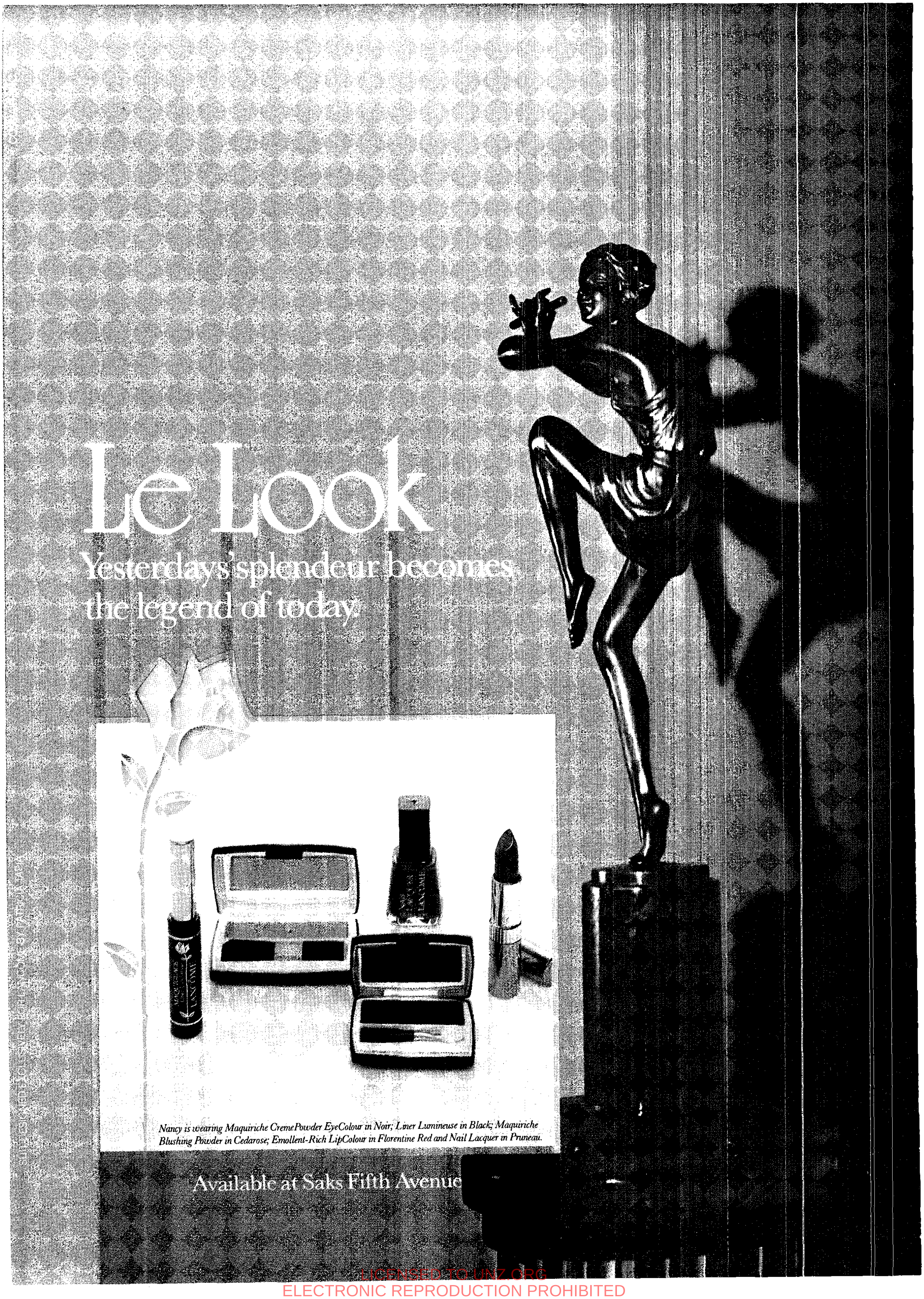
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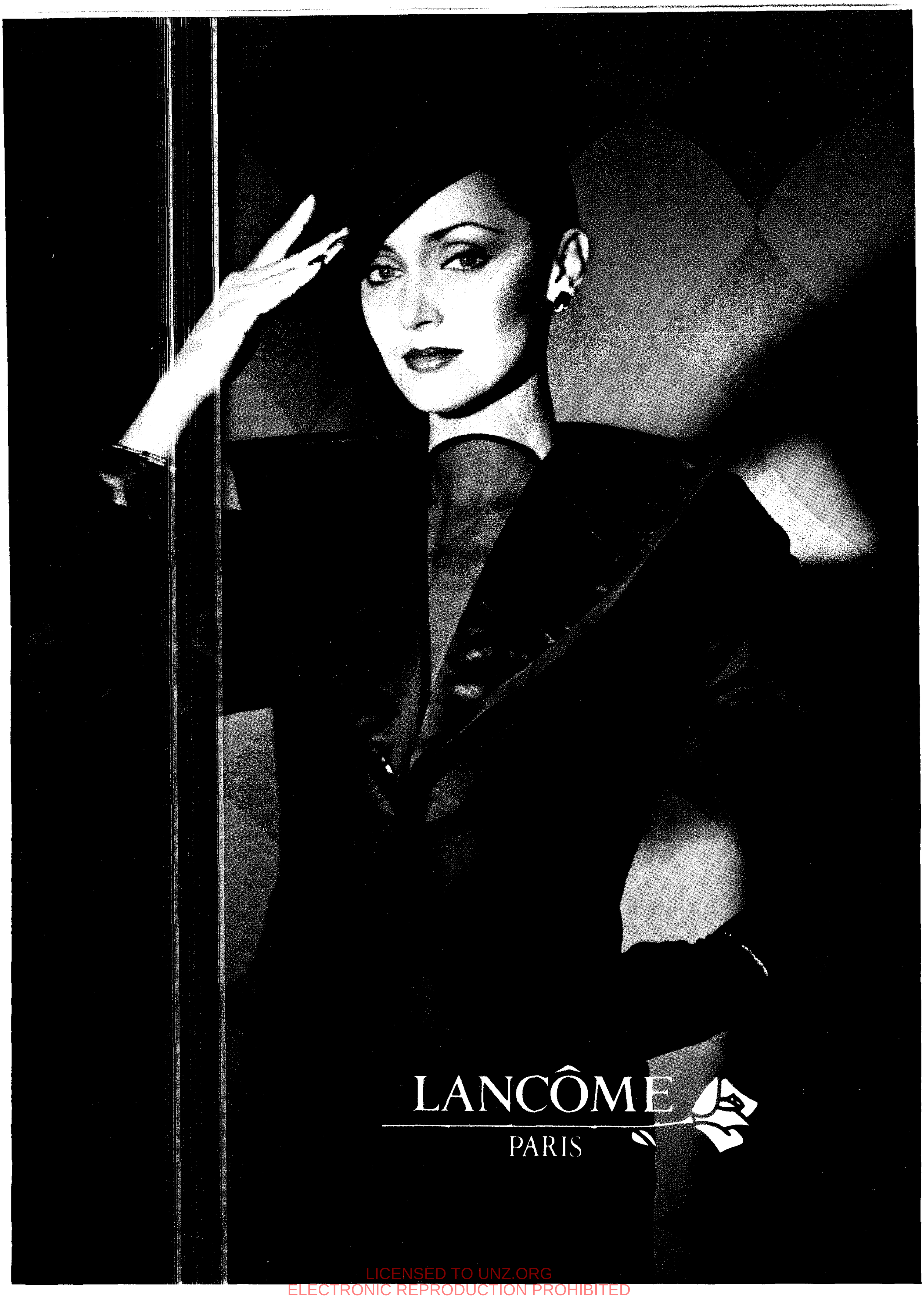
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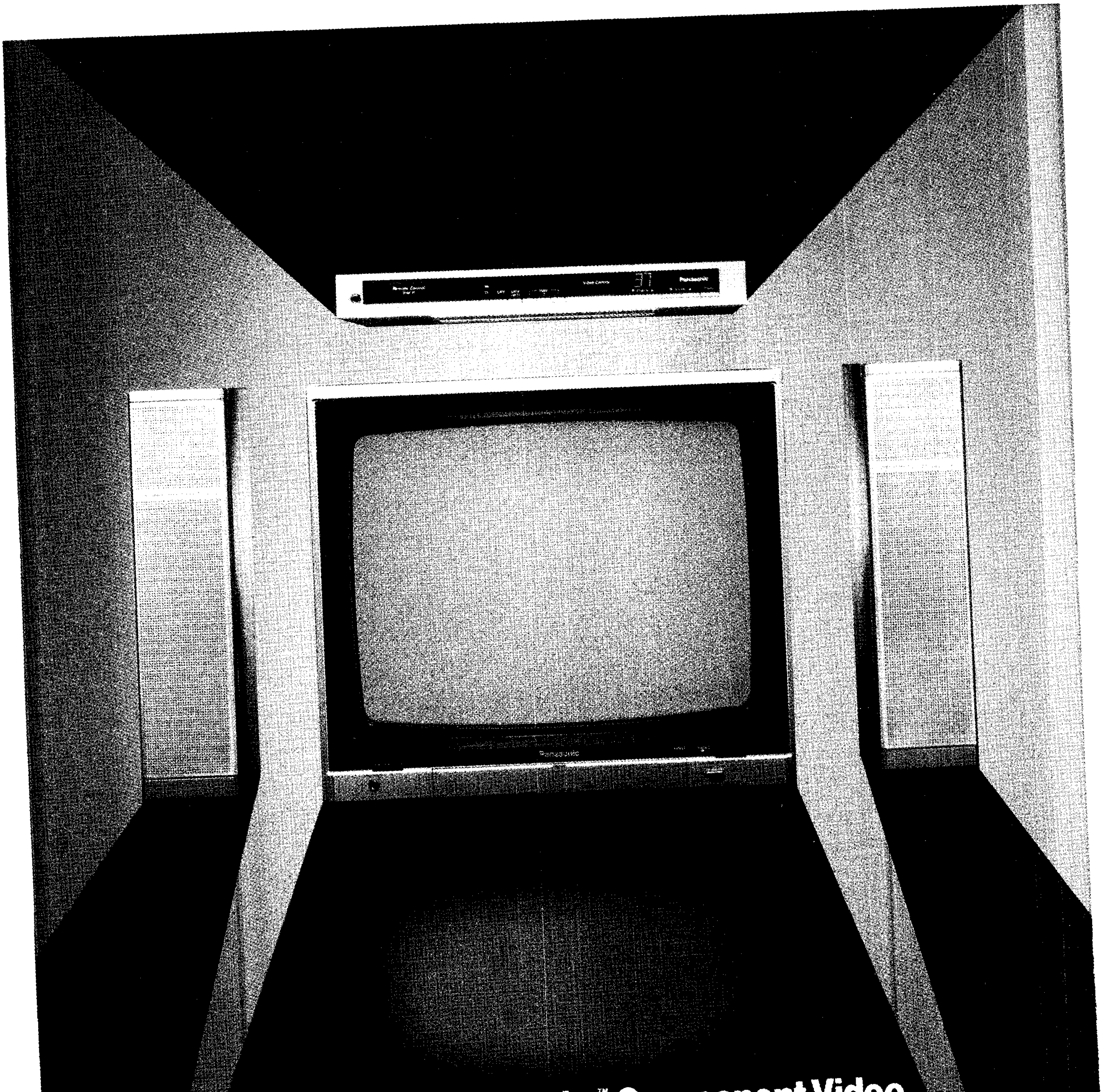

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SHORTLY before ten o'clock this past Monday morning, there was a butterfly in the lowest level of the West Fourth Street subway station. The only people waiting, a young woman in a prairie skirt and a middle-aged man in pinstripes, stood staring at the butterfly—it was orange-and-black, a monarch. To get there, the butterfly had had to go down a flight of stairs to the token booth; pass over the turnstiles; turn left; go down another flight of stairs, to the Eighth Avenue trains; turn completely around and go down some more stairs, into the emptiest room in New York City (an in-between level full of blank space scattered with columns, whose only purpose is to be traversed: an enormous Room of Nothing, the Purgatory of West Fourth Street); then turn completely around again and go down even more stairs. Seventy-five stairs in all. It gets hotter with each descent; hot air rises everywhere except in the New York subway system. The butterfly was darting about the columns of this sub-sub-sub-basement, the hottest of all. The young woman appeared first amazed ("What's it doing here?" she was obviously asking herself) and then worried ("How will it get out?"). An F train pulled in. She still stared at the butterfly, now angrily ("I have to go to work. Why was that butterfly so stupid?"). She glanced at the middle-aged man; he glanced back, baffled by the whole affair, then quickly got on the train. The young woman hesitated ("But what about the butterfly? How do you help a butterfly?"). Hearing the ding-dong—the call of the F train—she rushed on, sitting several seats away from the middle-aged man. They kept each other in sight, but only peripherally. The two of them looked just a bit more alert than the people already on the train.

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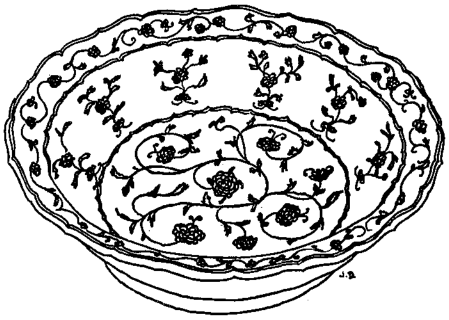
Peace

FOR the last several weeks, Jeri Laber, over at the Helsinki Watch Committee, has been forwarding us copies of telegrams she's been receiving from disarmament groups all over the country—or, rather, copies of copies of cables *they've* been receiving from Yuri Zhukov, chairman of the official Soviet Peace Committee, in answer to their protests on behalf of the eleven Moscow citizens who formed an independent peace group early in June, only to be ruthlessly suppressed during the next few weeks. ("YOU HAVE BEEN MISLED BY FALSE REPORTS OF WESTERN MASS MEDIA STOP," Zhukov's form reply went. "NOT SINGLE PERSON REPRESENTING PEACE MOVEMENT IN SOVIET UNION IS BEING REPRESSED AND OF COURSE NO ONE OF THEM HAS EVER BEEN ARRESTED STOP MOSCOW IS NOT CHICAGO STOP," and so on, for several pages, and then, "EYE HAD TO ENQUIRE ABOUT THE ISSUE OF YOUR CONCERN AND FINALLY EYE WAS INFORMED THAT TWO OF THESE PEOPLE . . . WERE SENTENCED BY DISTRICT PEOPLE'S COURT ON CHARGE OF HOOLIGANISM FOR BEATING A WOMAN IN BUS STOP YOU QUALIFY THEIR BEHAVIOR AS EXAMPLE OF INDEPENDENT STRUGGLE FOR PEACE STOP EYE WOULD CALL IT FLAGRANT BREACH OF PEACE BUT OF COURSE EYE CANNOT INSIST THAT YOUR VIEW OF WHAT IS GOOD AND WHAT IS EVIL COINCIDE WITH MINE STOP"—which is about where we did stop reading his endless cable.) Anyway, all this made us all the more interested when Jeri Laber called early last week to tell us that one of the eleven independent Moscow peace activists, Mikhail Ostrovsky, along with his wife and their two small children, had recently been expelled from the Soviet Union and had just surfaced in New York City, in her office, and to ask if we would like to meet him. We would, we assured her. Among more serious reasons, we were curious to find out what a Soviet hooligan would look like.



Ostrovsky looked young—young and earnest. Something like a Donatello sculpture: tall, lanky body; large, triangular head on a long, powerful neck. He was dressed in an orange T-shirt and crinkly new bluejeans. His hair was dark and wavy, and he had a neatly trimmed full beard. His eyes were large and seemed to keep changing their color—brown? hazel? green? blue?—with the changing of his mood. He told us—by way of a fine translator (Ostrovsky's voice was deep and his English nonexistent)—that he was twenty-six years old and had been a dental technician, like his father before him. His mother, a doctor, was a loyal Party member, and, he explained, he had undergone a typical Soviet upbringing. Although Jewish, his family was not religious, and he had grown up without any particularly negative feelings about his lot or that of his countrymen. He had begun to be disillusioned with the Soviet system, he said, only after starting work as a dental technician in a state clinic. His eagerness to research modern (Western) technology was constantly undercut by his staid and reactionary superiors; his enthusiasm, he was warned, was "anti-Socialist." In 1978, after several years of such frustrations, he and his young wife decided to emigrate, filed their papers, and were refused an exit visa. The authorities explained that they had failed to procure the necessary permission from their parents—a frequent excuse in such cases. "My own parents had granted permission, and so had my wife's father, but her mother had refused," Ostrovsky said. "We begged and begged her. I don't know—she feared the public shame, perhaps. At any rate, she refused. It wasn't a happy time. Soon she and we stopped speaking to one another, though all of us lived in the same apartment building. After a while, if we passed her in the hall, we'd turn our faces aside, and she would do the same—this despite the fact that in the meantime we'd had our two children. They remained strangers to her."

Once a Soviet applicant is refused a visa, his life becomes progressively more difficult. The Ostrovskys had become *refuseniks*. "At my job, I found myself working three times as hard for half the pay," Ostrovsky recalled. Increasingly isolated from regular social intercourse, *refuseniks* often end up seeking out each other's company. In this context, Sergei Batovrin proved an important figure. Ostrovsky's eyes shone a deep blue when he spoke of his friend Batovrin. "He is actually a year younger than I am," Ostrovsky said, "but I look up to him and see him as an ideal human being." Like the Ostrovskys, Batovrin and his wife (and now their six-month-old baby) are *refuseniks*. Batovrin, the son of a high-level Soviet diplomat, grew up partly in New York City, where his father was stationed at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. In Moscow, he was something of a hippie during the early seventies. He let his hair grow long, and became a Pop-style painter. His work never received official sanction, and a few years ago he organized a show, in his small apartment, of his own and other disapproved art—an enterprise that did little to endear him to the authorities.

"Batovrin is tremendously generous," Ostrovsky explained. "Tremendously outgoing. He knows everyone, and everyone is drawn to his home by the quality of the friendship and the conversation. He knows physicists and mathematicians, artists, other former hippies, psychiatrists, other *refuseniks*. We would all gather at his home at all hours to talk about our own situation, our country's, the world's. During the last several months, we spoke increasingly of the perils of war, and this is how a group of us decided to form our committee. The Soviet people truly want peace. This is perhaps *the* fundamental fact of Soviet existence—the memory of the war and the twenty million dead, and the longing for peace. You can be standing in line and people will be complaining about this or that, but then someone will say, 'Still, the most important thing is that we never have another war,' and everyone will agree. It has achieved the level of a folk saying. People say it, but they don't *do* anything. And here's a contradiction, because the other lesson from the war was the horror of being invaded, so that people support a big defense program. And they don't see the contradiction. The entire Soviet system is built on contradictions of this kind, and is designed to prevent people from thinking about them. People live with their eyes closed, and we were hoping to start the process of opening them."

We asked Ostrovsky to what extent the military budget—and, specifically, its nuclear component—was public knowledge.

"Well, very little of it, of course," he replied. "But that's why people have brains in their head, isn't it—to read between the lines?"

The Group to Establish Trust Between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. announced itself to the world on June 4, 1982, from Batovrin's apartment. According to Ostrovsky, the eleven members (about half of them were *refuseniks*) felt that a precondition of disarmament is trust and understanding between peoples, and their initial proposals therefore included such things as cultural and medical exchanges, regular coöperation on space missions, and the establishment of pen-pal networks. In addition, they proposed "open discussion between representatives of the two governments, to be broadcast over television and shown in full, with the opportunity for people to phone in questions to the speakers" and "a joint program for peace education, compulsory in Soviet and American schools and textbooks." They also proposed the formation of a four-sided committee, with representatives of the governments *and the peoples* of the two countries. "And another proposal," Ostrovsky recalled, smiling, his eyes hazel, "was an exchange of children—especially the children of leaders. Perhaps leaders would think twice before starting a war if their children were in each other's capitals." In all, the group issued thirty proposals. The dissemination of these proposals became especially difficult after June 12th, which was the day of the huge anti-nuclear demonstration in Central Park and was also the day when the Soviet authorities began cracking down on the group. During the next several weeks, most of its work was semi-underground. The members had to steer clear of the police. They launched a peace petition and gathered signatures from at least five hundred courageous souls—this despite the fact that copies were continually being seized by the police. One by one, the members were nabbed, hauled in, warned, sometimes released, sometimes not.

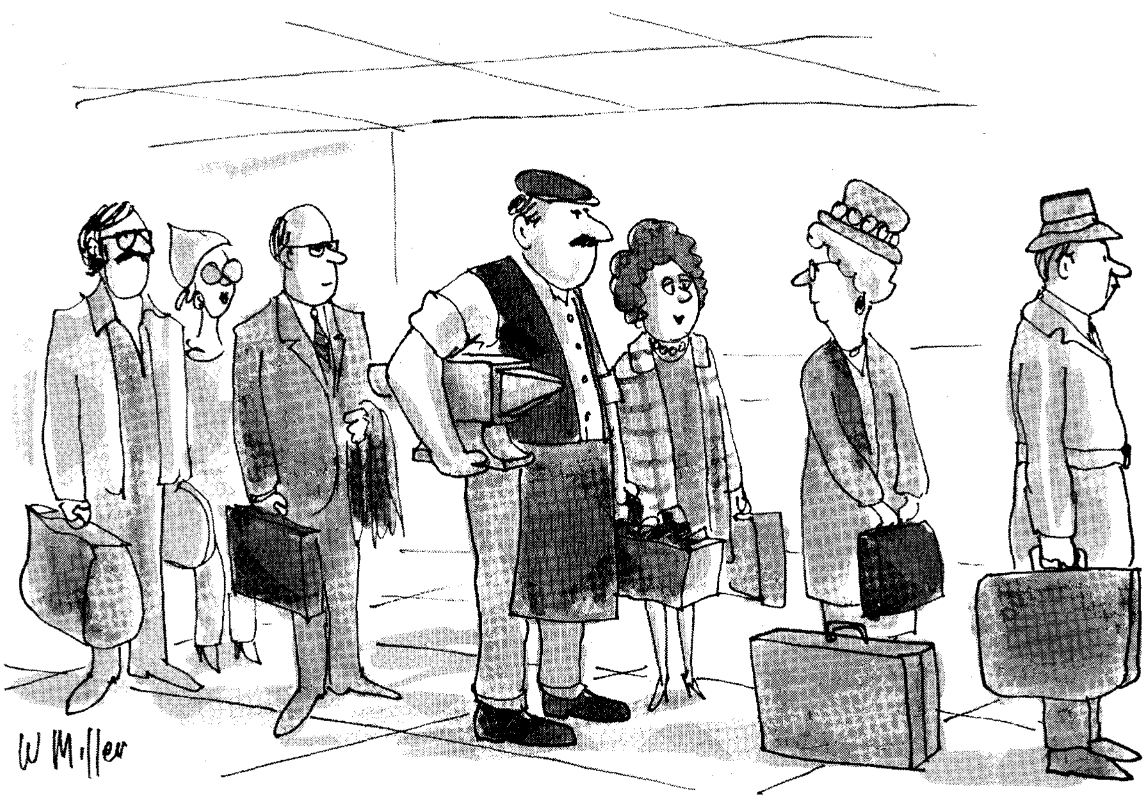
TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to $1.50.

And then, in early July, Ostrovsky and his wife received word that their visa had been granted, even though her mother still refused to approve their emigration. "This presented us with a dilemma," Ostrovsky said. "We had decided, in joining the group, to give up our attempt to emigrate. Instead, we would stay and fight for peace. Now we—and we alone among them all—were being granted our visa. I don't know why we were singled out. It was a kind of psychological warfare, perhaps—to force a wedge between us and the others. I did not want to leave my friends, and at first I wasn't going to. They encouraged me, however. They insisted that I would be of more service outside, spreading our story and our proposals. So we decided to go, but it was all in a tremendous hurry." The Ostrovskys travelled first to Italy, and in mid-August they arrived in New York City.

We asked Ostrovsky about Zhukov and the official Soviet Peace Committee.

"Well, you have to understand that official peace demonstrations in the Soviet Union are not at all like those here or in Western Europe," he replied. "They are never spontaneous. One isn't allowed to take part unless



“My husband’s tax man says ‘Try to make all your travels seem like business trips.’ ”

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one is invited, and if one is invited one isn’t allowed not to take part. And, of course, they’re never critical of the official Soviet line.”

We asked him what he and his friends had thought of the June 12th rally here in New York City.

“We didn’t hear about it at the time,” he replied. “I heard about it only after I got out. Occasionally, the Soviet press will mention the peace marches in the West, but they show only brief images on TV. The reason is simple: I remember one day looking at such a TV image and being amazed at the obviously handmade quality of the signs the demonstrators were carrying. Signs are *never* handmade in Soviet peace marches. The Soviet media don’t want to give Soviet citizens any ideas.”

We asked about the situation of his friends.

“I am concerned about all of them,” he said. “All of them are being harassed. But I am especially concerned for Sergei Batovrin. On August 5th, Sergei staged another apartment show, this time of eighty-eight anti-war paintings. The next day, he was arrested and placed, against his will, in a psychiatric hospital. No doubt they are doing with him what they have done with others—forcibly drugging him alternately with stimulants and with tranquillizers. This procedure has bad physical side effects, but they aren’t so much interested in causing one pain. They simply want to destroy one’s personality. After several months of this kind of thing, one emerges lifeless, without anything of one’s former vitality and former nature. It’s a terrible situation. He’s a great and vital man.”

Ostrovsky was silent for a moment, his eyes almost brown. He sighed. “The peril of war is extremely real today, and we must find some way out of the disaster,” he said. “But this will come only if citizens in the Soviet Union can demonstrate and put pressure on their leaders, just as yours do here. We did not, when we got started, see ourselves as a dissident movement or a human-rights movement. But these two issues are inseparable in the Soviet Union today. If there are human rights, people can and will struggle for peace. If not, not. That is why the American peace movement must support people like Batovrin.”

Wooden Boats

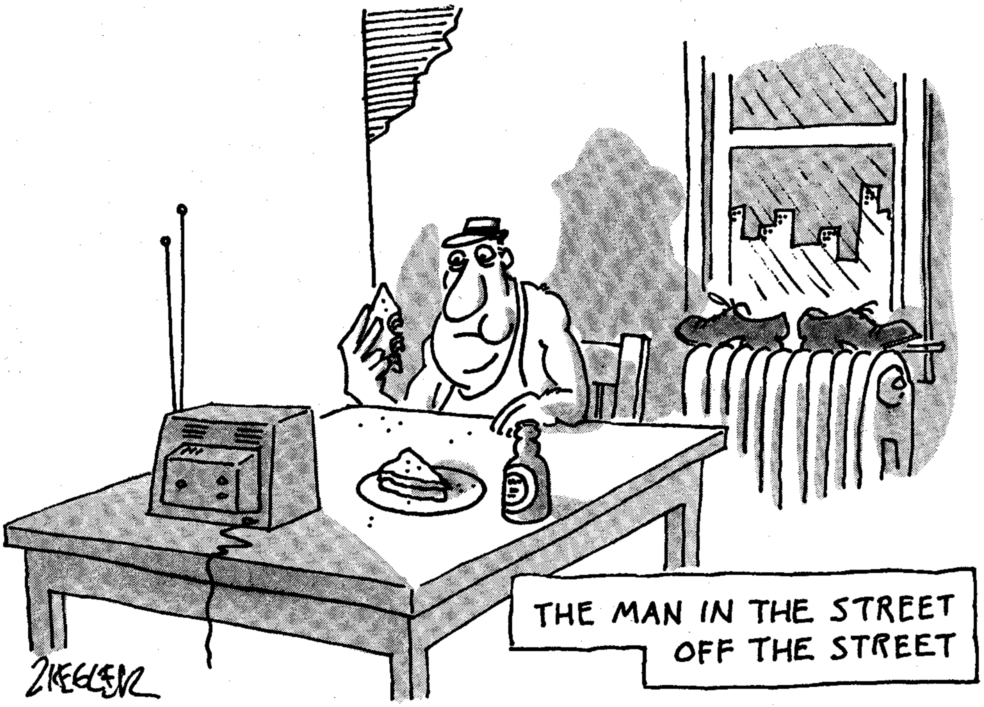
WE recently went up to Rhode Island to visit the second annual Wooden Boat Show, a four-day affair held outdoors at the Newport Yachting Center. We came back with a windburn, an armful of brochures, and a vocabulary newly expanded to include such terms as “bung,” “gusset,” “garboard,” “gripe,” “rabbet,” “rove,” and “breast hook,” all of which turned out to be parts of a boat. We also observed and talked with enough wooden-boat builders to venture something like a composite profile. Our basic model is about thirty-six years old and measures just under six feet over all. He has classic trim lines, set off by wire-rimmed glasses and a spade-shaped brown beard. (He could use a haircut.) He speaks slowly, with a broad Down East accent, and has a slightly private, faraway look in his eye, as if he were staring at something on the horizon. He reads Tolkien and *National Fisherman*. He is not especially comfortable on display at shows, and would rather be at a garage sale somewhere, finding an old curved plane or a pin maul.

“You have to remember, we’re not salesmen,” one builder—William J. Clements, of Billerica, Massachusetts—told us. “The vast majority of us are from one-man shops—or one-man-plus-an-assistant—and what we know how to do is build boats, not sell them. Selling is foreign to most of us—it’s just not part of our personality—and we don’t adapt to it very easily. But most of us are struggling to make ends meet, and a show like this gives us the exposure we need, and also gives us a chance to look around and see what the other guy is doing.”

By our rough count, there were some forty builders at the show, almost all with examples of their work either drydocked under yellow-and-white exhibition tents or floating along the docks—lapstrake dinghies and dories; long, sleek Rangeley guide boats; tiny Nantucket sharpies; elegant Whitehalls, with tapering, wineglass transoms; fat, sturdy catboats, with enormous rudders hanging off their sterns; delicate strip-planked rowing shells—and in gleaming, Bristol condition. The smell of new varnish hung brightly on the air. Many of the boats seemed far too beautiful ever to be *used*, in fact, and we noticed that the people boarding them often removed their deck shoes and, like Muslims entering a mosque, trod reverently in their socks.

There were also dozens of big old yachts tied up at the docks—sloops, schooners, yawls—some of them for sale, others just to be admired; and a number of smaller boats were actually constructed as the show went on. These were part of a boat-building contest—sponsored by the makers of Sikaflex, a marine sealant and adhesive—in which two-man teams raced to fashion seaworthy, rowable craft out of just two four-by-eight sheets of plywood, a couple of two-by-fours, and unlimited quantities of the company's product. We watched two brothers from Maryland—Tom and Joe Egeberg—slice their two-by-fours into frames and gunwales, for example, and put together a more or less traditional-looking skiff in a little over an hour. Nearby, to the puzzlement of most bystanders, Danny Greene and Dennis Pilla, two men from Newport who *looked* like brothers—they had almost identical beards and curly hairdos, and wore matching shorts, T-shirts, and futuristic silver-lensed sunglasses—were gluing together crescent-shaped pieces of plywood, into which they then jammed triangular wedges, to form what appeared to be a pair of pea pods, one large and one small. They finished just two minutes and twenty-five seconds after the Egebergs, but the final shape of their boat—it turned out to be a prau, or a large pontoon joined to a single outrigger—was not apparent until almost the very end.

The oldest boat we saw was Abe Lincoln, a little sandbagger (so called because boats of this type were originally ballasted with sand) built around 1860 and carefully restored this year by the Sound Shipwrights, of Mattituck, Long Island; and the newest (except for the contest boats) was a pretty dory-style sloop built by Jeffrey Szala, of the Westport Boatworks, in Massachusetts. This boat was almost two days late arriving at the show, because Mr. Szala was "pulling an all-nighter" to put on the finishing touches. Two boats that particularly caught our eye were actually brand-new reproductions of very old vessels—though a purist might argue that one of them, a stunning Alerion-class sloop built by the Sanford Boat Company, of Nantucket, after a 1912 Herreshoff design, was not, strictly speaking, a wooden boat. Its keel and backbone were molded of a lead ingot encased in fibre glass, and the hull, according to the builder's brochure, was made of laminated wood fibre "abstracted" from ordinary wood, glued with epoxy resin, and coated with an aliphatic linear polyurethane. The other boat we paused over was the Victoria, an opulent reconstruction of a late-nineteenth-century steam launch, with etched-glass windows, a monocle-shaped windshield, tufted seat cushions, roll-down curtains, and a big mahogany-and-brass-fitted boiler. It immediately suggested a party of turn-of-the-century ladies in long white dresses and floppy straw hats taking a slow cruise back and forth past the veranda of their hotel, on a pine-shaded mountain lake in the Adirondacks somewhere, and sticking their fingers in their ears whenever the skipper, a sunburned man in a navy blazer and white duck trousers, blew the whistle.



"Now, who would be apt to use a boat like that these days?" somebody asked one of the Victoria's builders—Robert Kent, of California Custom Yachts.

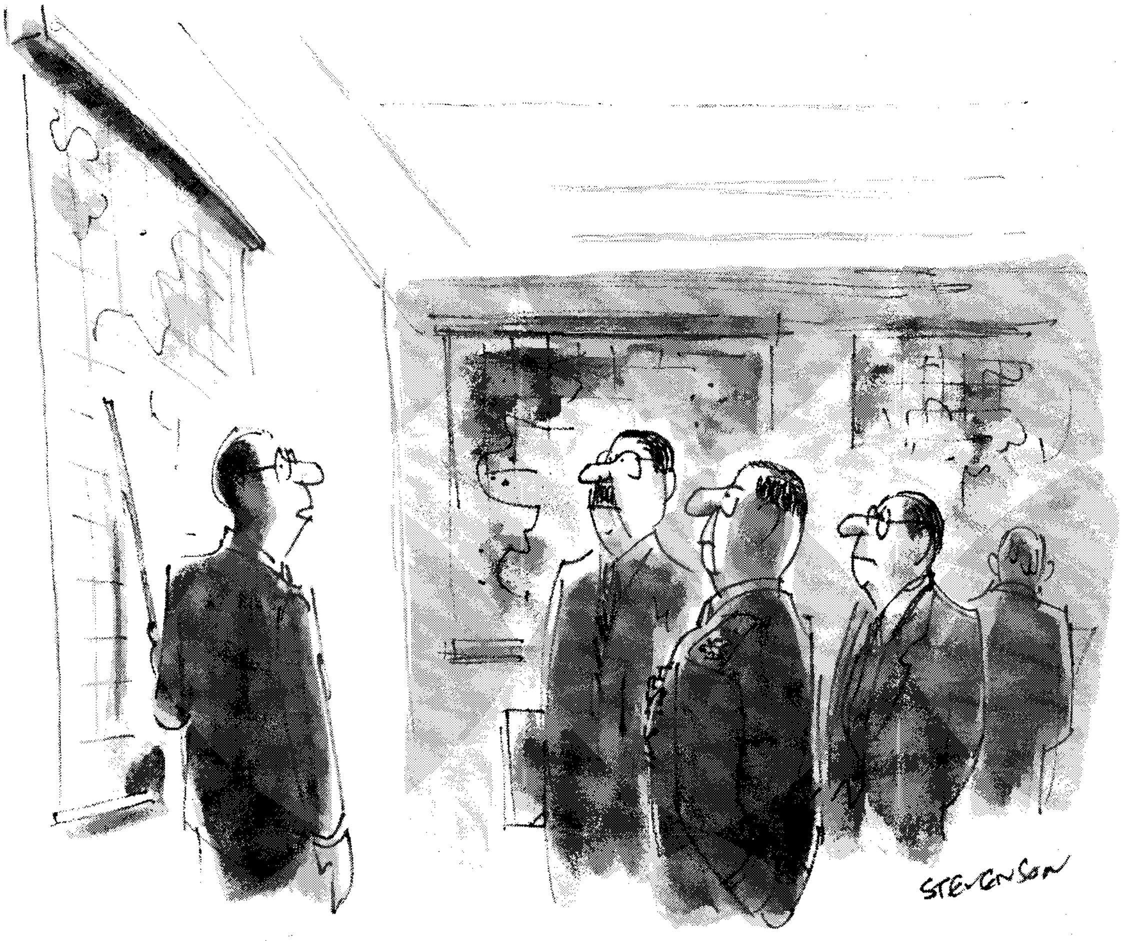
"I don't know," Mr. Kent said, and then he laughed. "Maybe a rich eccentric?"

Impressions

"ARGHHHARRRHHH!" and "Graaagh!" the sea monster roared as he emerged—tentacles undulating, slimy chest heaving—from the water at Coney Island, intent on terrorizing the entire beach. When, after a few minutes, no one had panicked, the creature slunk glumly back to the scientists who had built him. "What did the people say?" his crestfallen creators demanded. "They said I was doing Jerry Lewis," the monster replied.

That old Lenny Bruce joke came to mind the other day when we heard of Tower Films International's plans to audition any and all Jerry Lewis impersonators, so we set off to the Guild Rehearsal Studios, in the Ansonia Hotel, to see if imitating Jerry Lewis was actually so simple. In just over three hours, fifty-one men, women, and children did their shticks. Mock Lewises panted, rolled their eyes, protruded their tongues, cackled like lunatics, and begged for work. Some were good, some weren't, and eleven sang "You'll Never Walk Alone."

"I've never impersonated this man before," Lewis No. 8 declared. "I only came because a friend dared me." Seizing a bicycle parked in one corner of the room, he rammed it repeatedly into a nearby piano, shrieking "Stuck!" in a manic sort of way, until Charles Kaufman, who was handling the auditions for Tower Films International, said, "Please don't hurt yourself."



"The blue countries are our staunch allies, the green are less staunch, and the yellow are not staunch at all."

Tremendous at pratfalls, Lewis No. 12 was decidedly *comme ci comme ça* on the imitation. (It had lodged in his brain that the comedian suffered from one enormous facial tic.) Kaufman asked him if he could imitate anyone else. Instead of supplying the standard answer ("Yeah, Peter Lorre"), No. 12 announced that he could "do a great barnacle," whereupon he spread-eagled himself against the studio wall as if affixed to it.

Nos. 17 and 18 belonged to one of the largest and most feared subspecies of the Lewis-impersonator genus—the furniture-abusers. No. 17 came in, announced he was looking for Dean Martin, and proceeded to slam the piano around to show that he thought the crooner might be inside. No. 18 contented himself with many varied but futile attempts to unfold and sit in a chair.

The next two hopefuls—Nos. 19 and 20—didn't damage any furniture; in fact, they made almost no noise at all. One circled the room for several minutes in a pseudo-Lewis strut, muttering, "I'm having a little problem with this." Finally, he looked up and said, "I think I'll do it at home and leave it at that."

After a lengthy silence during which nothing happened, Kaufman asked the next Lewis if perhaps he could move like Jerry.

"I really haven't seen him for a long time," replied the impersonator. (Quickly the suspicion grew that he was an impersonator impersonator.)

"Well, then, can you do his voice?" Kaufman asked.

"I'm really not too sure what he sounds like," the young man said as he left the room.

"I don't have anything prepared," No. 21 confessed a few moments later. "Can I just scream and holler?"

During a short pause after No. 26, Kaufman explained to us that his production company needs a few dozen Lewis impersonators for a scene in an upcoming feature-length spoof of nature films that he is directing, to be called "The Outdoorsters." "It is the only wilderness nature film starring thirty-five wild animals to be filmed within a half hour of the George Washington Bridge," he declared, adding, "Our last film was 'E.T.' No, actually it was 'Mother's Day,' a horror movie that did very well."

Intermission over, a nine-year-old boy came in and did a very passable Lewis snapping his fingers; a young black man ("I thought there might be a void in black Jerry Lewises," he said) sang a Jerry Lewis version of an Elvis Costello (that's New Wave) hit; and a strapping fellow did Lewis shrieking in German. "You're the first German Jerry—a definite asset," Kaufman told him.

No. 38 declared emphatically, "Jerry Lewis knows me *personally*. I can *guarantee* that."

"How did you meet him?" Kaufman asked.

"I went to one of his shows, and we had a staring contest," No. 38 replied. "And then I sent him my picture."

A very solemn impressionist said he'd begun imitating Lewis at five years of age, and added, "You have to be depressed sometimes to be funny. Because when you are depressed you have to think about what makes you happy."

A ninety-pound Oriental woman confessed that she'd seen very little of Lewis. But no matter—she managed a terrific impression of *somebody* acting loony, and to top it off she stuck a cigarette in her ear. "You want chutzpah? I got chutzpah!" she said.

No. 40, on being asked if he was a fan of Jerry's, said, "I liked him very much when I was a child. But I established some emotional distance from him when I was an adolescent."

An old man wearing yellow goggles inquired about the rate of pay.

Kaufman told him that that matter would be taken up when or if.

"Do you have a tape deck?" the old man continued. "I have my Jimmy Durante on tape."

Believe us, we could go on.

HELLFIRE AND ALL THAT

It is not clear that I really saw Billy Sunday, the evangelist, standing up in the bandstand in Bailey Street Park and shouting insults for all of us against the God-defying Huns. That would be in about 1917. Perhaps it was one of his many mimics, who toured the far hinterland of America in his wake, copying his forceful, noisy style. I seem to remember "him," though: a strong, wide man, with fists like hams, which clenched in the air and trembled with wrath, or pounded the Bible as he roared jointly about hellfire-and-brimstone and Liberty Bonds.

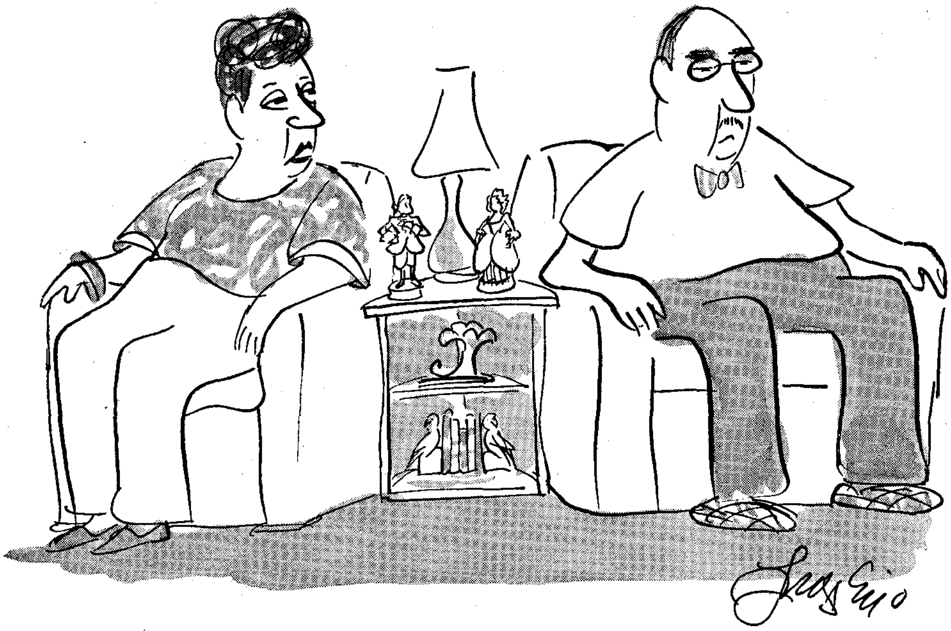
It is strange that my dignified grandmother listened to such crass ranting, but no doubt she felt it was In a Good Cause. Besides, it got me out from underfoot at home, to go with her into the greeny shade of the park and listen at her side on a bench while the Billy Sunday brother gave us a good free Christian show.

That was in Whittier, California, when we lived on Painter Avenue. Life was exciting and rich for me then. Everybody I knew seemed to love me, and that was all I needed. Things were even more interesting after we moved down to the Ranch, out on what was called Painter Road there, because it was in the country and not the town. It was like living in Whittier but across all moats, over all bridges, so that we knew about the town but were no longer of it. We were out of bounds. It made everything more intense. And it was there that I grew aware that people love, not only as parents and children but otherwise as well.

Then Grandmother died. I was sorry when one day I found my mother weeping on the living-room couch, while the old woman lay in her bedroom with a nurse beside her, softly breathing off and away. But I was puzzled, too. Why weep? I had the detached lack of curiosity of any normal young animal about tears and departures. It was fine not to have the old lady anymore at the dining-room table, which, when she was at home, was dominated by boiled white sauce and overcooked carrots, always combined. Occasionally we had boiled chicken. Things changed now, and Mother bloomed at the end of the table, and Father smiled at her more openly.

Grandmother would never have tolerated Rose as our maid of all work, so it was well that she died when she did, a few months before Rose came. Rose stayed at the Ranch for several years, partly because she liked Mother but mostly because her friend Billy could come out to visit on Sundays and not be alone in Los Angeles.

Rose was a very tough person—one of the toughest I have ever known, and the first. She had been a hard-working hustler since she was sold to a lumber camp as kitchen help when she was thirteen. Her language was simple and foul. She was complex, and ferociously clean. She worked like a horse, keeping us well fed and the shabby old ranch house sparkling. She was close-mouthed about her past life, but once, when Mother told her she was sorry to add to Rose's chores by inviting two cousins to stay with us for a few weeks, Rose said firmly, "Listen, Miz Kennedy! Get this straight! Bein' here with you and the Mister and your goddam kids is the best life I ever had. How'd *you* like to work thirty tricks a night and then clean toilets all day? How'd *you*—"



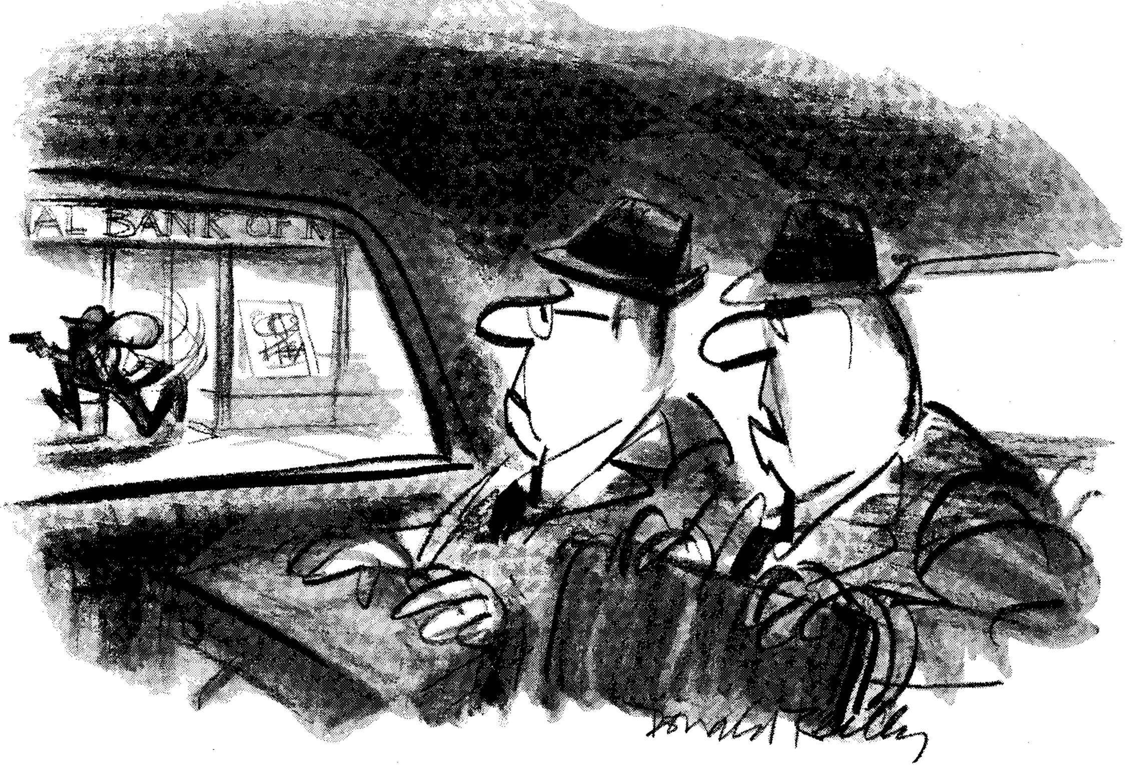
"Aerobic dancing could prolong our lives up to seven years."

"Yes, Rose. Yes."

The two women got along well. They both had dark eyes and hair. Mother was tall and had once been willowy, a perfect Gibson girl, although by the time I first really looked at her she was hung with an indolent heaviness. Rose was short and square, built close to the ground, as tight as a saddle that is broadening with wear. They respected each other. Once when my sister Anne and I told Mother that Rose had been cross with us in the kitchen, she said that we must always be nice to our cook because she had never been happy. And another time Rose added a line that still lives in our family collection of favorite quotations. Mother told her that next week she would have to take down all the curtains and wash them. Rose stood like stone for a minute, her eyes snapping. Then she said flatly, "Now get this, Miz Kennedy, and get it straight. There is only one goddam thing in this world that Rose *has* to do, and that's die." She stamped out of the room; nothing was ever said about her dictum, and from then on my mother minded her tongue.

She did tell Rose, early on, not to use a few of her saltier words in front of Anne and me, and I am sure the other woman expurgated a lot of them, and toned down her basic dialect. Sometimes, though, when my sister and I would come panting in through the back door from a long dusty game of run-sheep-run through the orange orchards that lay between us and our neighbors, Rose would give us each a cup of cool water from the kitchen sink. "Let me do it, kids. You keep your crappy hands off my clean tap, you get it?" she'd say. And then snarl at us to stop that puking noise we bastards always made when we were thirsty. No doubt Mother knew about this lingo, but nobody bothered one way or another, and we learned to gulp politely, not like slurping little puppies.

Rose grew heavier as she stayed with us, and now and then Mother sent away to a mail-order house in New York that made extra-size dresses, to buy what Anne and I thought were sumptuously giddy clothes for her. (Just as Mother herself grew fatter, and perhaps longed to wear the kind of clothes she gave her servant, so she may have felt an unconscious envy of Rose's wild, ugly past, so different from her own sheltered education in living.) The box would come by parcel post, and my sister and I would hurry out to Rose in her cabin under our big walnut tree, where she would try on the new dresses for us. It was a secret, warm moment. Anne and I would groan disapproval, or say yes, yes, *yes*. When we liked something, Rose would smooth the cloth over her firm, round body, and look almost beautiful; then she would strip it off and fold it carefully back into its tissue paper for Billy to see on Sunday.



"Ah, God—if only it were that easy!"

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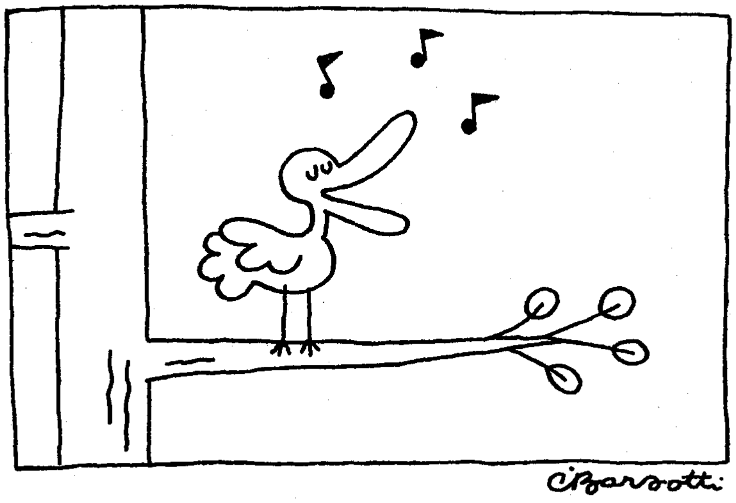
I don't remember if she ever actually wore any of the New York clothes. But neither do I remember how she looked with nothing on but her underpinnings; she dressed and undressed in front of Anne and me as casually as if we were her own children, or perhaps Billy. Once, Mother, who doubtless knew of our quasi-secret fashion shows in Rose's cabin, asked us if the blue silk fitted. We said, "Oh, yes—she's saving it for Billy to see," and Mother smiled a little.

Billy's gentling effect on Rose was one reason Sundays at the Ranch were special. Another was that, soon after we moved down Painter from the town, and almost immediately after Grandmother died, Anne and I wrote a manifesto to our parents. In it we outlined our reasons for not wanting to attend Sunday school at St. Matthias. As potentially deft young politicians, we argued that Father should not have to interrupt his Sunday ranch jobs to drive us up to Whittier and then go again to bring us home, and that Mother should not have to supervise getting us properly into our Sunday clothes and then out of them again while Rose was occupied with Sunday-noon dinner. We also touched on how useful we would be to everyone on the Ranch, doing countless small chores instead of learning for the *n*th time about Moses in the bulrushes.

We printed out the manifesto, got Rose and the handyman, Little Ears, to sign as witnesses on two carefully dotted lines, and won our case with dispatch and to general rejoicing. As far as I ever knew, my parents felt serenely guiltless about depriving us of our weekly spiritual guidance, and Sundays were *free!* They were days of tranquillity and general bliss. Perhaps we slept later on rainy winter Sundays, but usually we got up early and eagerly. Breakfast was special, with waffles now and then, and no school, and no piano practice. We talked and laughed. The new batch of babies (Mother would have presented us with a fresh couple of siblings every eight years or so, if nature had permitted) splashed cereal and spilled milk happily, and Rose mopped up the table without scowling at them, and hummed in the kitchen. Father would come to the breakfast table in his coverall instead of his usual office clothes (three-piece navy-blue serge, stiff white shirt, Sulka tie). It was a huge, shapeless khaki jumpsuit that a garage mechanic had given him. Many years later, prime ministers and paratroopers made it stylish, but in about 1919 it was unlike anything we had ever seen—a mysteriously Sundayish garment that summed up our loose-limbed holiday enjoyment. He did not even button it at the throat, but Mother smiled at him as she dreamily untied the smallest baby's bib and pushed back the high chair.

Father puttered over the Ranch all morning, from his cramped little toolroom in the back of the barn. We tagged after him, never intruding on his Sunday reveries, awed by his concentration as he checked on when he last mated his sole buck rabbit with one of the does, and how many eggs his pigeons were hatching into doomed squabs, and what his six hives of bees were doing with three new queens he had bought. Sometimes he would put on his bee hat, oddly glamorous with its thick green veil, and pull on his special bee gloves, and climb up to the hives on the roof of the tractor shed. Anne and I would watch silently from under an avocado tree, but he seemed unaware of any of us as Rose called out to Mother, "There goes the Mister, up on that shaky old roof," and the other woman would stand silently in an upstairs window of the ranch house. It was dramatic and tense. It

UNINFORMED



was part of the special magic of Sundays. Now and then, angry bees would hum around Father when he lifted the lids of their hives, but he never was stung: more magic!

Sunday-noon dinner was something we all thought about as soon as our voluptuous Sunday breakfast was over and Mother stood up. We dressed nicely for it, but not in churchgoing gear. Father wore a white shirt and a tie, but in summer no jacket. Mother now and then stuck into her topknot a flower Anne and I had picked for her, and we, too, had extra-clean fingernails and smooth hair. And the meal would be delicious, well served by strong, violent Rose. Mother always looked fine at her end of the table, serving the vegetables while Father stood to carve the roasted fowl or meat. Then there was a Sunday dessert—something special. We ate in contentment, politely and with controlled voracity.

We knew that we must sit down precisely at half past noon, because at twelve-fifteen Billy got off the bus at the corner of Painter and Whittier Boulevard, and since he and the bus were always on time, he was already in the kitchen waiting for Rose to be free. Once he appeared, Rose leaped into action as if she had been lagging all week, ever since he last caught the night bus back to Los Angeles. She always did everything fiercely, but on Sundays she was almost ferocious, in an inspired and genuinely contented way, and she served us the good meal she had cooked with a special dexterity. We did not dawdle, but we ate with quick enjoyment, knowing that Billy waited in the back yard while she did her dance around us and in and out the swinging door. We all felt happy. Oh, strawberries and little cupcakes; oh, fried rabbit! Fresh peas!

Father had hung a legless bench from the big walnut tree by Rose's cabin, and had painted the old thing white. Sitting in it was a nice way to move back and forth in the dry air, and Anne and I loved it. We never climbed up onto the seat on Sundays, though, because it was Billy's then. Rose said to us, a few days after she came to the Ranch, "When Billy's here, you kids just leave him be. He's got things on his mind. He needs his rest." We would wave to him from the back porch as he sat in the swing, his short legs dangling just as ours did. He smiled at us, timidly, and once he brought a bag of hard toffee and gave it to us when Rose was not around; but he plainly liked to be by himself on the old bench swing until Rose was free for him—free from all of us.

Billy was a slender, shadowy man, with thin, graying hair and a remote face. It surprised Anne and me, as we peeked at him on Sunday mornings, that he could climb up into the swing so nimbly and keep it moving without touching the ground with his short legs. He was a pimp, I learned much later, but was planning to retire. He had been in the pen twice, for something or other.

Billy loved waiting for Rose, swinging slowly back and forth until she signalled to him and he came silently into the kitchen to sit beside her, in the little corner called the breakfast nook, and eat her good food. Then they deftly and swiftly prepared the room for our Sunday-night family foray, and they disappeared. They went out to her shabby quarters—slipshod housing that was considered fitting for hired help in those days, but private—and they spent the rest of the day together, making love and probably talking. They sent out a feeling, to Mother and Father and to us children, that they loved each other.

Sunday-night supper was fun, with Rose not there to glare at us if we guzzled or slouched. Mother sometimes made oyster stew. At breakfast on Monday, with school starting again and Father deaf behind his morning papers, Rose would be scowling her fierce black scowl at us, but somewhat more gently than later in the week.

THEN for a couple of Sundays in a row Billy did not come down from the bus stop, and Mondays were rough for us. Mother was cranky and withdrawn. Rose seemed to grow even heavier and thicker, and snarled more foully in the kitchen. After we sweated our way home from East Whittier School through the dusty orange and walnut groves, we steered clear of her, and drank from the dogs' faucet in the back yard.

Rose asked for an extra day off, and went to Los Angeles, and never came back. She telephoned to Mother: Billy had been killed—knifed to death. She was already back in her old job on the street. Mother must send her stuff from the cabin to the Salvation Army. . . .

It seemed impossible to Anne and me. Billy, kindly quiet shadow, would not come again on Sundays, to wait patiently in the old swing until Rose had taken care of us, and then to love her alone in the little shack. We felt baffled. We missed Billy more intensely than we did her—for a while, anyway—and certainly more than we ever had our grandmother after her quiet disappearance.

Mother cried, and ordered two new dresses from the New York catalogue and sent them to the address Rose gave her. I doubt if they ever got to her, or if they were suitable to a way of life that my mother could only imagine but that she accepted for Rose in lieu of herself, perhaps. And perhaps this was what the other Billy Sunday was shouting and pounding the Good Book about when Grandmother and I sat together in Bailey Street Park—hellfire and damnation, and all that.

—M. F. K. Fisher

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Las Vegas Review-Journal*]

Associated Press

GIBSONVILLE, N.C.—After more than two months of investigation, authorities say they are no closer to apprehending the person who has been terrorizing Gibsonville's sewer system.

A FLYING START

THE project for a three-volume dictionary of literary biography, “Living Authors of the Fourth Republic,” was set afloat in Paris in 1952, with an eleven-man editorial committee in the same lifeboat. The young and promising Henri Grippes, spokesman for a new and impertinent generation, waited on shore for news of mass drownings; so he says now. A few years later, when the working title had to be changed to “Living Authors of the Fifth Republic,” Grippes was invited aboard. In 1964, Grippes announced there were not enough living authors to fill three volumes, and was heaved over the side. Actually, he had just accepted a post as writer-in-residence at a women’s college in California; from the Pacific shore he sent a number of open letters to Paris weeklies, denouncing the dictionary scheme as an attempt to establish a form of literary pecking order. Anti-élitism was in the air, and Grippes’ views received great prominence. His return to Paris found a new conflict raging: *two* volumes were now to be produced, under the brusque and fashionable title “Contemporary Writers, Women and Others.” Grippes at once published a pamphlet revealing that it was a police dodge for feeding women and others into a multinational computer. In the event of invasion, the computer would cough up the names and the authors would be lined up and marched to forced labor in insurance companies. He carried the day, and for a time the idea of any contemporary literary directory was dropped.

Grippes had by then come into a little money, and had bought himself an apartment over a cinema in Montparnasse. He wore a wide felt hat and a velvet jacket in cool weather and a panama straw and a linen coat when it was fine. Instead of a shopping bag he carried a briefcase. He wrote to the mayor of Paris—who answered, calling him “Maître”—to protest a plan to remove the statue of Balzac from Boulevard Raspail, just north of the Boulevard du Montparnasse intersection. It was true that the statue was hemmed in by cars illegally parked and that it was defiled by pigeons, but Grippes was used to seeing it there. He also deplored that the clock on the corner near the Dôme no longer kept time; Grippes meant by this that it did not keep the same time as his watch, which he often forgot to wind.

In the meantime the old two-volume project, with its aging and dwindled editorial committee and its cargo of card-index files, had floated toward a reliable firm that published old-fashioned history manuals with plenty of color plates, and geography books that drew attention only to territories that were not under dispute. The Ministry of Culture was thought to be behind the venture. The files, no one quite knew how, were pried away from the committee and confided to a professor of English literature at a provincial university. The *Angliciste* would be unlikely to favor one school of French writing over another, for the simple reason that he did not know one from the other. The original committee had known a great deal, which was why for some thirty years its members had been in continual deadlock.

It seemed to the *Angliciste* that the work would have wider appeal if a section was included on British writers known for their slavish cultural allegiance to France. First on the list was, of course, Victor Prism, lifelong and distinguished Francophile and an old academic acquaintance. He recalled that Prism had once lived in Paris as the protégé of Miss Mary Margaret Pugh, a patroness of the arts; so, at about the same time, had the future novelist and critic Henri Grippes. “Two golden lion cubs in the golden cage of the great lioness,” as the *Angliciste* wrote Grippes, asking him to contribute a concise appreciation of his comrade in early youth. “Just say what seemed to you to be prophetic of his achievement. We are in a great hurry. The work is now called ‘French Authors, 1950-2000,’ and we must go to press by 1990 if it is to have any meaning for our time. Don’t trouble about Prism’s career; the facts are on record. Payment upon receipt of contribution, alas. The Ministry is being firm.”

Grippes received the letter a week before Christmas. He thought of sending Prism a sixteen-page questionnaire

“You said that under the Reagan Administration you’d be a different person.”

but decided, reasonably, that it might dull the effect of surprise. He set to work, and by dint of constant application completed his memoir the following Easter. It was handwritten, of course; even his sojourn in California had not reconciled Grippes to typewriters. "I feel certain this is what you are after," he wrote the *Angliciste*. "A portrait of Prism as protégé. It was an experience that changed his external image. Miss Pugh often said he had arrived on her doorstep looking as if he had spent his life in the rain waiting for a London bus. By the time he left, a few weeks later, a wholehearted commitment to the popular Parisian idols of the period—Sartre, Camus, and Charles Trenet—caused him to wear a little gray hat with turned-up brim, a black shirt, an off-white tie, and voluminous trousers. At his request, Miss Pugh gave him a farewell present of crêpe-soled shoes. Perhaps, with luck, you may find a picture of him so attired."

GRIPPES' memoir was untitled.

" 'The drawing room at the Duchess of B——'s overlooked a leafy avenue and a rustic bandstand in the city of O——. There, summer after summer, the Duchess had watched children rolling their hoops to the strains of a polka, or a waltz, or a mazurka, or a sparkling military march, remote indeed from the harsh sound of warfare that assailed her today.'

"Would anyone believe, now, that Victor Prism could have written this? That Prism could have poured out, even once, the old bourgeois caramel sauce?

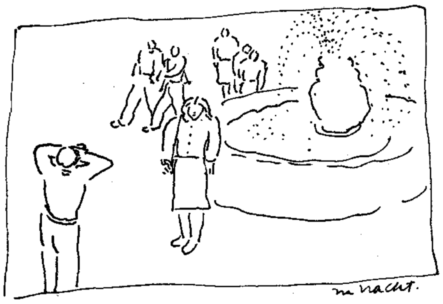
"He did. The time was soon after the end of the Second World War. They were the first words of his first unfinished novel, and they so impressed Miss Mary Margaret Pugh, an American lady then living in a bosky, sunless, and costly corner of Paris, that she invited Prism to complete the novel in her house.

"His benefactress, if extant, would be well over a hundred. In his unpublished *roman à clef*, 'Goldfinches Have Yellow Feathers,' Prism left a picture of Miss Pugh he may still consider fair: 'Miss Melbourne, from a distance, reminded Christopher of those statues of deposed monarchs one can see at seedy summer resorts along the Adriatic. Close up, she looked softer, middle-class, and wholly alarming. Often as Christopher sat across from Miss Melbourne, trying to eat his lunch and at the same time answer her unexpected questions, he would recall a portrait he had seen of a Renaissance merchant's shrewd, hardy wife. It had something to do with Miss Melbourne's plump shoulders and small pink nose, with her habit of fingering the lockets and laces she wore as though drawing the artist's attention to essentials.'

"Miss Pugh had spent most of her life abroad, which was not unusual for rich spinsters of her generation. She seldom mentioned her father, a common fortune hunter, soon shed by her mother—tactful hostess, careful parent, trusted friend to artists and writers. The ash tree whose shade contributed no little to the primeval twilight of the dining room had grown from a sapling presented by Edith Wharton. As a girl, Miss Pugh had been allowed to peer round the door and watch her renowned compatriot eating sole meunière. She had not been presented to Mrs. Wharton, who was divorced.

"What constituted the difference between Mrs. Pugh, also divorced, and the novelist? It is likely that Miss Pugh never asked herself this question. Most of her interesting anecdotes drifted off in this way, into the haze of ancient social mystery.

"The house that was to be Victor Prism's refuge for a summer had been built in the eighteen-fifties, in a quiet street straggling downhill from the



THE QUOIT

The iron ring
rose into the twilight
of late summer
the day still blue
no stars

it rose like a shadow
lit from underneath
the leaves were hanging motionless
on the big poplar
already full of night
and the voices had dropped at dusk

on a table by a new window
in an old house with no lights on
a black metal panther
glared through the black hollyhocks
toward the group of men standing under floodlamps
beside four boxes of wet clay

they had a right to their game
on coal-company property
that could not be built on
in case the company
needed to sink a shaft to the mine
in a hurry

those years often the nights smelled of autumn
and people said to each other in the mornings
did you hear it last night
late
was it blasting again someone would ask
no someone else would answer
it was pickaxes

—W. S. MERWIN

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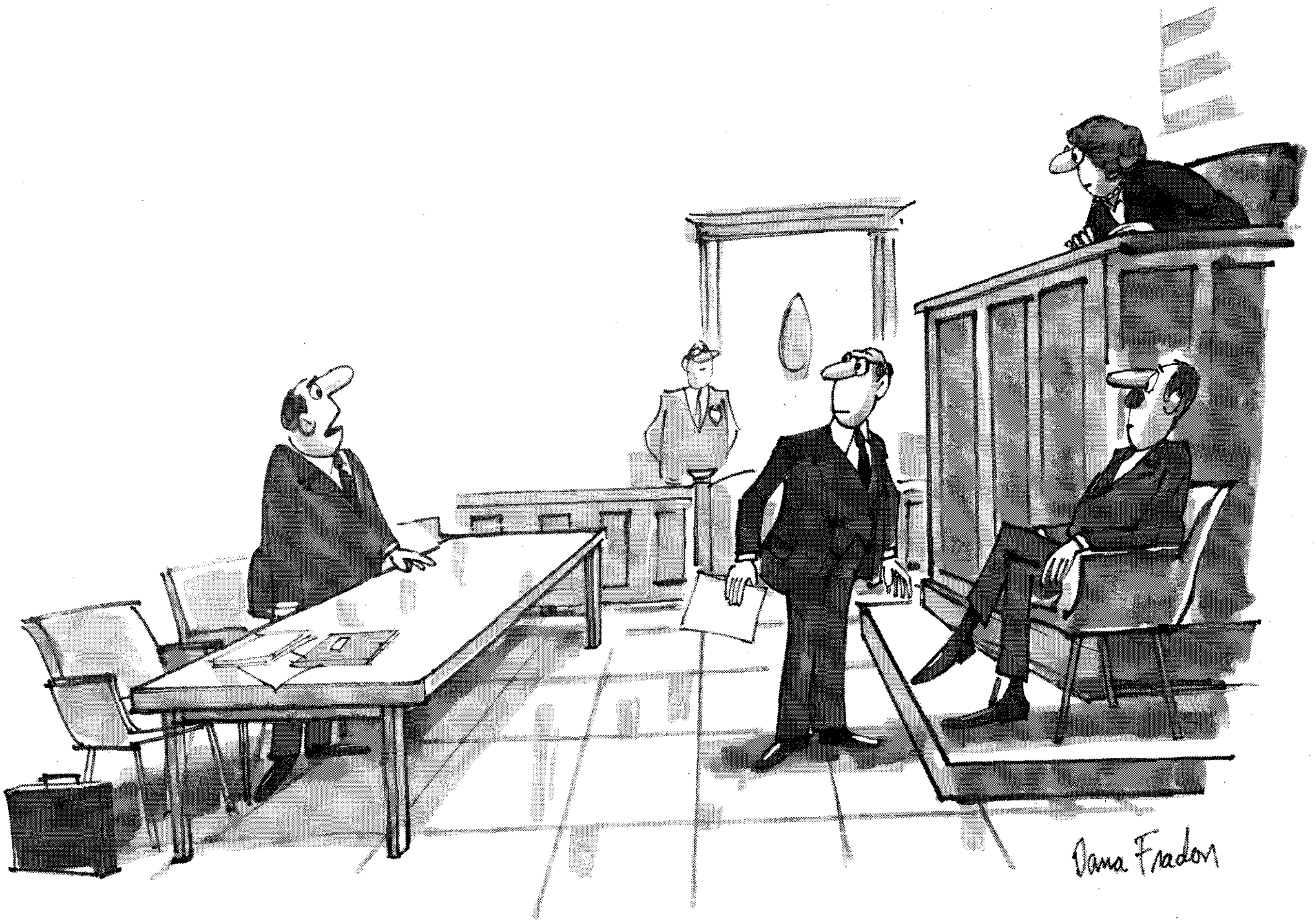

"Your Honor, I request that the witness answer the questions a little faster. I'm paying my lawyer a hundred and sixty dollars an hour!"

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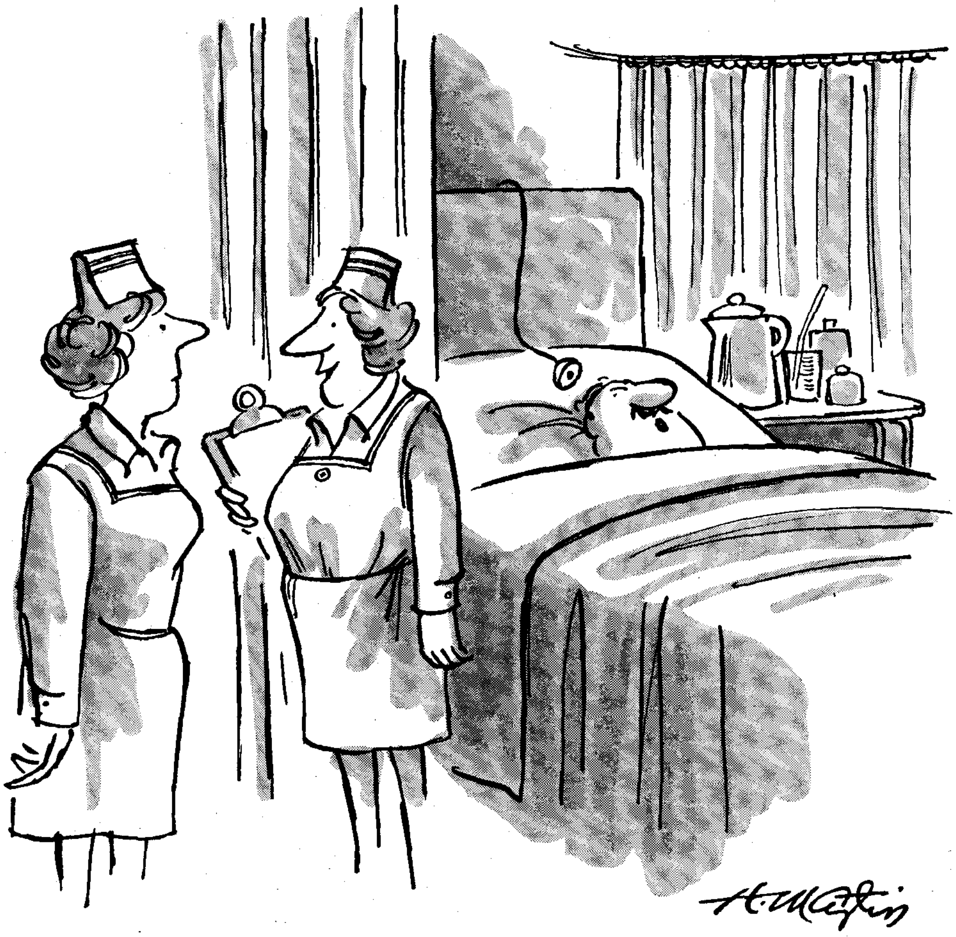
Trocadéro. Miss Pugh had inherited, along with the house, a legend that Balzac wrote 'Cousine Bette' in the upstairs sitting room, though the prolific author had been buried a good three years before the foundation was dug. *Madame mère* probably bought the house in the eighteen-eighties. Soon after that, the character of the street changed. A considerable amount of low-value property changed hands. Most of the small houses were destroyed or became surrounded by seven-story apartment buildings made of stone, sturdily Third Republic in style. The house we are speaking of was now actually at the heart of a block, connected to the world by a narrow carriage drive, the latter a subject of perennial litigation. Tenants of the apartments could look down upon a low red brick dwelling with a slate roof, an ash tree that managed to flourish without sunlight, dense thickets of indeterminate urban shrubbery, a bronze Italian birdbath, and a Cupid on tiptoe. The path from gate to door was always wet underfoot, like the floor of a forest.

"Inside, the rooms were low and dim, the floors warped and uneven. Coal fires burned to no great effect except further to darken the walls. Half the rooms by the nineteen-forties were shut off. Miss Pugh was no stingier than any other rich woman, nor had there as yet been an appreciable decline in her income. She was taking it for granted there would soon be another war, followed this time by the definitive revolution. Her daydreams were populated by Bolsheviks, swarming up the Trocadéro hill, waving eviction notices. Why create more comfort than one could bear to lose?

" 'To enjoy it, even for a minute' would have been the answer of a Victor Prism, or, for that matter, of any other of the gifted drifters for whom Paris had become a catchall, and to whom Miss Pugh offered conversation and asylum. Some were political refugees of the first postwar wave, regarded everywhere with immense suspicion. It was thought they should go back to wherever they'd come from and help build just, Spartan societies. Not so Miss Pugh, who thought they should sit down in one of the upstairs rooms and write about their mothers. Some were young men on the run from the legend of a heroic father, whose jaunty wartime face, smiling from a mantelshelf, was enough to launch any son into a life of firm and steady goldbricking. Some, like Prism, were trying to climb on the right American springboard for a flying start.

" 'What is your ideal?' Miss Pugh liked to ask. 'At your age, you can't live without one.'

"Thirty, forty years ago, 'ideal' opened the way to tumbledown houses like Miss Pugh's that were really fairy castles. The moat was flooded with American generosity and American contrition. Probably no moat in history was ever so easy to bridge. (Any young European thinking of making that crossing today should be warned



"I think Mr. Muskingham is on the mend. He sat bolt upright today and said, 'Bring on the hot hors d'oeuvres.'"

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that the contrition silted up in the early nineteen-seventies, after which the castle was abandoned.) Miss Pugh did not expect gratitude for material favors, and would have considered it a base emotion. But she had no qualms about showing a stern face to any protégé who revealed himself to be untalented, bereft of an ideal in working order, mentally idle, or coarsely materialistic. This our poor Victor Prism was to learn before the summer was out. Miss Pugh belonged to a small Christian congregation that took its substance from Buddhism. She treated most living creatures equally and made little distinction between man and worm.

"How did Prism turn into a protégé? Easily; he rang a doorbell. Rosalia answered to a young man who was carrying a manila envelope, manuscript-sized, and a letter. She reached for the letter of introduction but did not let Prism in, even though large drops of rain had started to fall.

"Miss Pugh, upstairs in the Balzac sitting room, addressed, from the window, a troubled-looking patch of sky. 'Hasn't this been going on long enough?' Rosalia heard her say. 'Why don't you do something?'

"The answer to Miss Pugh's cosmic despair, or impertinence, was Victor Prism. She had been acknowledged by the universe before now, but perhaps never so quickly. She sat down with her back to the window, read the letter Rosalia gave her, folded it, thought it over, and said, 'All right. Bring him up.'

"Prism came into her presence with a step that lost its assurance as he drew near. He asked permission to sit down. Having obtained a nod, he placed his manila envelope on a low table, where Miss Pugh could reach it easily, and repeated everything she had just read in the letter: He was promising but poor. He had been staying with Mrs. Hartley-Greene on Avenue Gabriel. Mrs. Hartley-Greene had been indescribably helpful and kind. However, she was interested in painters, not in writers—particularly writers of prose.

"Miss Pugh said, 'Then you aren't that poet.'

" 'No, no,' said Prism. 'I am not that . . . that.'

"He was puzzled by the house, believing that it had deliberately been built at the heart of a hollow square, perhaps by a demented architect, for nonsensical people. Rain poured down on the ash tree and naked Cupid. In a flat across the way a kitchen light went on. Miss Pugh pressed the switch of a green-shaded lamp and considered Prism. He turned his head slightly and observed an oil painting of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. He thought of mile upon mile of museum portraits—young men, young saints pierced with arrows, with nothing to protect them from the staring of women but a coat of varnish.

"The passage of the envelope from his hands to Miss Pugh's was crucial to his adventure. He wondered if he should speak. At the same time, he hated to let the envelope go. It held his entire capital—two chapters of a novel. He did not know if he would ever write anything better, or even if he could write anything else at all.

"Miss Pugh settled the matter by picking it up. 'It's for me to read, isn't it? I'll do so at once. Perhaps you could come back after dinner tonight.'

"*During* dinner would have suited Prism better: Mrs. Hartley-Greene was under the impression he had already moved out and would not be back except to pick up some luggage. 'Goldfinches' gives a vivid account of his retreat: 'Christopher seemed to leave a trail of sawdust. There were arrow wounds everywhere. He did not know what other people thought and felt about anything, but he could sense to a fine degree how they thought and felt about him. He lived on the feelings he aroused, sought acquaintances among those in whom these feelings were not actively hostile, and did not know of any other way to be.'

"Eighty pages were in the envelope, thirty of them blank. Miss Pugh was not forced to spend every minute between tea and dinner reading, though she would have done so gladly. She read anything recommended to her, proceeding slowly, pausing often to wonder if the author was sure of his facts. She had a great fear of being hoodwinked, for she knew by now that in art deception is the rule.

"What Prism had described was an elderly duchess, a loyal old manservant named Norbert, a wounded pigeon, and a nation at war. His fifty completed pages were divided into two chapters.

"Chapter 1: In a city under siege, a duchess wonders how to save the priceless eighteenth-century china presented to her family by the Empress. Whatever food Norbert manages to forage she feeds to her cats. She and Norbert adopt and discard schemes for saving the china. They think about this and discuss it all day long.

"Chapter 2: A pigeon flutters in the window. A cat jumps at it, breaking its wing. The duchess and Norbert hear gunfire moving closer. They discuss a plan for saving the pigeon.

"That was as far as it went. Either Prism did not know what came next or did not want to say. It seemed to Miss Pugh that a good deal had been left in the air. The first thing she asked when he came back that night was if the china was really worth saving. If it was priceless, as he claimed, then Norbert ought to pack it into cases lined with heavy silver paper. The cases could then be buried in the garden, if the ground was soft. That would depend on the season, which Prism had not described.

"She had begun a process that Prism had not foreseen and that was the most flattering success he might have imagined. Everything in the story was *hers*, from the duchess to the pigeon.

"Next, she gave her attention to the duchess's apartments, which seemed to be in the wing of a palace. Prism had not mentioned the style of architecture of the palace, or its condition. Most palaces nowadays were museums. Miss Pugh advised Prism to give the duchess an address more realistic and to eliminate from her life the threat of war.

"Then, at last, she said the only thing that mattered: she was ready to offer Prism the opportunity for creative endeavor Mrs. Hartley-Greene had been obliged to refuse because of her predilection for painters. Prism could return in the morning, by which time Rosalia would have his room ready. In the meantime, Miss Pugh would comb through the manuscript again.

"In 'Goldfinches,' Prism skims over the next few hours. We have only the testimony of Rosalia, which is that he turned up in the morning looking as if he had spent the night curled up in a doorway.

"Miss Pugh was eating her breakfast in the sitting room with the green-shaded lamp and the portrait of St. Sebastian. Through a half-open door Prism caught a glimpse of her large, canopied bed. There was an extra place laid at the table.

" 'I was expecting my brother,' said Miss Pugh. 'But he has been delayed.'

"Instead of breakfast, Pugh was to have the manila envelope. In his account of the scene, Prism makes a curious mistake: 'The morning sun, kept from Christopher by the angle of the yellow awning, slid into view and hit him square in the face. His eyes watered, and as if a film of illusion had been removed . . .' and so on. There was no awning, no sun; the house was down a well.

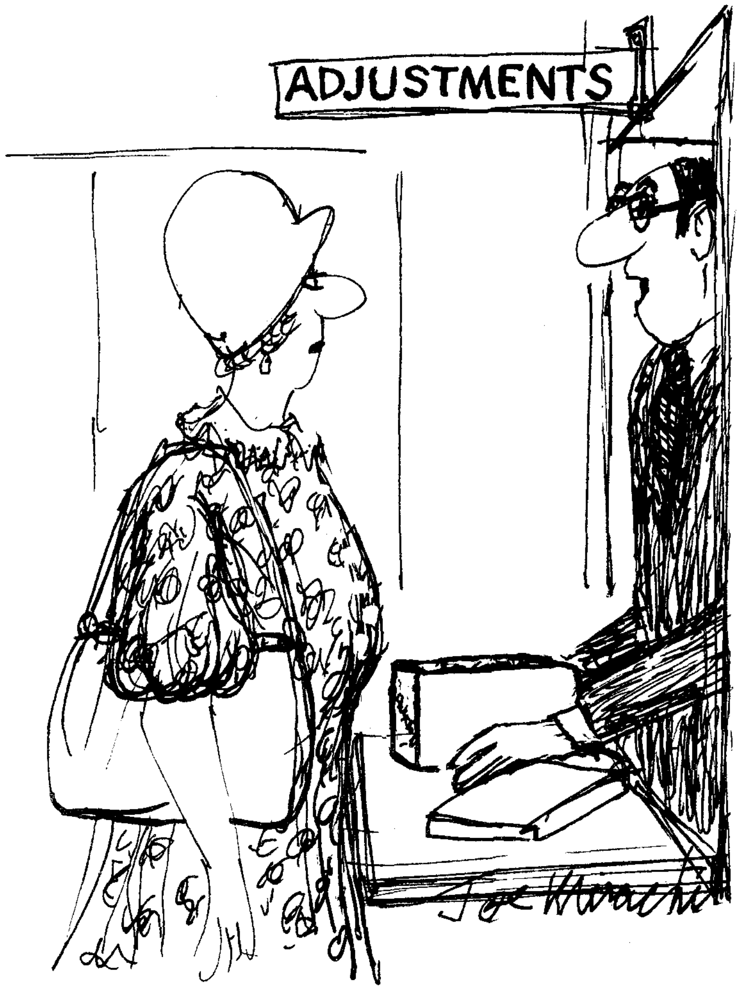
"Miss Pugh asked Prism what he thought of Picasso. He understood the question as a test. Her rooms gave no clue to her own opinion; there were no Picassos in sight, but that was not to say there never could be. He drew a square in his mind, as a way of steadying his thoughts, and put Picasso in it.

"All at once, in a rush of blinding anger, he knew what he believed. His first words were inaudible, but as he regained hold on his feelings the sense of his wild protest became clear: 'All that money. All that *money*. Does he enjoy it? They say he lives in the kitchen, like a squatter. As if the house did not belong to him. He could travel. He could own things. He could have twenty-two servants. He does not deserve to have a fortune, because he doesn't know how to use one.'

"His hostess plucked at her table napkin. She was accustomed to hearing poor young men say what they could do with money. She had heard the hunger in the voice, the incoherence and the passion. She had often aroused this longing, putting out the bait and withdrawing it, which was the only form of wickedness she knew. She seemed to be reflecting on what Prism had just said. There was no denying it was original. Who ever had seen Picasso at an auction of rare furniture? At the races, straining after one of his own horses? Photographed at a gala evening in Monte Carlo? Boarding a yacht for a cruise in Greek waters?

" 'What do you think?' said Prism boldly.

" 'He is the most attractive man in the



" 'Unbreakable,' Madam, is merely a figure of speech."

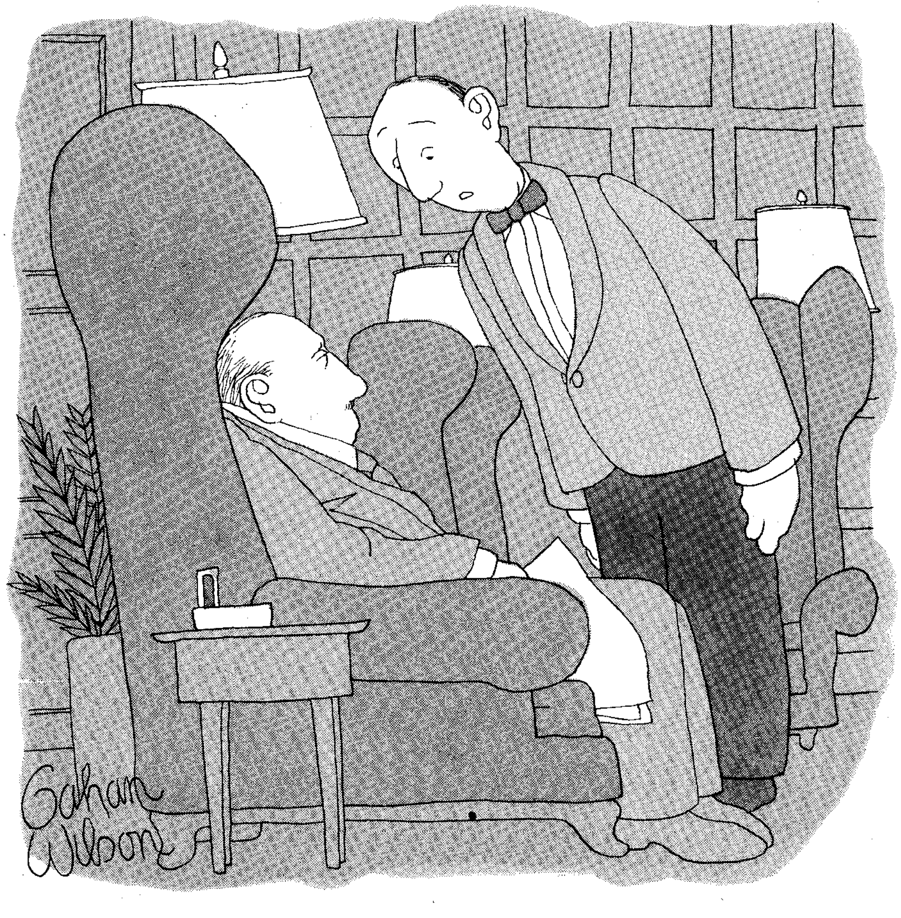
world. My brother would look good, too, if he could stop drinking and pull himself together. What's your opinion of his goats?' Prism shook his head. 'The sculpture. You can see Picasso doesn't care for animals. Those goats are half starved. I suppose you'll be wanting to get to work.'

"Prism in a very short time came to the conclusion he had climbed on the wrong springboard. He saw that the anxiety and frustration of patronage, the backer's terror of being duped, of having been taken in, was second only to the protégé's fear of being despoiled, stripped, robbed, and left bankrupt by the side of the road. Miss Pugh did not loosen her grip on his two chapters, and even Prism's decision that he wanted to have nothing more to do with them did not lessen the tension.

"He would not claim those two chapters today. If they followed him in the street, he would probably threaten them with an umbrella. And yet the story is his; it is *his* duchess, *his* rustic bandstand. It was also Miss Pugh's. 'Have you moved that poor woman out of that filthy old palace yet?' she would ask Prism at lunch. 'Have you found out any more about the china?' When the leaves of Mrs. Wharton's ash tree began to droop and turn yellow, patroness and protégé were at a stalemate that could be ended only by sincere admission of defeat. Miss Pugh was in her own house; Prism had to play the loser. One day he sat down at the Louis XVI period table in his room and considered the blank pages still in the manila envelope. He wondered if the time had not come to return to England, try for a good degree, and then teach.

" 'I can always branch out from there,' he said to himself. (How easy it must have sounded.)

"He saw in his mind the museum rooms full of portraits of St. Sebastian, with nothing for protection but a thin coat of varnish. There were two opinions about the conservation of art. One claimed it was a mistake to scour paintings in order to lay bare the original color. The other believed it was essential to do so, even if the artist had made allowances for the mellowing and darkening effect of the glaze, and even if the colors revealed turned out to be harsher than the artist had intended. Prism drew a blank sheet toward him and began to write, 'Are we to take it for granted that the artist thinks he knows what he is doing?' At that moment, Prism the critic was born.



"Your usual evening belt, sir?"

"Miss Pugh was sorry when she heard he wanted to give up the duchess, but it was not her policy to engage the Muses in battle. Prism presented her with the manuscript; she gave him the crêpe-soled shoes. She was never heard to speak of him slightingly, and she read with generous pleasure all the newspaper cuttings concerning himself that he sent her over the years. Whenever he came to Paris Miss Pugh would ask him to tea and rejoiced in the rich texture of his career, which he unfolded by the hour, without tiring speaker or audience. Prism made Miss Pugh the subject of countless comic anecdotes and the central female character of 'Goldfinches.' He was always evenhanded."

ANOTHER Easter went by before Grippes received an acknowledgment—a modest check in lieu of the promised fee, and an apology: His memoir had been mailed to Victor Prism to be checked for accuracy, and Prism had still not replied. During the year sweeping changes had been made. The *Angliciste* had published a paper on the Common Market as seen through English fiction. It was felt to contain a political bias, and the Ministry had withdrawn support. The publisher had no choice but to replace him as editor by the only responsible person who seemed to be free at the time, a famous *Irlandiste* on leave from a university in Belgium. The *Irlandiste* restored the project to its original three volumes, threw out the English section as irrelevant, and added a division with potted biographies of eight hundred Irish poets favorable to France and the Common Market.

Grippes has heard that it is to be published in 2010, at the very latest. He knows that in the meantime they are bound to call on him again—more and more as time goes on. He is the only person still alive with any sort of memory.

—Mavis Gallant

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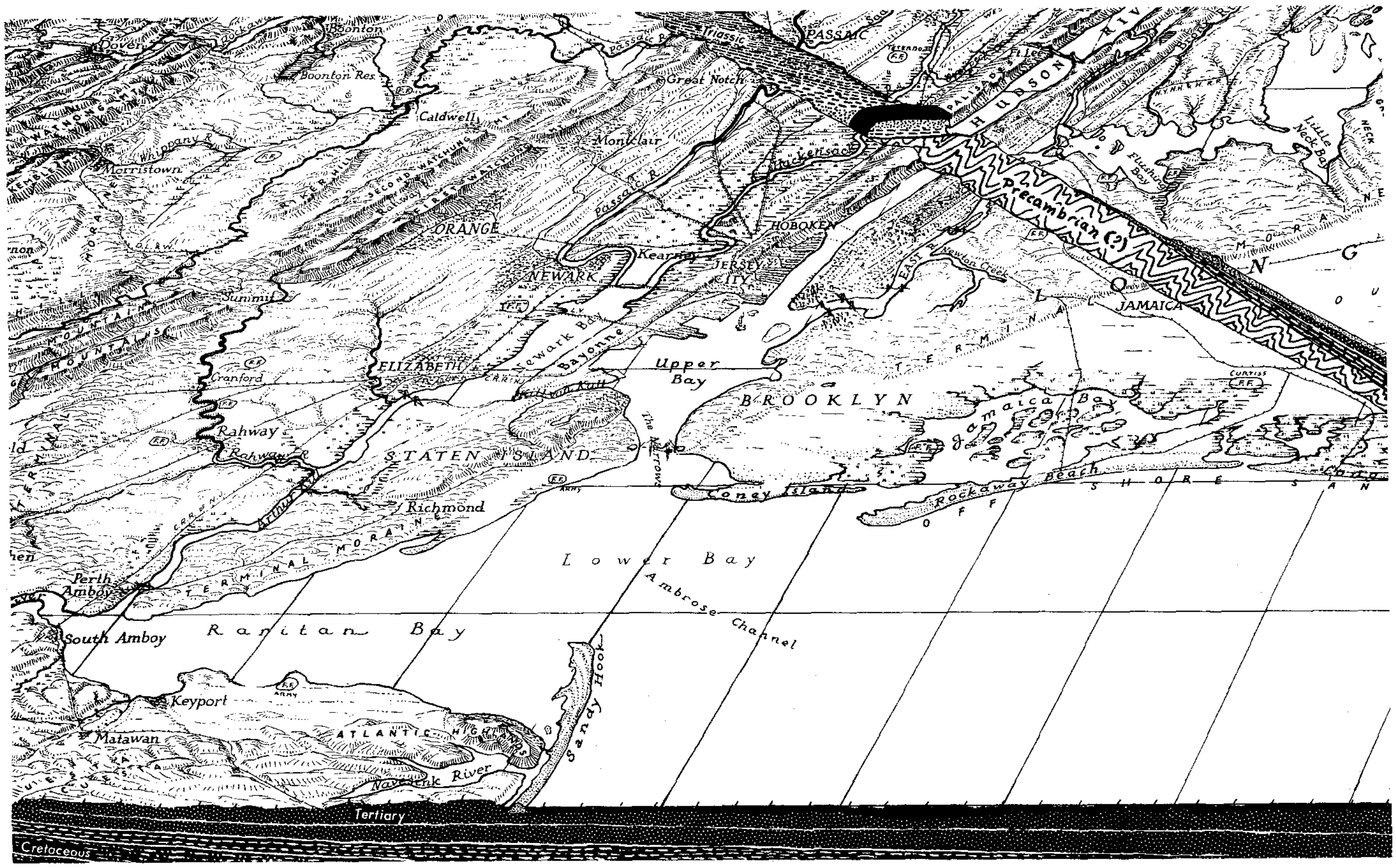
"Early Homesteading: How the Pioneer Related to the Environment" will be held at the Baltimore Woods Historic Land Use Center during Aug. 2 to 6. A historical perspective will be provided regarding Onondaga County's pioneers, including their tools, chores and special skills. Topics of homestead planning and building also will be covered. Pioneer will be prepared and eaten during the week.
—*Syracuse* (N.Y.) *Herald-Journal.*

Any substitutions?

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

IN SUSPECT TERRAIN—I


Boonton
Boonton Res.
Caldwell
Great Notch
Triassic
PASSAIC
HUDSON
Montclair
Morristown
ORANGE
Kearny
HOBOKEN
JERSEY CITY
NEWARK
Summit
Precambrian (?)
Little Neck Bay
Flushing Bay
JAMAICA
ELIZABETH
Cranford
Newark Bay
Bayonne
Upper Bay
BROOKLYN
Jamaica Bay
Rahway
Rahway R.
STATEN ISLAND
The Narrows
Coney Island
Rockaway Beach
Richmond
TERMINAL MORAINE
Perth Amboy
Lower Bay
Ambrose Channel
Raritan Bay
South Amboy
Sandy Hook
Keyport
Matawan
ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS
Navesink River
Tertiary
Cretaceous

Courtesy Hammond Incorporated

From a map drawn by Erwin J. Raisz, 1943

THE paragraph that follows is an encapsulated history of the eastern United States, according to plate-tectonic theory and glacial geology.

About a thousand million years ago, a continent of unknown dimensions was rifted apart, creating an ancestral ocean more or less where the Atlantic is now. The older ocean has been called Iapetus, because Iapetus was the father of Atlas, for whom the Atlantic is named. Some geologists, who may feel that their science is dangerously clever, are snappish about Iapetus. They prefer to say proto-Atlantic. The ancestral ocean existed a great deal longer than the Atlantic has, but gradually, across some two hundred and fifty million years in the Paleozoic era, it closed. Moving toward each other, the great landmasses on either side buckled and downwarped the continental shelves and then came together in a crash no less brutal than slow—a continent-to-continent collision marked by an alpine welt, which has reached its old age as the Appalachian Mountains. In the Mesozoic era, two hundred million years ago, rifting began again, pulling apart certain segments of the mountain chain, creating fault-block basins—remnants of which are the Connecticut River Valley, central New Jersey, the Gettysburg battlefields, the Culpeper Basin—and eventually parting the earth's crust enough to start a new ocean, which is now three thousand miles wide and is still growing. Meanwhile, a rhythm of glaciation has been established in what is essentially the geologic present. Ice sheets have been forming on either side of Hudson Bay and have spread in every direction to cover virtually all of Canada, New England, New York, and much of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Middle West. The ice has come and gone at least a dozen times, in cycles that seem to require about a hundred thousand years, and, judging by other periods of glaciation in the earlier history of the earth, the contemporary cycles have only begun. About fifty more advances can be expected. Some geologists have attempted to isolate the time in all time that runs ten thousand years from the Cro-Magnons beside the melting ice to the maternity wards of the here and now by calling it the Holocene epoch, with the implication that this is our time and place, and the Pleistocene—the "Ice Age"—is all behind us. The Holocene appears to be nothing more than a relatively deglaciated interval. It will last until a glacier two miles thick plucks up Toronto and deposits it in Tennessee. If that seems unlikely, it is only because the most southerly reach of the Pleistocene ice fields to date stopped seventy-five miles shy of Tennessee.

Anita Harris is a geologist who does not accept all that is written in that paragraph. She is cool toward aspects of plate tectonics, the novel theory of the earth that explains mountain belts and volcanic islands, ocean ridges and abyssal plains, the deep earthquakes of Alaska and the shallow earthquakes of a fault like the San Andreas as components of a unified narrative, wherein the shell of the earth is divided into segments of varying size, which separate to form oceans, collide to make mountains, and slide by one another causing buildings to fall. In a revolutionary manner, plate-tectonic theory burst forth in the nineteen-sixties, and

Anita Harris is worried now that the theory is taught perhaps too glibly in schools. In her words: “It’s important for people to know that not everybody believes in it. In many colleges, it’s all they teach. The plate-tectonics boys move continents around like crazy. They publish papers every year revising their conclusions. They say that a continental landmass up against the eastern edge of North America produced the Appalachians. I know about some of the geology there, and what they say about it is wrong. I don’t say they’re wrong everywhere. I’m open-minded. Too often, though, plate tectonics is oversimplified and overapplied. I get all heated up when some sweet young thing with three geology courses tells me about global tectonics, never having gone on a field trip to look at a rock.”

As she made these comments, she was travelling west on Interstate 80, approaching Indiana on a gray April morning. She had brought me along to “do geology,” as geologists like to say—to see the countryside as she discerned it. Across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, she had been collecting, among other things, limestones and dolomites for their contained conodonts, index fossils from the Paleozoic, whose extraordinary utility in oil and gas exploration had been her discovery, with the result that Mobil and Chevron, Amoco and Arco, Chinese and Norwegians had appeared at her door. She was driving, and she wore a railroad engineer’s striped hat, a wool shirt, bluejeans, and old split hiking boots—hydrochloric acid for testing limestones and dolomites in a phial in a case on her hip. With her high cheekbones, her assertive brown eyes, her long dark hair in twin ponytails, she somehow suggested an American aborigine. Of middle height, early middle age, she had been married twice—first to a northern-Appalachian geologist, and now to a southern-Appalachian geologist. She was born on Coney Island and grew up in a tenement in Williamsburg Brooklyn. There was not a little Flatbush in her manner, soul, and speech. Her father was Russian, and his name in the old country was Herschel Litvak. In Brooklyn, he called himself Harry Fishman, and sometimes Harry Block. According to his daughter, English names meant nothing to Russian Jews in Brooklyn. She grew up Fishman and became in marriage Epstein and Harris, signing her geology with her various names and imparting some difficulty to followers of her professional papers. With her permission, I will call her Anita, and let the rest of the baggage go. Straightforwardly, as a student, she went into geology because geology was a means of escaping the ghetto. “I knew that if I went into geology I would never have to live in New York City,” she once said to me. “It was a way to get out.” She was nineteen years old when she was graduated from Brooklyn College. She remembers how pleased and astounded she was to learn that she could be paid “for walking around in mountains.” Paid now by the United States Geological Survey, she has walked uncounted mountains.

After the level farmlands of northwestern Ohio, the interstate climbed into surprising terrain—surprising enough to cause Anita to suspend her attack on plate tectonics. Hills appeared. They were steep in pitch. The country resembled New England, a confused and thus beautiful topography of forested ridges and natural lakes, stone fences, bunkers and bogs, cobbles and boulders under maples and oaks: Indiana. Rough and semi-mountainous, this corner of Indiana was giving the hummocky lie to the reputed flatness of the Middle West. Set firmly on the craton—the Stable Interior Craton, unstirring core of the continent—the whole of Middle America is structurally becalmed. Its basement is coated with layers of rock that are virtually flat and have never experienced folding, let alone upheaval. All the more exotic, then, were these abrupt disordered hills. Evidently superimposed, they almost seemed to have been created by the state legislature to relieve Indiana. Not until the nineteenth century did people figure out whence such terrain had come, and how and why. “Look close at those boulders and you’ll see a lot of strangers,” Anita remarked. “Red jasper conglomerates. Granite gneiss. Basalt. None of those are from anywhere near here. They’re Canadian. They have been transported hundreds of miles.”

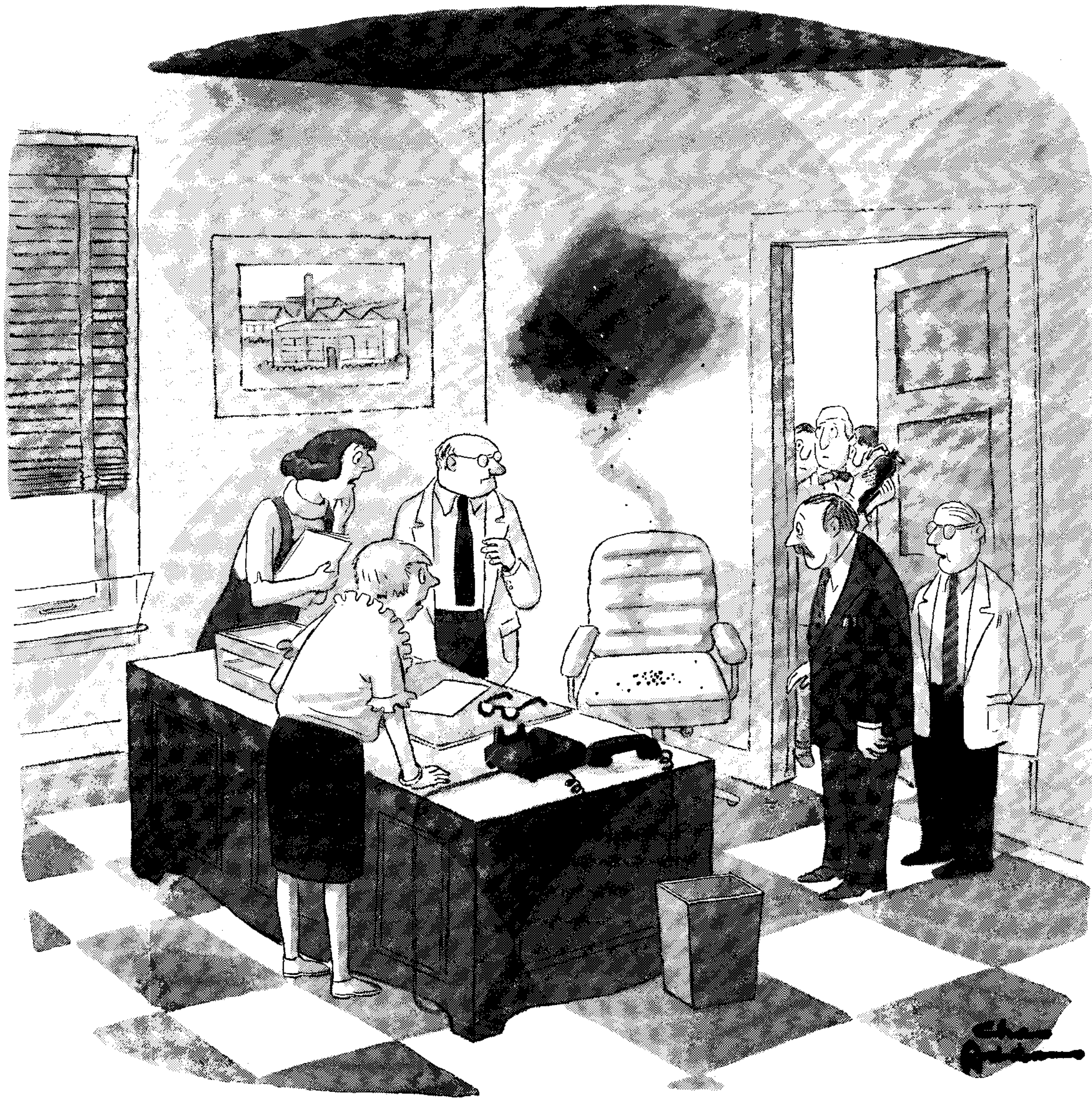
JEAN-
PIERRE
RAMPAL

The ice sheets of the present era, in their successive spreadings overland, have borne immense freight—rock they pluck up, shear off, rip from the country as they move. They grind much of it into gravel, sand, silt, and clay. When the ice melts, it gives up its cargo, dumping it by the trillions of tons. The most recent advance has been called the Wisconsinan ice sheet, because its effects are well displayed in Wisconsin. Its effects, for all that, are not unimpressive in New York. The glacier dumped Long Island where it is (nearly a hundred per cent of Long Island), and Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all but the west end of Martha’s Vineyard. Wherever the ice stopped and began to melt back, it signed its retreat with terminal moraines—huge accumulations of undifferentiated rock, sand, gravel, and clay. The ice stopped at Perth Amboy, Metuchen, North Plainfield, Madison, Morristown—leaving a sinuous, morainal, lobate line that not only connects these New Jersey towns but keeps on going to the Rocky Mountains. West of Morristown, old crystalline rock from the earth’s basement—long ago compressed, distorted, and partially melted, driven upward and westward in the Appalachian upheavals—stands now in successive ridges, which are called the New Jersey Highlands. They trend northeast-southwest. With a notable exception, they have discouraged east-west construction of roads. When the last ice sheet set down its terminal moraine, it built causeways from one ridge to another, on which Interstate 80 rides west. Over the continent, the ice had spread southward about as evenly as spilled milk, and there is great irregularity in its line of maximum advance.

South of Buffalo, the ice failed to reach Pennsylvania, but it plunged deep into Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. It set up and started Niagara Falls. It moved the Ohio River. It dug the Great Lakes. It melted back in stages. Pausing here and there in temporary equilibrium, it sometimes readvanced before continuing its retreat to the north. Wherever these pauses occurred, as in northeastern Indiana, boulders and cobbles and sand and gravel piled up in prodigal quantity—a cadence of recessional moraines, hills of rock debris. The material, heterogeneous and unsorted, has its own style of fabric, in which geologists can see the moves and hesitations of the ice, not to mention its weight and velocity. Scottish farmers, long before they had any idea what had laid such material upon Scotland, called it till, by which they meant to convey a sense of "ungenial subsoil," of coarse obdurate land.

"This would be a good place for a golf course," Anita remarked, and scarcely had she uttered the words than—after driving two thousand yards on down the road with a dogleg to the left—we were running parallel to the fairways of a somnolent St. Andrews, beyond reach of the sea wind, with natural bunkers and traps of glacial sand, with hummocky roughs and undulating fairways, with kettle depressions, kettle lakes, and other chaotic hazards. "If you want a golf course, go to a glacier" is the message according to Anita Harris. "Golf was invented on the moraines, the eskers, the pitted outwash plains—the glacial topography—of Scotland," she explained. "All over the world, when people make golf courses they are copying glacial landscapes. They are trying to make countryside that looks like this. I've seen bulldozers copying Scottish moraines in places like Louisiana. It's laughable."

On warm afternoons in summer, the meltwater rivers that pour from modern glaciers become ferocious and unfordable, like the Suiattle, in Washington, coming down from Glacier Peak, like the Yentna, in Alaska, falling in tumult from the McKinley massif. Off the big ice sheets of the Pleistocene have come many hundreds of Suiattles and Yentnas, most of which are gone now, leaving their works behind. The rivers have built outwash plains beyond the glacial fronts, sorting and smoothing miscellaneous sizes of rock—moving cobbles farther than boulders, and gravels farther than cobbles, and sands farther than gravels, and silt grains farther than sands—then gradually losing power, and filling up interstices with groutings of clay. Enormous chunks of ice frequently broke off the retreating glaciers and were left behind. The rivers built around them containments of gravel and clay. Like big, buried Easter eggs, the ice sat there and slowly melted. When it was gone, depressions were left in the ground, pitting the outwash plains. The depressions have the shapes of kettles, or at least have been so described, and "kettle" is a term in geology. All kettles contained water for a time, and some contain water still. Rivers that developed under glaciers ran in sinuous grooves. Rocks and boulders coming out of the ice fell into the rivers, building thick beds contained between walls of ice. When the



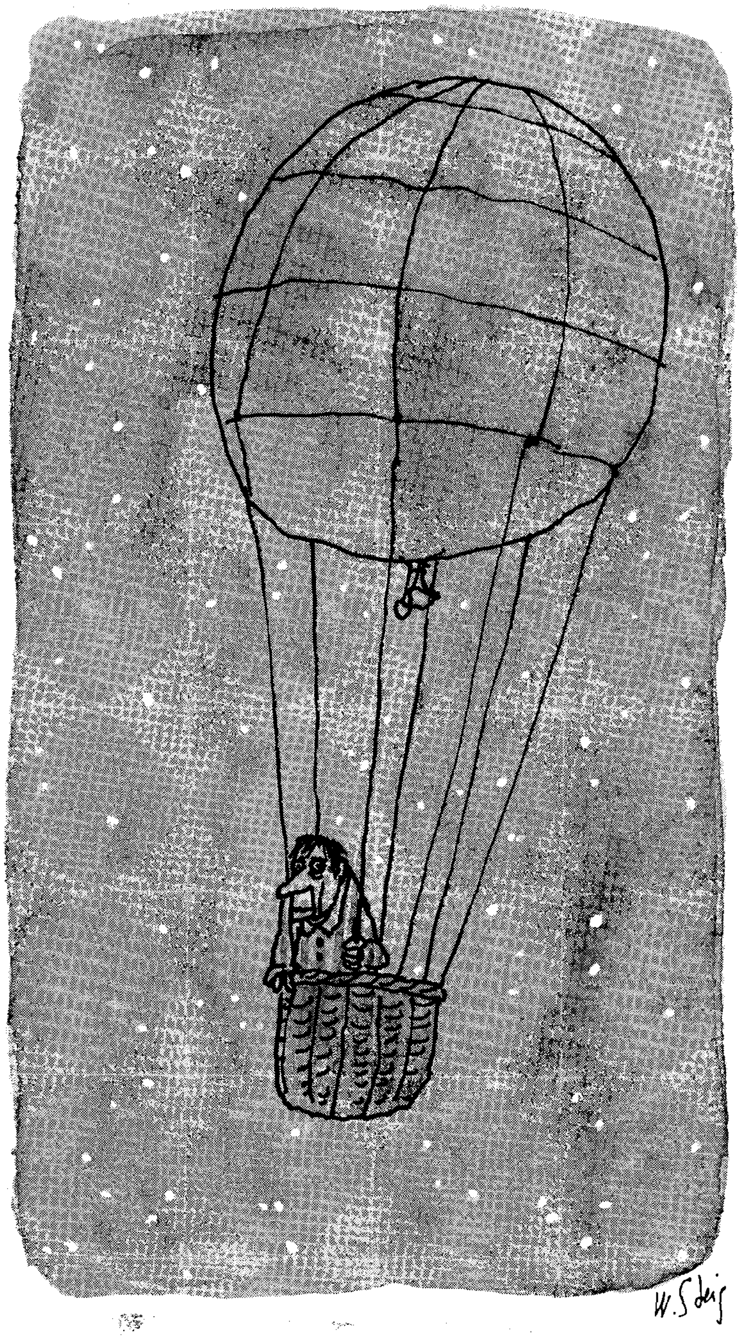
"I suppose everyone has his flash point."

• •

glacier was gone, the riverbeds were left as winding hills. The early Irish called them eskers, meaning pathways, because they used them as means of travel above detentive bogs. Where debris had been concentrated in glacial crevasses, melting ice left hillocks, monticles, hummocks, knolls, braes—collections of lumpy hills known generically to the Scots as kames. In Indiana as in Scotland—in Bavaria and Estonia as in New England and Quebec—the sort of country left behind after all these features have been created is known as kame-and-kettle topography.

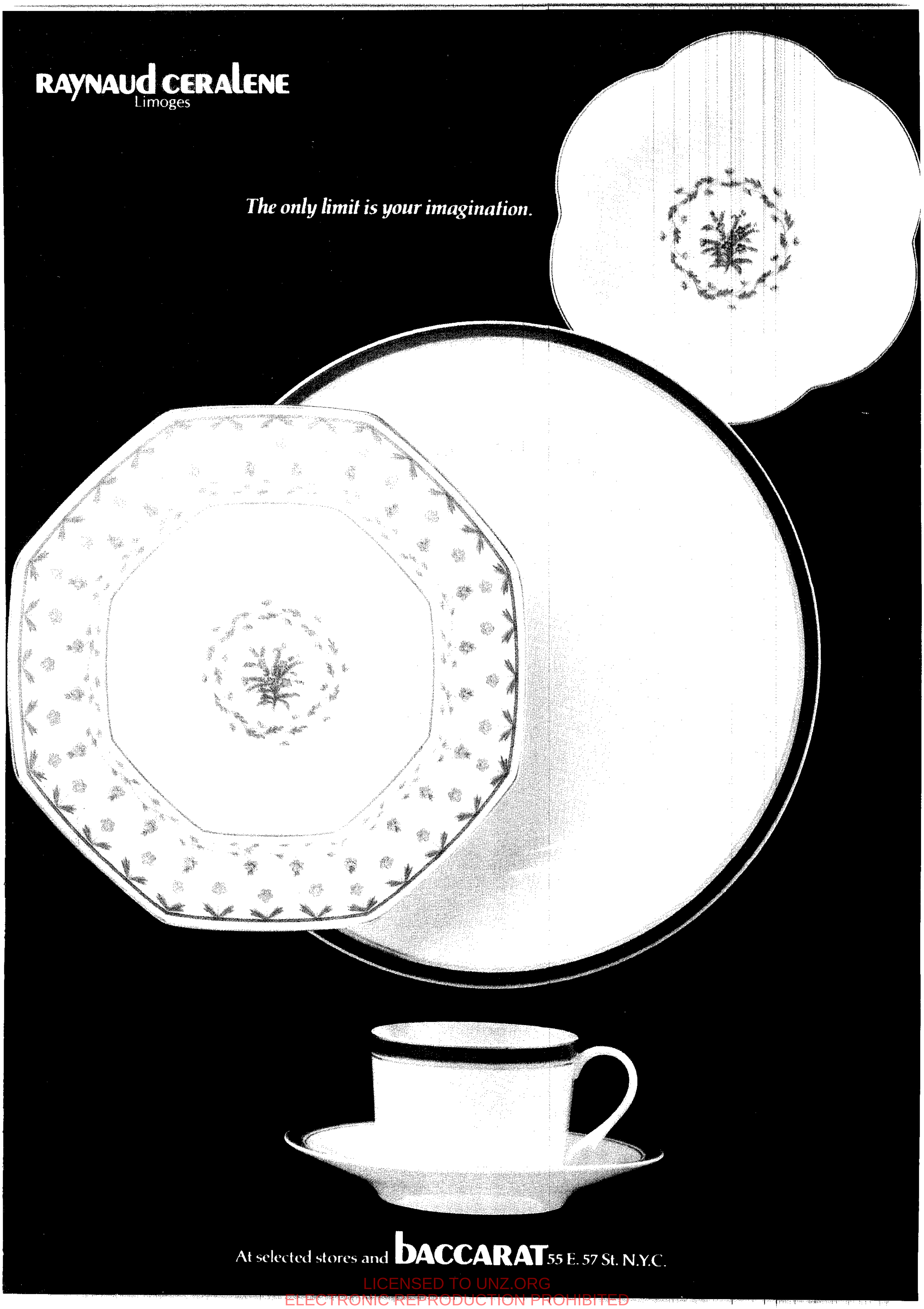
The interstate was waltzing with the glacier—now on the outwash plain, now on moraine, among the kettles and kames of Scottish Indiana. Roadcuts were green with vetch covering glacial till. We left 80 for a time, the closer to inspect the rough country. The glacier had been away from Indiana some twelve thousand years. There were many beds of dried-up lakes, filled with forest. In the Boundary Waters Area of northern Minnesota, the ice went back ten thousand years ago, possibly less, and most of the lakes it left behind are still there. The Boundary Waters Area is the scene of a contemporary conservation battle over the use and fate of the lakes. "Another five thousand years and there won't be much to fight about," Anita said, with a shrug and a smile. "Most of those Minnesota lakes will probably be as dry as these in Indiana." Some of the larger and deeper ones endure. We made our way around the shores of Lake James, Bingham Lake, Lake of the Woods, Loon Lake. Like Walden Pond, in Massachusetts, like Prospect Lake, in Brooklyn, they were kettles.

The woods around them were bestrewn with boulders, each an alien, a few quite large. If a boulder rests above bedrock of another type, it has obviously been carried some distance and is known as an erratic. In Alaska, I have come upon glacial erratics as big as office buildings, with soil developing on their tops and trees growing out of them like hair. In Pokagon State Park, Indiana, handsome buildings looked out on Lake James—fieldstone structures, red and gray, made of Canadian rocks. The red jasper conglomerates were from the north shore of Lake Huron. The banded gray gneisses were from central Ontario.



Insomnia

The sources of smaller items brought to Indiana by the ice sheets have been less easy to trace—for example, diamonds and gold. During the Great Depression, one way to survive in Indiana was to become a pick-and-shovel miner and earn as much as five dollars a day panning gold from glacial drift—as all glacial deposits, sorted and unsorted, are collectively called. There were no nuggets, nothing much heavier than a quarter of an ounce. But the drift could be fairly rich in fine gold. It had been scattered forth from virtually untraceable sources in eastern Canada. One of the oddities of the modern episodes of glaciation is that while three-fifths of all the ice in the world covered North America and extended south of Springfield, Illinois, the valley of the Yukon River in and near Alaska was never glaciated, and as a result the gold in the Yukon drainage—the gold of the richest placer streams ever discovered in the world—was left where it lay, and was not plucked up and similarly scattered by overriding ice. Miners in Indiana learned to look in their pans for menaccanite—beanlike pebbles of iron and titanium that signalled with some consistency the propinquity of gold. The menaccanite had come out of the exposed Precambrian core of Canada—the Canadian craton, also known as the Canadian Shield. There were garnets in the gold pans, too—and magnetite, amphibole, corundum, jasper, kyanite. Nothing in that list is native to Indiana, and all are in the Canadian Shield. There is Canadian copper in the drift of Indiana, and there are diamonds that are evidently Canadian, too. Hundreds have been discovered—pink almond-shaped hexoctahedrons, blue rhombic dodecahedrons. Weights have approached five carats, and



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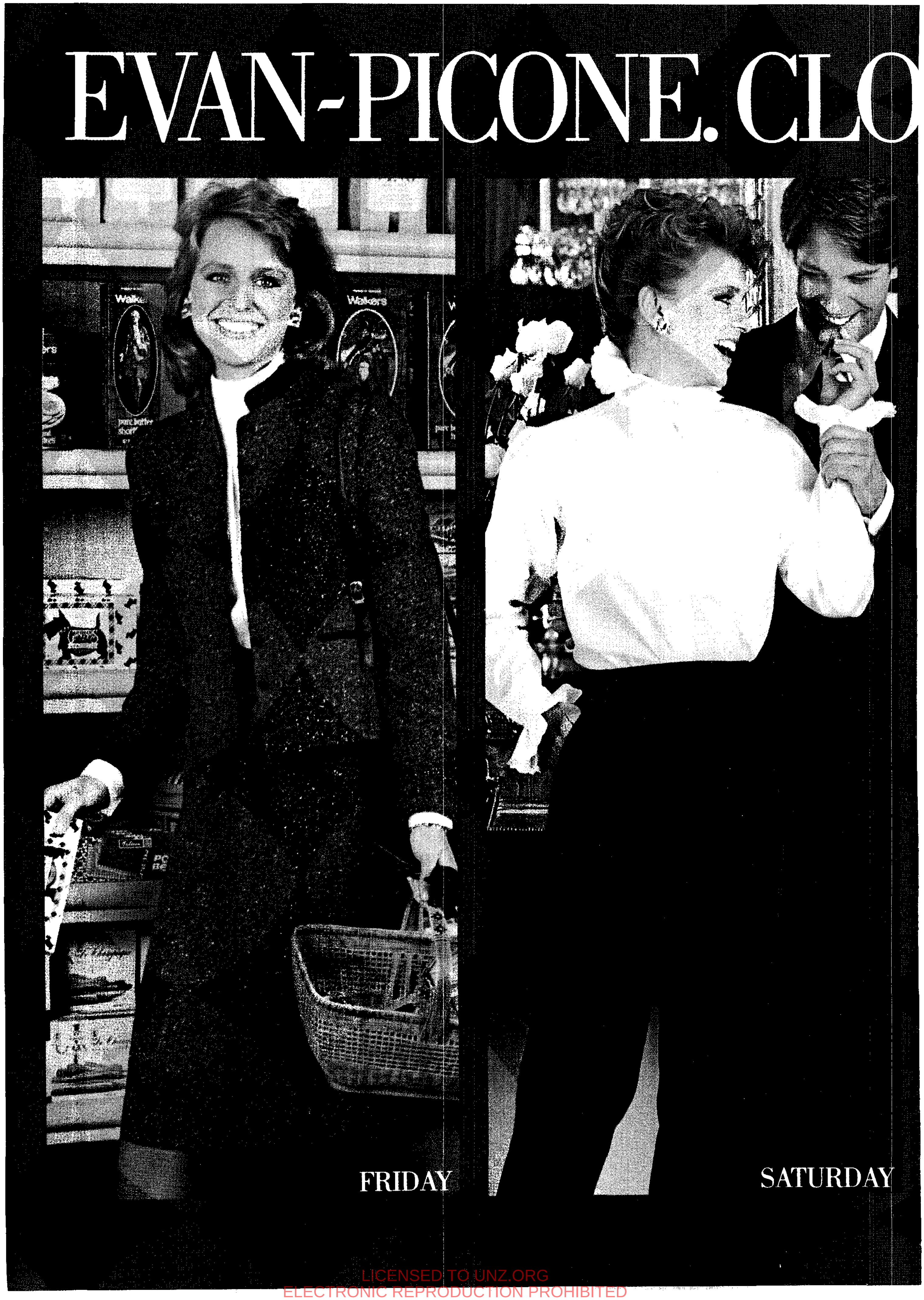
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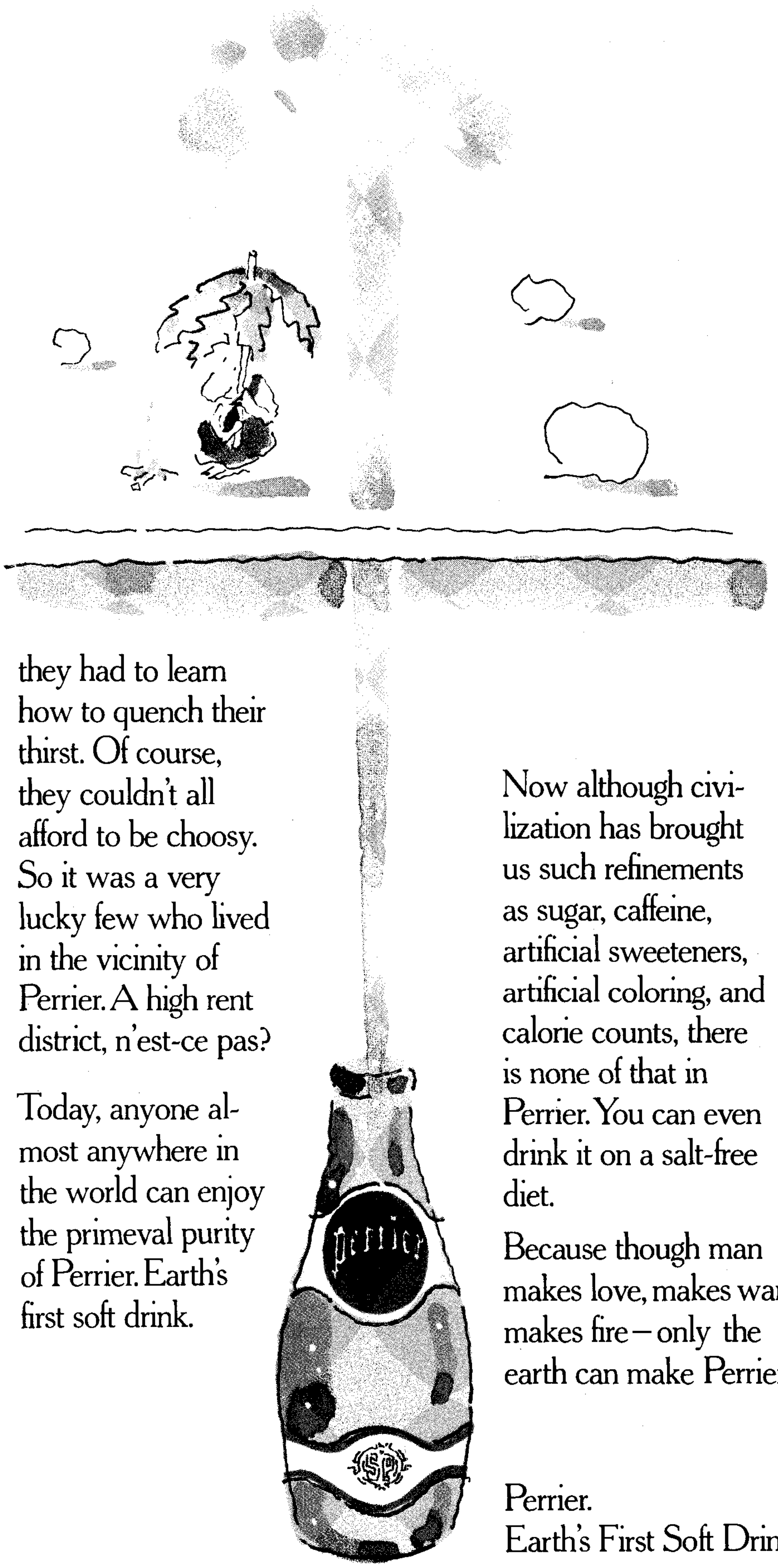

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while that is modest compared with twenty-carat diamonds found in Wisconsin, these Indiana diamonds have nonetheless been accorded the stature of individual appellations: the Young Diamond (1898), the Stanley Diamond (1900).

The source of a diamond is a kimberlite pipe—a relatively small hole bored through the crust of the earth by an expanding combination of carbon dioxide and water which rises from within the earth's mantle and moves so fast driving magma to the surface that it breaks into the atmosphere at supersonic speeds. Such events have occurred at random through the history of the earth, and a kimberlite pipe could explode under Moscow next year. Rising so rapidly and from so deep a source, a kimberlite pipe brings up exotic materials the like of which could never appear in the shallow slow explosion of a Mt. St. Helens or the flows of Mauna Loa. Among the materials are diamonds. Evidently, there are no diamond pipes, as they are also called, in or near Indiana. Like the huge red jasper boulders and the tiny flecks of gold, Indiana's diamonds are glacial erratics. They were transported from Canada, and by reading the fabric of the till and taking bearings from striations and grooves in the underlying rock—and by noting the compass orientation of drumlin hills, which look like sculptured whales and face in the direction from which their maker came—anybody can plainly see that the direction from which the ice arrived in this region was something extremely close to 045°, northeast. At least one pipe containing gem diamonds must exist somewhere near a line between Indianapolis and the Otish Mountains of Quebec, because the ice that covered Indiana did not come from Kimberley—it formed and grew and, like an opening flower, spread out from the Otish Mountains. With rock it carried and on rock it traversed, it narrated its own journey, but it did not reveal where it got the diamonds.

"Too bad about old Ainsworth. Published and published, but perished all the same."

• •

There is a layer in the mantle, averaging about sixty miles below the earth's surface, through which seismic tremors pass slowly. The softer the rock, the slower the tremor—so it is inferred that the low-velocity zone, as it is called, is partly fluid. In the otherwise solid mantle, it is a level of lubricity upon which the plates of the earth can slide, interacting at their borders to produce the effects known as plate tectonics. The so-termed lithospheric plates, in other words, consist of crust and uppermost mantle and can be as much as ninety miles thick. Diamond pipes are believed to originate a good deal deeper than that—and in a manner which, as most geologists would put it, "is not well understood." After drawing fuel from surrounding mantle rock—compressed water from mica, in all likelihood, and carbon dioxide from other minerals—the material is thought to work slowly upward into the overlying plate. Slow it may be at the start, but a hundred and twenty miles later it comes out of the ground at Mach 2. The result is a modest crater, like a bullet hole between the eyes.

No one has ever drilled a hundred and twenty miles into the earth, or is likely to. Diamond pipes, meanwhile, have brought up samples of what is there. It is spewed all over the landscape, but it also remains stuck in the throat, like rich dense fruitcake. For the most part, it is peridotite, which is the lowest layer of the subcontinental package and is suspected to be the essence of the mantle. There is high-pressure recrystallized basalt, full of garnets and jade. There are olivine crystals of incomparable size. The whole of it is known as kimberlite, the matrix rock of diamonds.

The odds against diamonds appearing in any given pipe are about a

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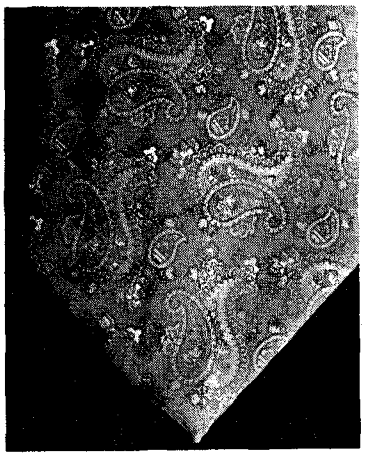

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hundred to one. Carbon will crystallize in its densest form only under conditions of considerable heat and pressure—pressures of the sort that exist deep below the thickest parts of the plates, pressures of at least a hundred thousand pounds per square inch. The thickest parts of the plates are the continental cores, the cratons. All diamond-bearing kimberlites ever found have been in pipes that came up through cratons. Down where diamonds form, they are stable, but as they travel upward they pass through regions of lower pressure, where they will swiftly turn into graphite. Only by passing through such regions at tremendous speed can diamonds reach the earth's surface as diamonds, where they cool suddenly and enter a state of precarious preservation that somehow betokens to human beings a touching sense of "forever." Diamonds shoot like bullets through the earth's crust. Nonetheless, they are often found within rinds of graphite. Countless quantities turn into graphite altogether or disappear into the air as carbon dioxide. At room temperature and surface pressure, diamonds are in repose on an extremely narrow thermodynamic shelf. They want to be graphite, and with a relatively modest boost of heat graphite is what they would become, if atmospheric oxygen did not incinerate them first. They are, in this sense, unstable—these finger-flashing symbols of the eternity of vows, yearning to become fresh pencil lead. Except for particles that are sometimes found in meteorites, diamonds present themselves in nature in no other way.

Kimberlite is easily eroded. A boy playing jacks in South Africa in 1867 picked up an alluvial diamond that led to the discovery of a number of pipes, one of which became the Kimberley Mine. From that pipe alone, fourteen million carats followed. The rock source of diamonds had never before been known. The Regent, the Koh-i-noor, the Great Mogul had been eroded out by streams. As the ice walls of the Pleistocene moved across Quebec, resculpting mountains, digging lakes, they apparently dozed through kimberlite pipes, scattering the contents southwest. The ice that plucked up the diamonds not only brought questions with it but also obscured the answers. How many pipes are there? Where are they? How rich are they in diamonds? If one ten-millionth of their content is gem diamond, they would be worth min-

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Road & Track summed up the GTV 6 thusly, "No twist, no wiggle, no rattles, no bad habits. Real quality."

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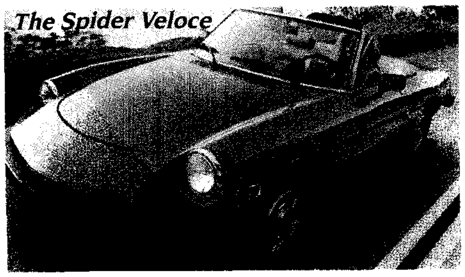

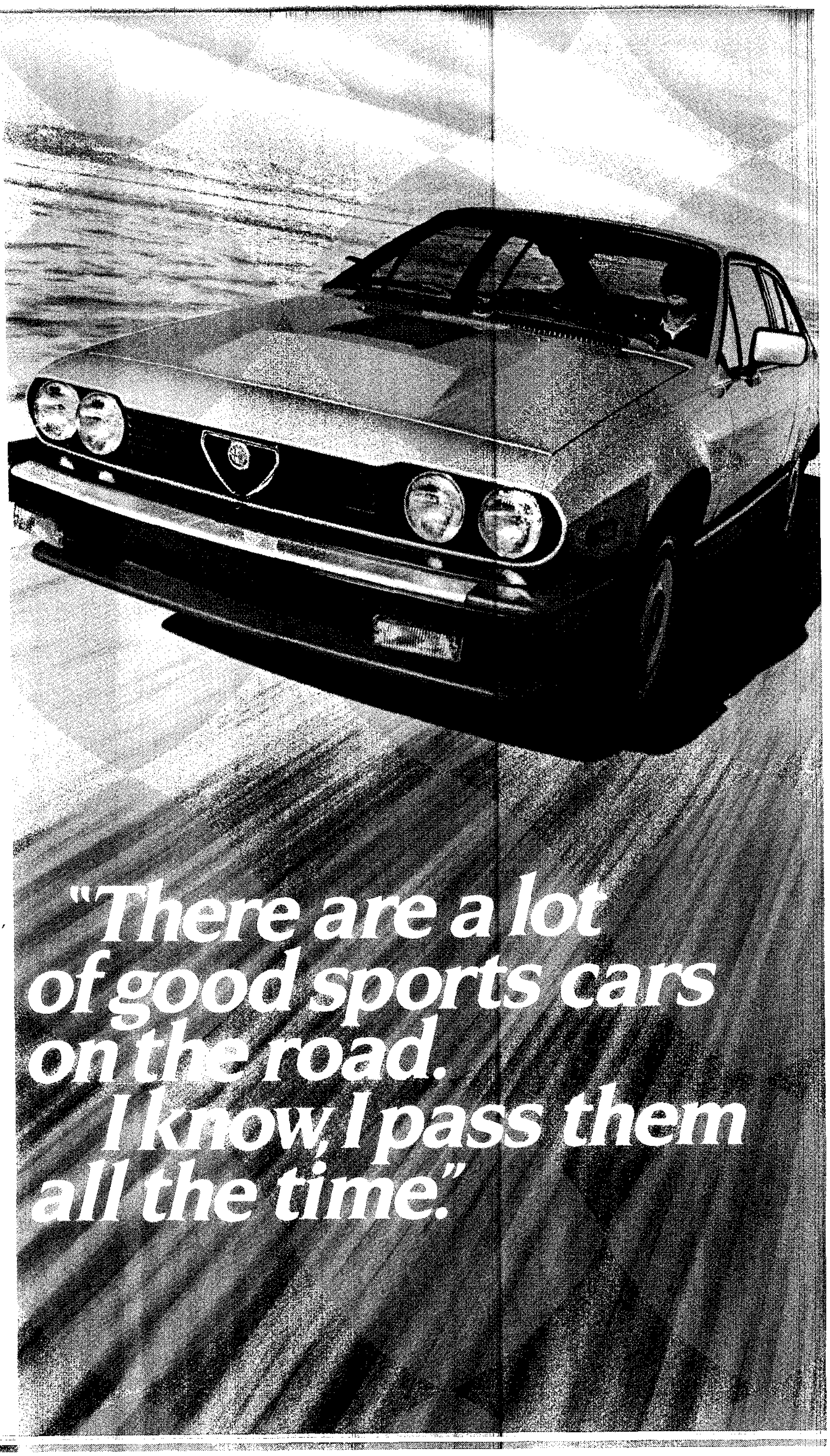
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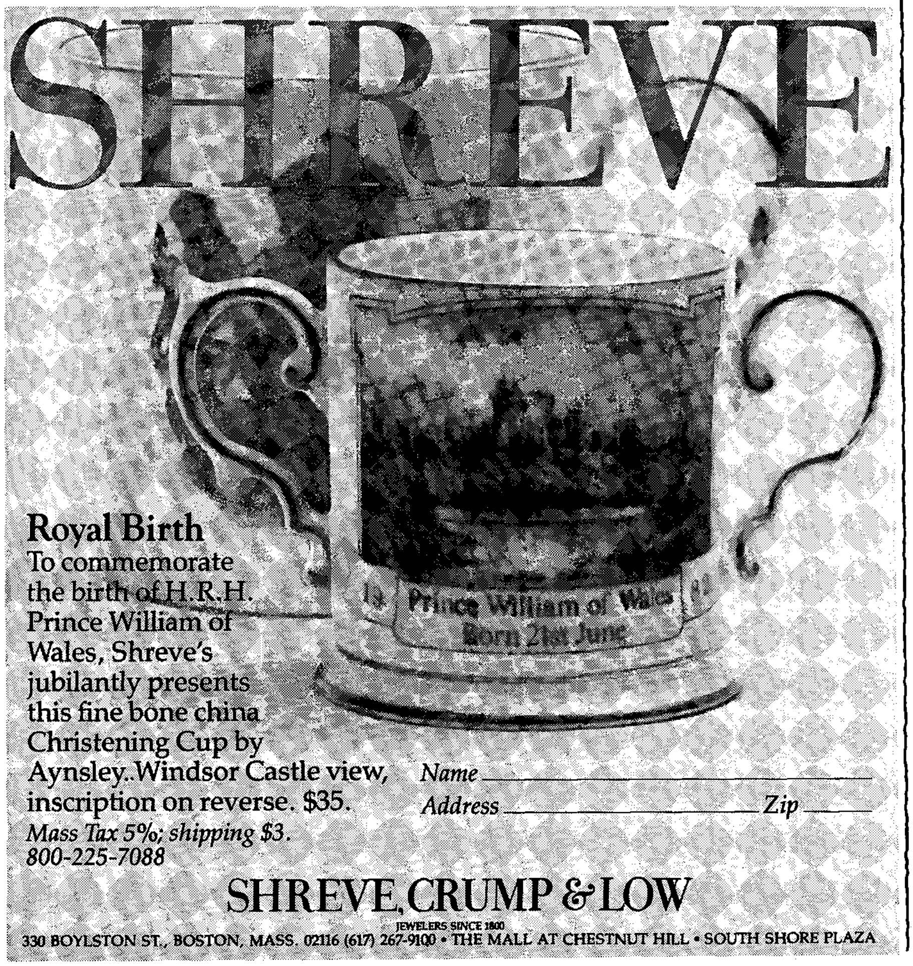

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ing. They are somewhere northeast of Indiana. They are in all likelihood less than a quarter of a mile wide. They may be under glacial drift. They may be under lakes. A few have been discovered—none of value. Presumably, there are others, relatively studded with diamonds. Many people have searched. No one has found them.

"In Siberia, a few years ago, a couple of diamond pipes were located after diamonds were discovered in glacial drift," Anita told me.

I said, "Possibly some Russian geologists could be helpful here."

Looking out across the water of Lake James at a line of morainal hills, she chose to ignore the suggestion. The hills screened the outwash plain beyond. After some moments, she said, "Rocks remember. They may not be able to tell you exactly where in Canada to look for a diamond pipe, but when you have diamonds in this drift you'd better believe it is telling you that diamond pipes are there. Rocks are the record of events that took place at the time they formed. They are books. They have a different vocabulary, a different alphabet, but you learn how to read them. Igneous rocks tell you the temperature at which they changed from the molten to the solid state, and they tell you the date when that happened, and hence they give you a picture of the earth at that time, whether they formed three thousand million years ago or flowed out of the ground yesterday. In sedimentary rock, the colors, the grain sizes, the ripples, the crossbedding give you clues to the energy of the environment of deposition—for example, the force and direction and nature of the rivers that laid down the sediments. Tracks and trails left by organisms—and hard parts of their bodies, and flora in the rock—tell whether the material came together in the ocean or on the continent, and possibly the depth and temperature of the water, and the temperature on the land. Metamorphic rocks have been heated, compressed, and recrystallized. Their mineral composition tells you if they were originally igneous or sedimentary. Then they tell you what happened later on. They tell you the temperatures when they changed. At one point, I wanted to major in history. My teachers steered me into science, but I really majored in history. I grew up in topography like this, believe it or not. Looking at these lakes and hills, you'd never think of Brooklyn. For that matter, you'd never think of Indiana. I didn't know

Photographed at Leeming House, Lake Ullswater, England

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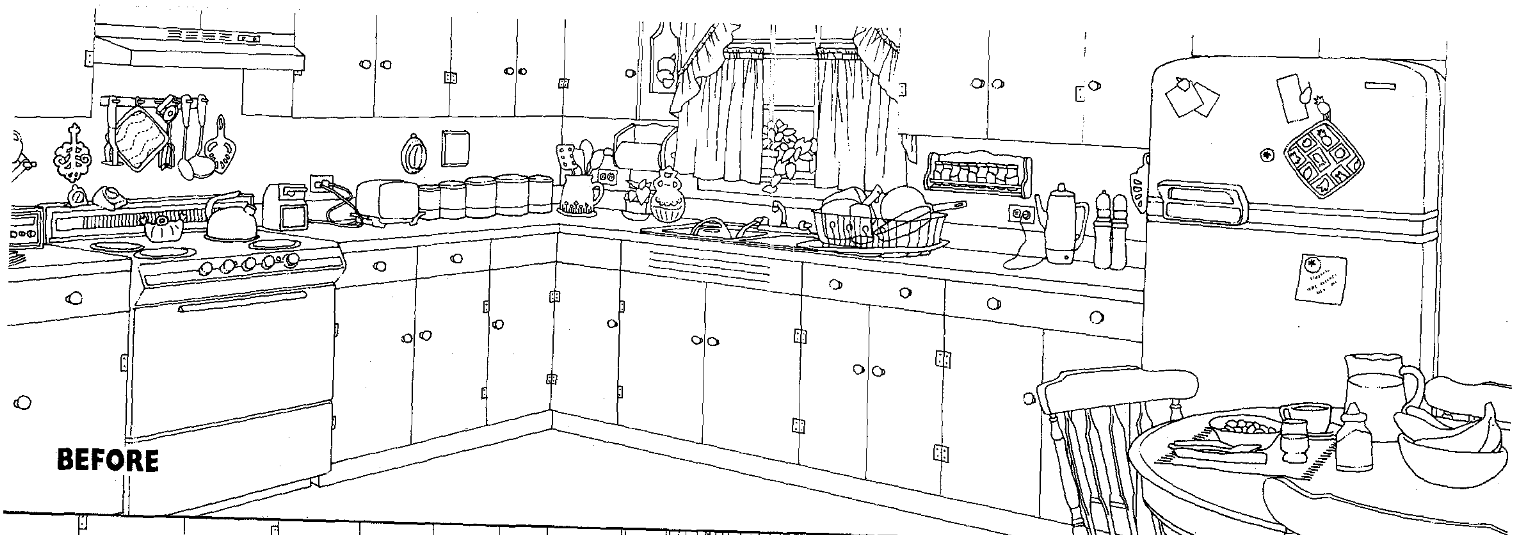

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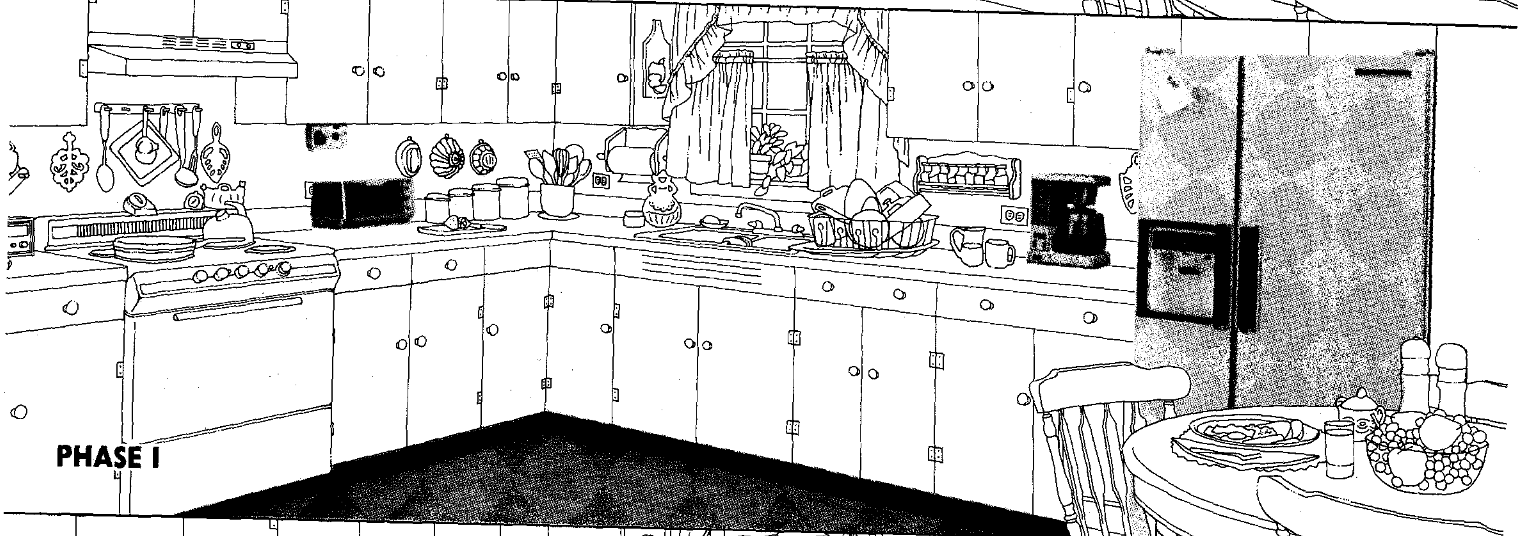

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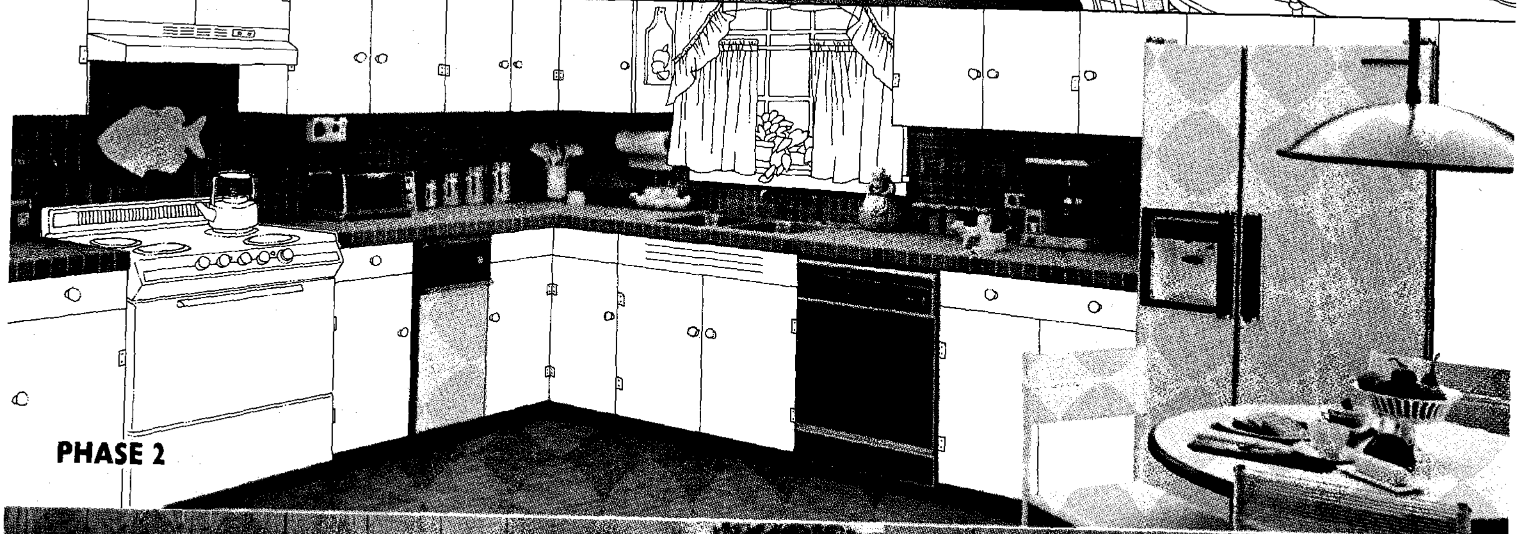

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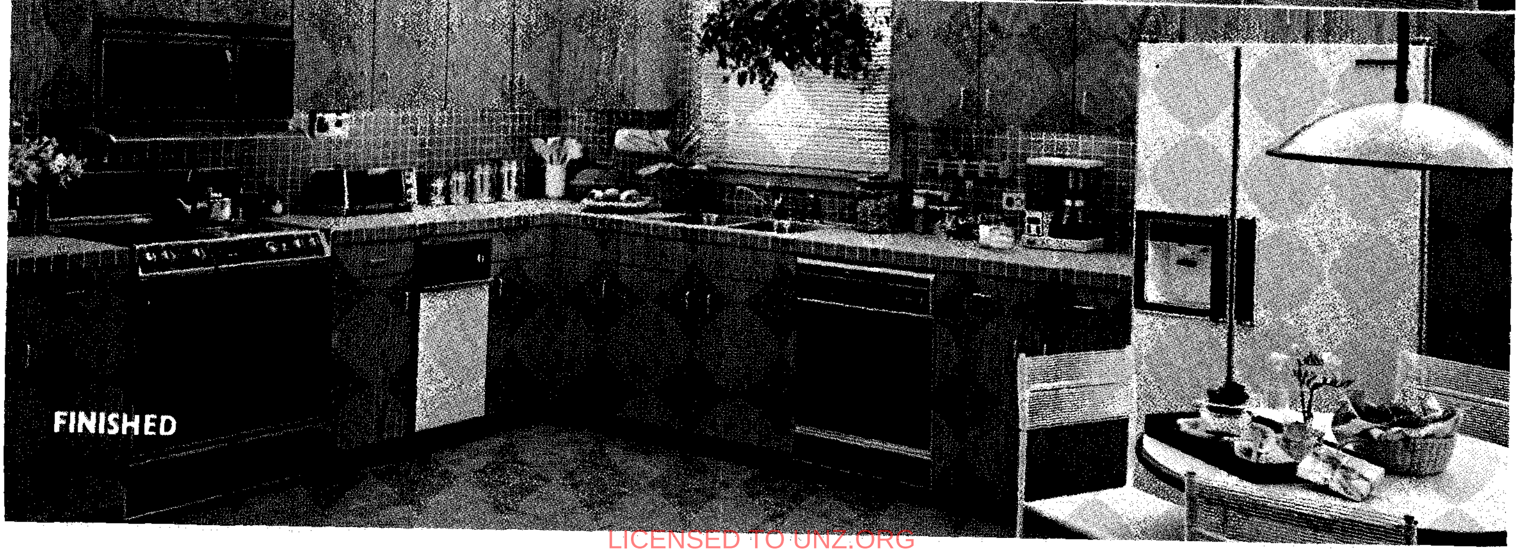

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The photographs on the left help explain what we mean.

DESIGN A MASTER PLAN. THEN PHASE IT IN.

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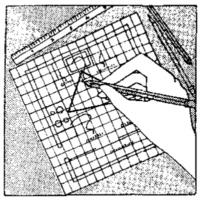

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PHASE 2: THE PLAN BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE.

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At this stage, it may also make sense to remove the cabinets and install new counter tops.

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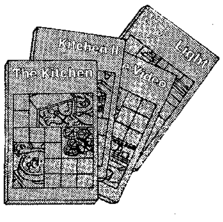

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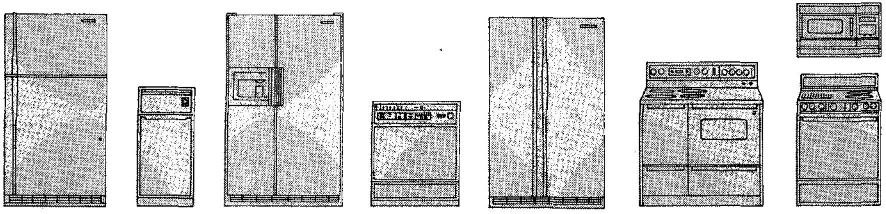

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what bedrock meant. I remember how amazed I was to discover, in learning to read rocks, how much history there was. All the glacial stuff arrived just yesterday and is sitting on the surface. Most of Brooklyn is a pitted outwash plain. Brooklyn means broken land."

A DAY would come when I would pick up Anita Harris at the home of a cousin of hers in Morganville, New Jersey, and drive across the Narrows Bridge to Brooklyn. She had not seen her neighborhood for twenty-five years. Her cousin, Murray Srebrenick, who gave us coffee before we left, was more than a little solicitous toward us, and even somewhat embarrassed, as if he were in the presence of people with an uncorrectable defect. He, too, had grown up in Brooklyn, and now, as an owner and operator of trucks, he supported his suburban life hauling clothes to Seventh Avenue. On runs through the city to various warehouses, he and his drivers knew what routes to avoid, but often enough they literally ran into trouble. Crime was part of his overhead, and as he rinsed the coffee cups he finally came out with what he was thinking and pronounced us insane. He spoke with animation, waving a pair of arms that could bring down game. Old neighborhood or no old neighborhood, he said, he would not go near Williamsburg, or for that matter a good many other places in Brooklyn; and he reeled off stories of open carnage that might have tested the stomach of the television news. I wondered what it might be like to die defending myself with a geologist's rock hammer. Anita, for her part, seemed nervous as we left for the city. Twenty-five years away, she seemed afraid to go home.

It was an August day already hot at sunrise. "In Williamsburg, I lived at 381 Berry Street," she said as we crossed the big bridge. "It was the worst slum in the world, but the building did have indoor plumbing. Our first apartment there was a sixth-floor walkup. The building was from the turn of the century and was faced with red Triassic sandstone." Brooklyn was spread out before us, and Manhattan stood off to the north, with its two sets of skyscrapers three miles apart—the ecclesiastical spires of Wall Street, and beyond them the midtown massif. Anita asked me if I had ever wondered why there was a low saddle in the city between the stands of tall buildings.

I said I had always assumed that the

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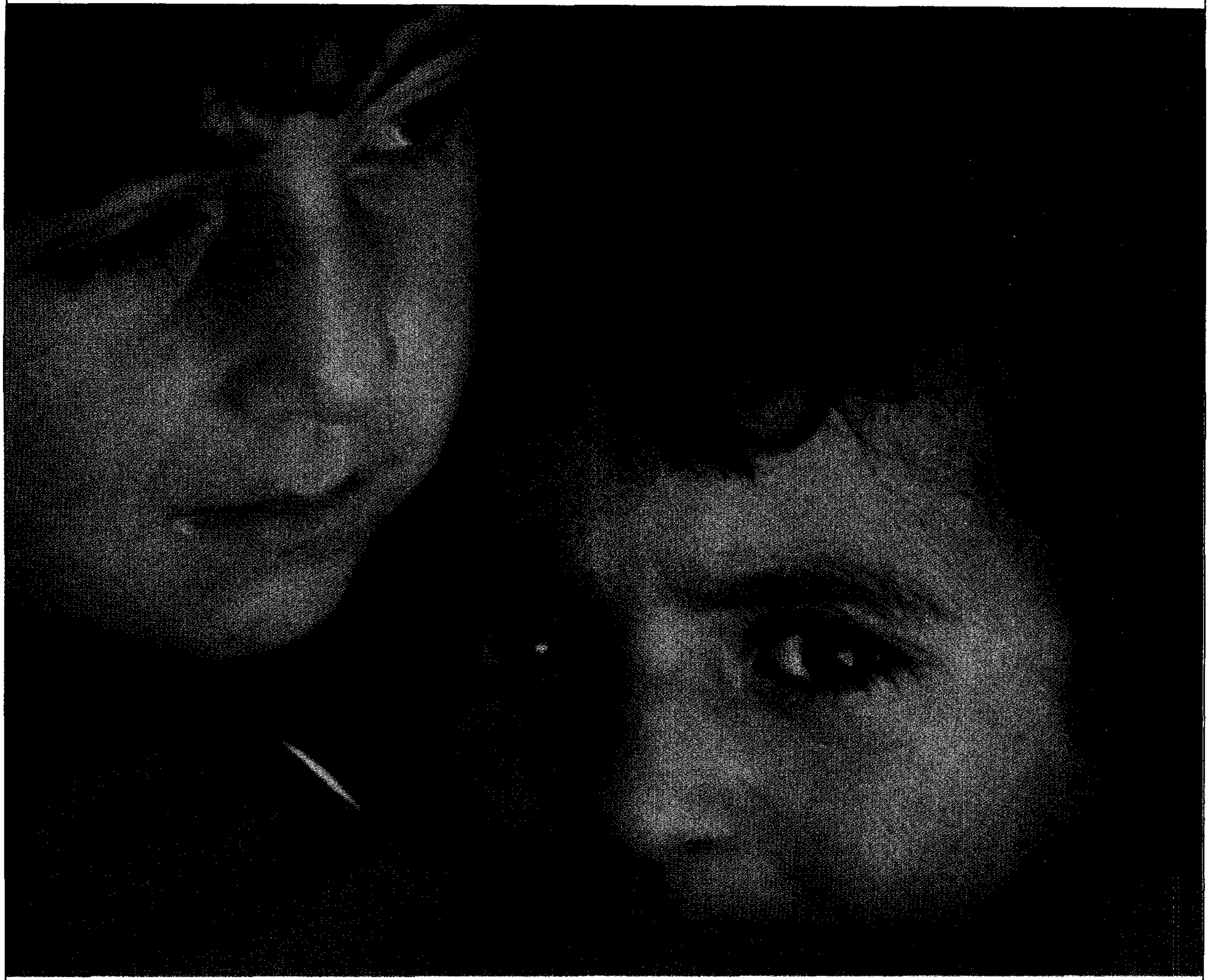
TIME



Eddie Adams

The Children of War.

One thing they all share is a will to survive; it may take the form of revenge, or an abiding serenity.

"It occurred to me that in many parts of the world, there are children who have known nothing but war," said TIME Senior Writer Roger Rosenblatt. And from that moment of empathy sprang an enterprise that is unique for TIME Magazine, and perhaps for all of journalism: an unprecedented exploration of the thoughts and feelings of the children growing up on the world's battlegrounds, children for whom war is a natural condition.

In a five-week, 25,000-mile odyssey, Rosenblatt met with hundreds of the children of war in Northern Ireland, in Israel, in Lebanon; with Cambodian refugees in Thailand; with Vietnamese boat people in Hong Kong. He talked with them, trying to learn what they believe in, what games they play, what the future might be like in their hands.

And out of experiences that make the heart ache emerged a sense of the most astounding resilience, of the most wonderful charity, justice and forbearance.

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skyline was shaped by human considerations—commercial, historical, ethnic. Who could imagine a Little Italy in a skyscraper, a linoleum warehouse up in the clouds?

The towers of midtown, as one might imagine, were emplaced in substantial rock, Anita said—rock that once had been heated near the point of melting, had recrystallized, had been heated again, had recrystallized, and, while not particularly competent, was more than adequate to hold up those buildings. Most important, it was right at the surface. You could see it, in all its micaceous glitter, shining like silver in the outcrops of Central Park. Four hundred and fifty million years in age, it was called Manhattan schist. All through midtown, it was at or near the surface, but in the region south of Thirtieth Street it began to fall away, and at Washington Square it descended abruptly. The whole saddle between midtown and Wall Street would be underwater, were it not filled with many tens of fathoms of glacial till. So there sat Greenwich Village, SoHo, Chinatown, on material that could not hold up a great deal more than a golf tee—on the ground-up wreckage of the Ramapos, on crushed Catskill, on odd bits of Nyack and Tenafly. In the Wall Street area, the bedrock does not return to the surface, but it comes within forty feet and is accessible for the footings of the tallest things in town. New York grew high on the advantage of its hard rock, and, New York being what it is, cities all over the world have attempted to resemble New York, in much the way that golf courses all around the world have attempted to resemble St. Andrews. The skyline of nuclear Houston, for example, is a simulacrum of Manhattan's. Houston rests on twelve thousand feet of montmorillonitic clay, a substance that, when moist, turns into mobile jelly. After taking so much money out of the ground, the oil companies of Houston have put hundreds of millions back in. Houston is the world's foremost city in fat basements. Its tall buildings are magnified duckpins, bobbing in their own mire.

We skirted Brooklyn on the Belt Parkway, heading first for Coney Island, where Anita had spent many a day as a child, and where, somewhat impatiently, she had been born. Her mother, seven months pregnant, took a subway to the beach one day, and Anita first drew breath in Coney Island Hospital.

"Cropsey Avenue," she said now,

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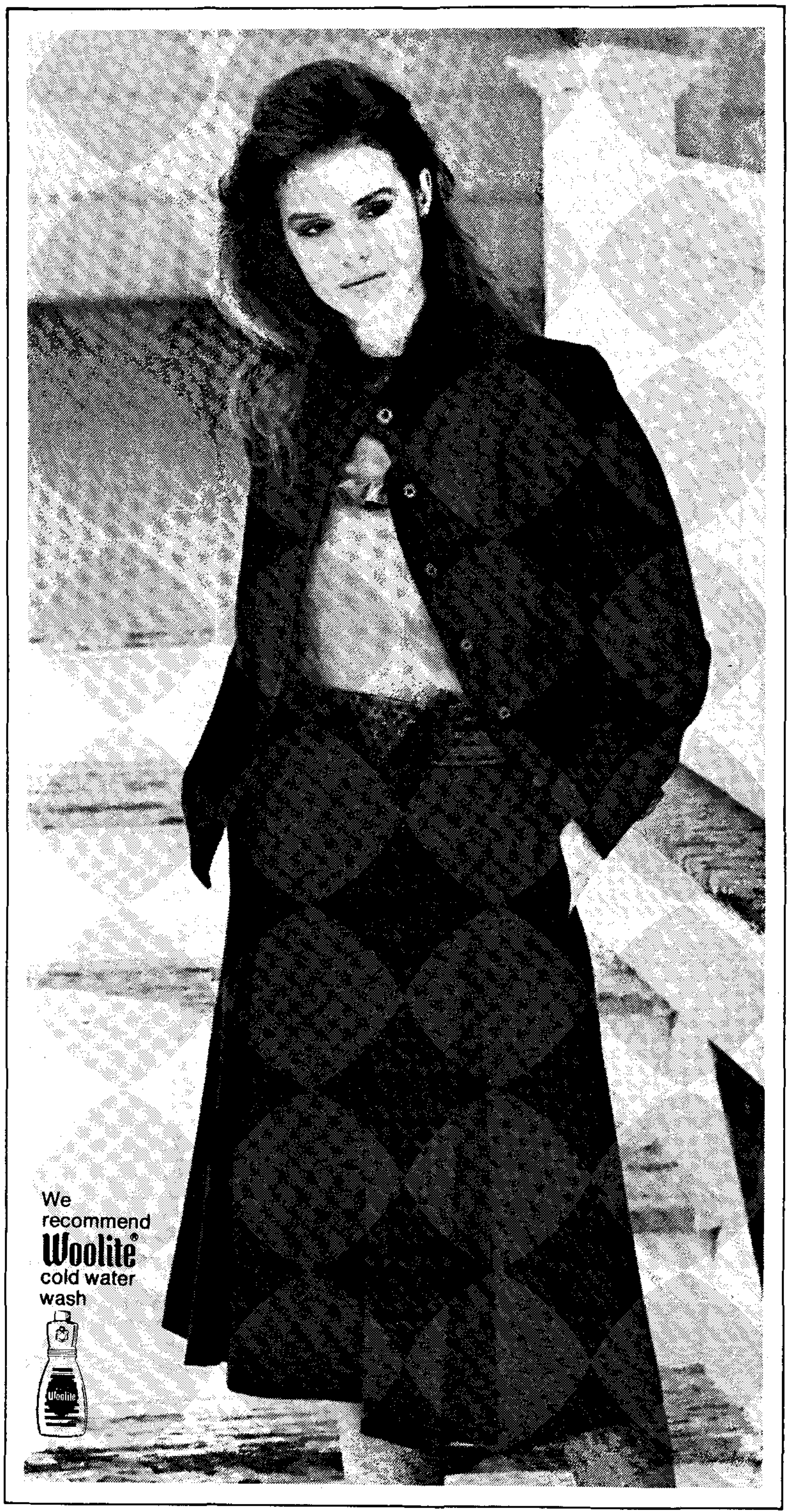

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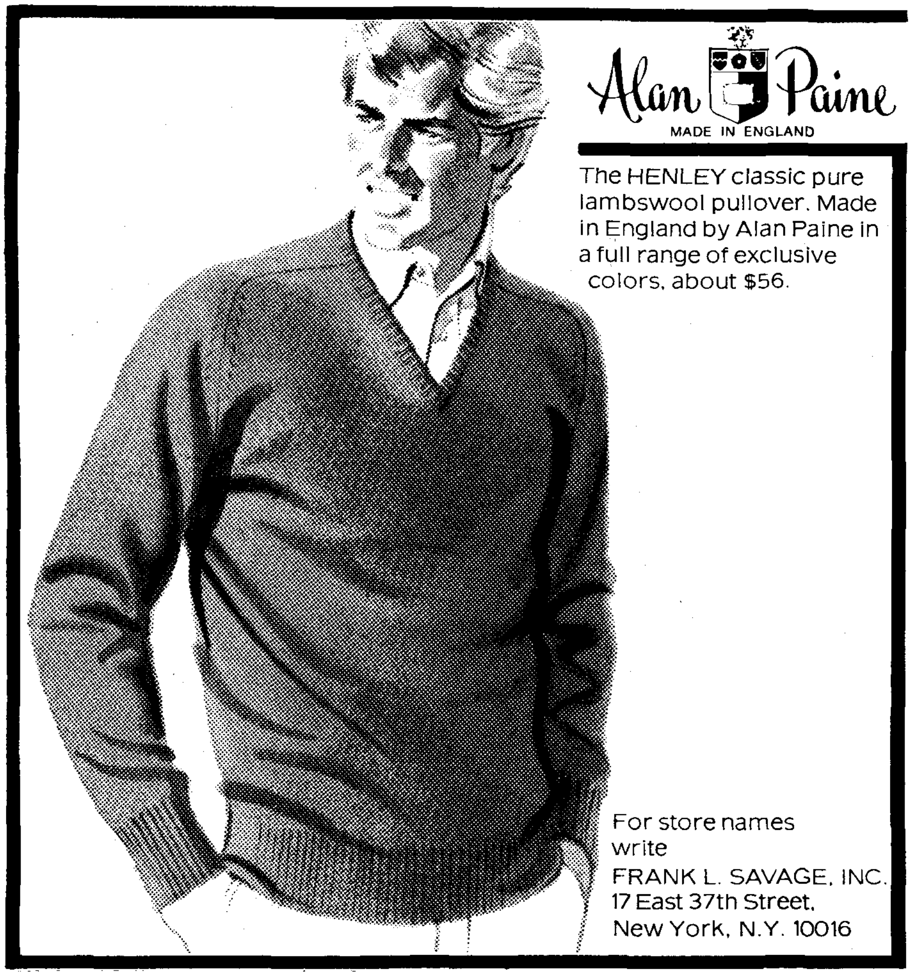

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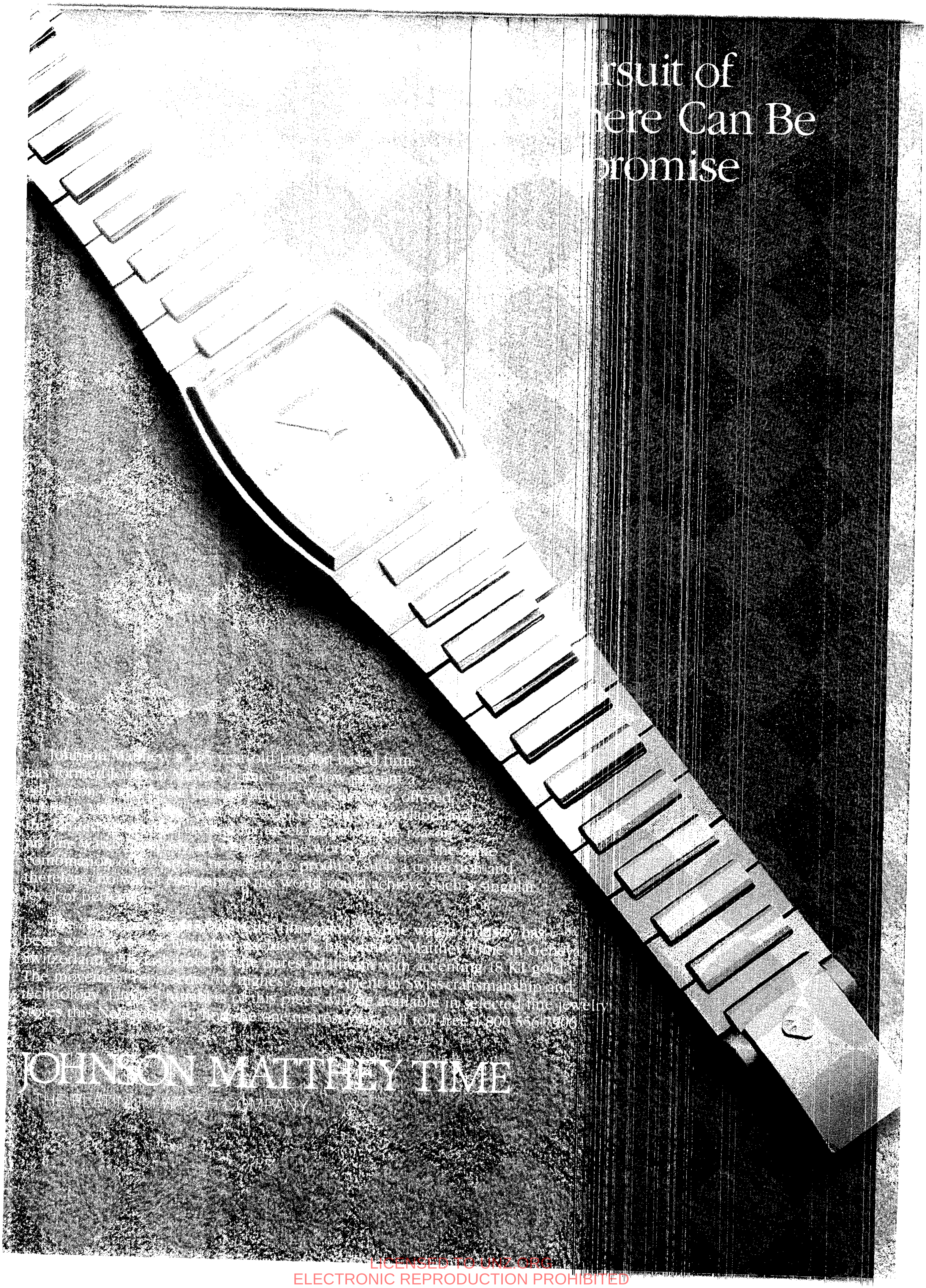
SEBAGO

reading a sign. "Keep right, we're going off here."

I went into the right lane, signals blinking, but the exit was chocked with halted traffic. There were police. There were flashing lights. Against the side of an abused Pontiac, an evidently unruly young man was leaning palms flat, like a runner stretching, while a cop addressed him with a drawn pistol. "Welcome home, Anita," said Anita.

The broad beach was silent, so early in the morning, where people in ten thousands had been the day before, and where numbers just as great would soon return. The Parachute Jump stood high in relief. The Cyclone was in shadow and touched by slanting light. Reminiscently, Anita ran her eye from the one to the other and to the elevated railways beyond. When a fossil impression is left in sand by the outside of an organic structure, it is known in geology as an external mold. One would not have to be a sedimentologist to read this beach, with its colonies of giant bivalves. We walked to the strandline, the edge of the water, where the play of waves had concentrated heavy dark sands—hematite, magnetite, small garnets broken out by the glacier from their matrix of Manhattan schist.

The beach itself, with its erratic sands, was the extremity of the outwash plain. The Wisconsinan ice sheet, arriving from the north, had come over the city not from New England, as one might guess, but primarily from New Jersey, whose Hudson River counties lie due north of Manhattan. Big boulders from the New Jersey Palisades are strewn about in Central Park, and more of the same diabase is scattered through Brooklyn. The ice wholly covered the Bronx and Manhattan, and its broad snout moved across Astoria, Maspeth, Williamsburg, and Bedford-Stuyvesant before sliding to a stop in Flatbush. Flatbush was the end of the line, the point of return for the "Ice Age," the locus of the terminal moraine. Water poured in white tumult from the melting ice, carrying and sorting its freight of sands and gravels, building the outwash plain: Bensonhurst, Canarsie, the Flatlands, Coney Island. When Anita was a child, she would ride the D train out to Coney Island, with an old window screen leaning against her knees. She sifted the beach sand for lost jewelry. In the beach sand now, she saw tens of thousands of garnets. There is a lot of iron in the Coney



Johnson Matthey, a 165 year old London-based firm, has formed Johnson Matthey Time. They now present a collection of t[illegible] Limited Edition Watches ever offered. Johnson Matthey [illegible] in Geneva, Switzerland and the [illegible] for its elegance [illegible] reason: no fine watch company anywhere in the world possessed the same combination of resources necessary to produce such a collection and, therefore, no watch company in the world could achieve such a singular level of perfection.

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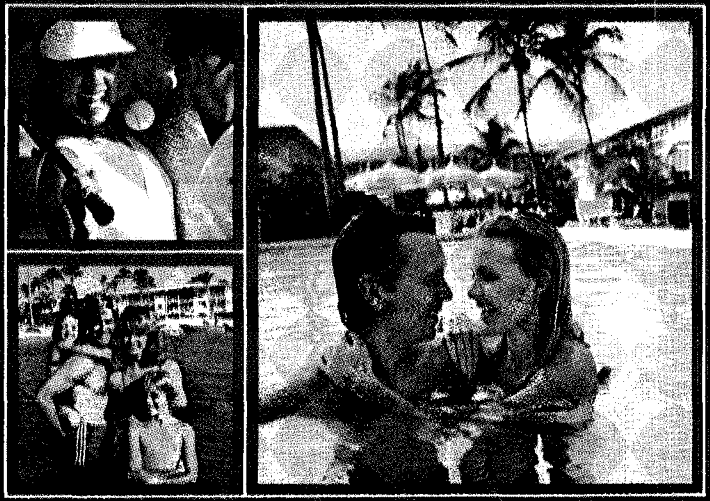

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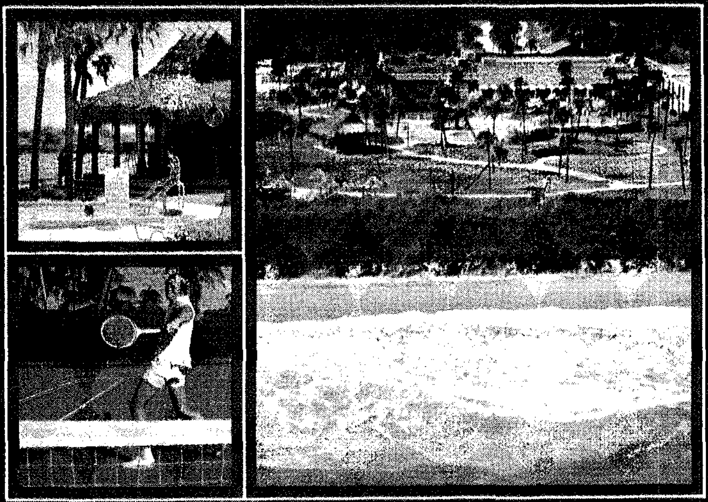

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Island beach as well, which makes it tawny from oxidation, and not a lot of quartz, which would make it white. The straw-colored sand sparkled with black and silver micas—biotite, muscovite—from Fifth Avenue or thereabouts, broken out of Manhattan schist. A beach represents the rock it came from. Most of Coney Island is New Jersey diabase, Fordham gneiss, Inwood marble, Manhattan schist. Anita picked up some sand and looked at it through a hand lens. The individual grains are characteristically angular and sharp, she said, because the source rock was so recently crushed by the glacier. To make a well-rounded grain, you need a lot more time. Weather and waves had been working on this sand for fifteen thousand years.

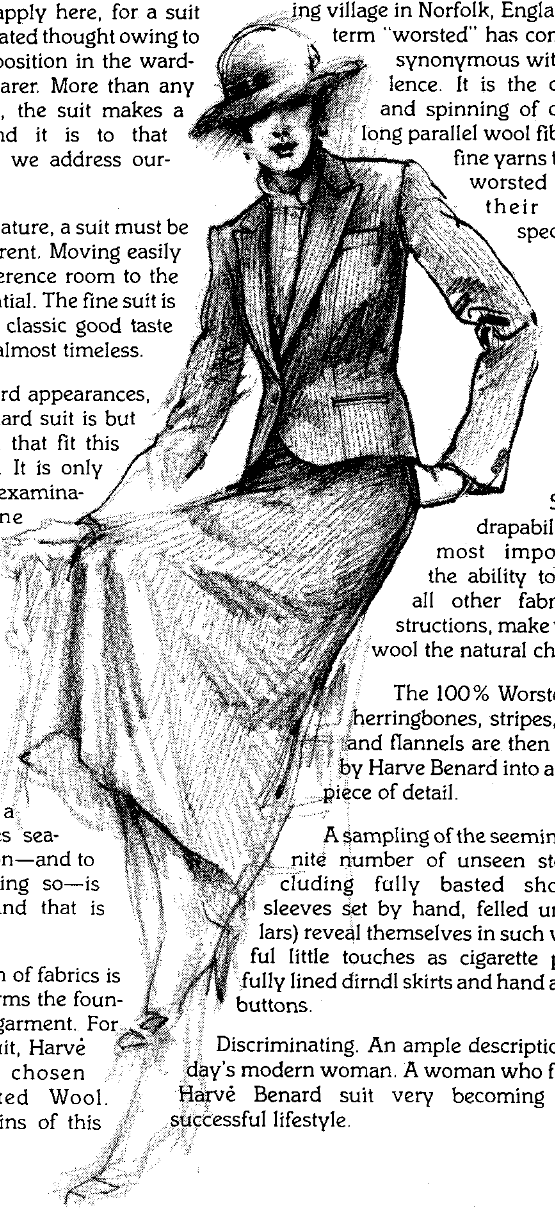
If the gneissic grains and garnets were erratics, so in their way were the Schenley bottles, the Pepsi-Cola cans, the Manhattan Schlitz, the sand-coated pickles and used paper plates.

"Colonial as penguins, dirtier than mud daubers," I observed of the creatures of the beach.

"We rank with bats, starlings, and Pleistocene sloths as the great mess-makers of the world," said Anita, and we left Coney Island for Williamsburg.

North over the outwash plain we followed Ocean Parkway five miles—broad, tree-lined Ocean Parkway, with neat houses in trim neighborhoods, reaching into shaded streets. Ahead, all the while, loomed the terminal moraine, suggesting, from a distance, an escarpment, but actually just a fairly steep hill. Eastern Parkway defines its summit, two hundred feet high. Two hundred feet of till. Near Prospect Park you begin to climb. One moment you are level on the plain and the next you are nose up, gaining altitude. There are cemeteries in every direction: Evergreens Cemetery, Lutheran Cemetery, Mt. Carmel, Cypress Hills, Greenwood Cemetery—some of the great necropolises of all time, with three million under sod, moved into the ultimate neighborhood, the terminal moraine. "In glacial country, all you have to do is look for cemeteries if you want to find the moraine," Anita said. "A moraine is poor farmland—steep and hummocky, with erratics and boulders. Yet it's easy ground to dig in, and well drained. An outwash plain is boggy. There's a cemetery over near Utica Avenue that's in the outwash. Most people prefer moraine. I would say it's kind

When a suit is more than a suit...



The woman's decision to purchase a suit is based upon a need. Spontaneity doesn't apply here, for a suit requires calculated thought owing to its important position in the wardrobe of its wearer. More than any other garment, the suit makes a statement. And it is to that statement that we address ourselves.

By its very nature, a suit must be more than current. Moving easily from the conference room to the theatre is essential. The fine suit is a reflection of classic good taste and hence, is almost timeless.

From outward appearances, the Harvė Benard suit is but one of several that fit this timeless mold. It is only upon closer examination that one understands the true essence of a fine suit. For not only should it have an enduring look, but in fact, the suit itself must endure! To stand up to a variety of uses season after season—and to look good doing so—is satisfaction. And that is Harvė Benard.

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of distasteful to put your mother down into a swamp."

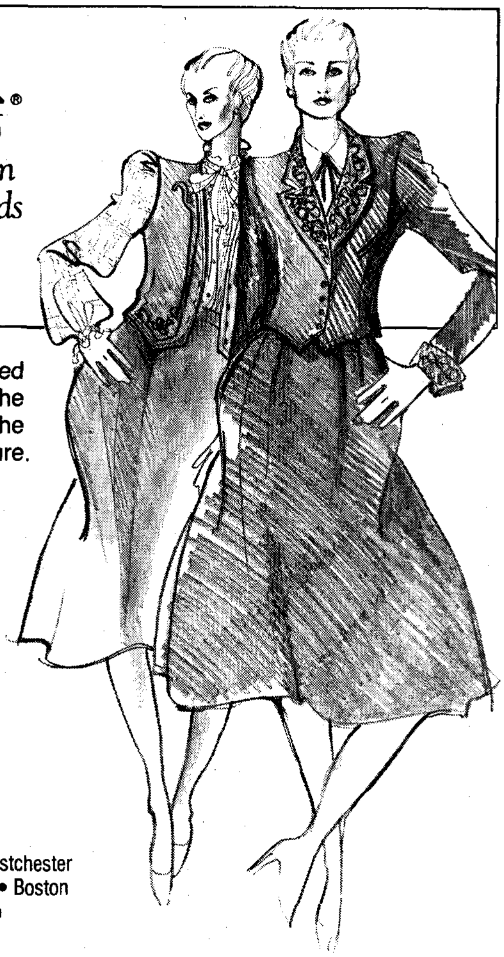
Ebbets Field, where they buried the old Brooklyn Dodgers, was also on the terminal moraine. When a long-ball hitter hit a long ball, it would land on Bedford Avenue and bounce down the morainal front to roll toward Coney on the outwash plain. No one in Los Angeles would ever hit a homer like that.

We detoured through Prospect Park, where ice that could have sunk a navy broke off the glacier and settled into the drift, eventually melting, becoming Prospect Lake. Nestled into the morainal front, the park is studded with big erratics on raucously irregular ground. It looks much like Pokagon Park, in Indiana, with the difference that the erratics there are from the Canadian Shield and these are from the New Jersey Palisades. Pieces of the Adirondacks have been found in Pennsylvania, pieces of Sweden on the north German plains, and no doubt there is Ticonderoga dolomite, Schenectady sandstone, and Peekskill granite in the gravels of Canarsie and the sands of Coney Island. But such distant transport, while it characterizes continental ice sheets wherever they have moved, accounts for a low percentage of the rock in glacial drift. The glacier cuts and fills. Continuously, it plucks up material and sets it down, plucks it up, sets it down. It taketh away, and then it giveth. A diamond may travel from Quebec to Indiana, some dolomite from Lake George to the sea, but most of what is lifted is dropped nearby—boulders from New Jersey in Prospect Park.

"Glacial geology is simple to deal with," Anita said, "because so much of what the glacier created is preserved. Also, you can go places and see the same processes working. You can go to Antarctica and see continental glaciation. There's alpine glaciation in Alaska."

This warm clear summer day was now approaching noon, and Prospect Park was quiet and unpeopled. It was all but deserted. Anita as a child had come here often. She remembered people and picnics everywhere she looked, none of this ominous silence. "I suppose it isn't safe," she said, and we moved on toward Williamsburg.

As we drew close, she became even more obviously nervous. "They tell me it's just the worst slum in the world now," she said. "I don't know if I should tell you to roll up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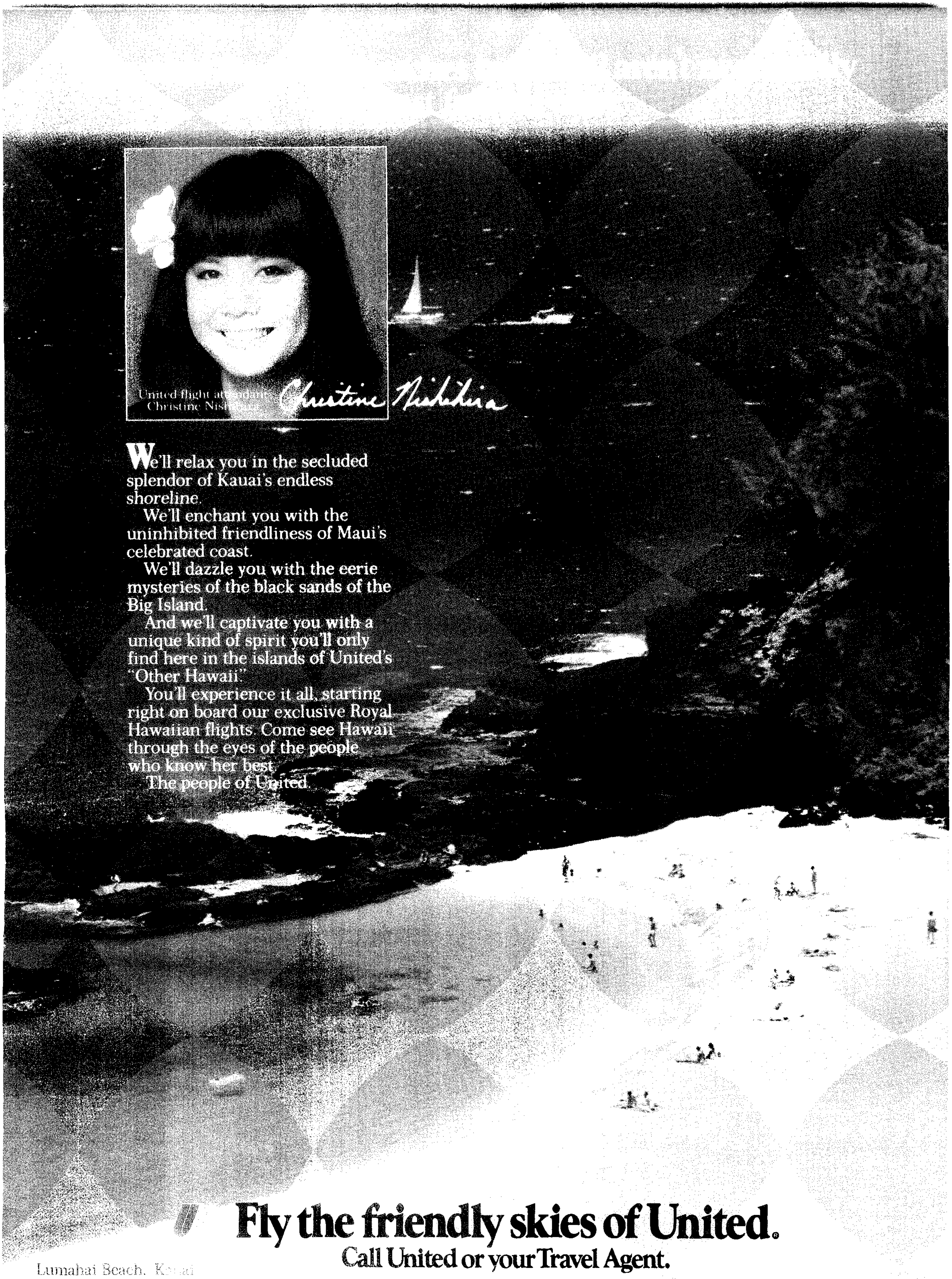

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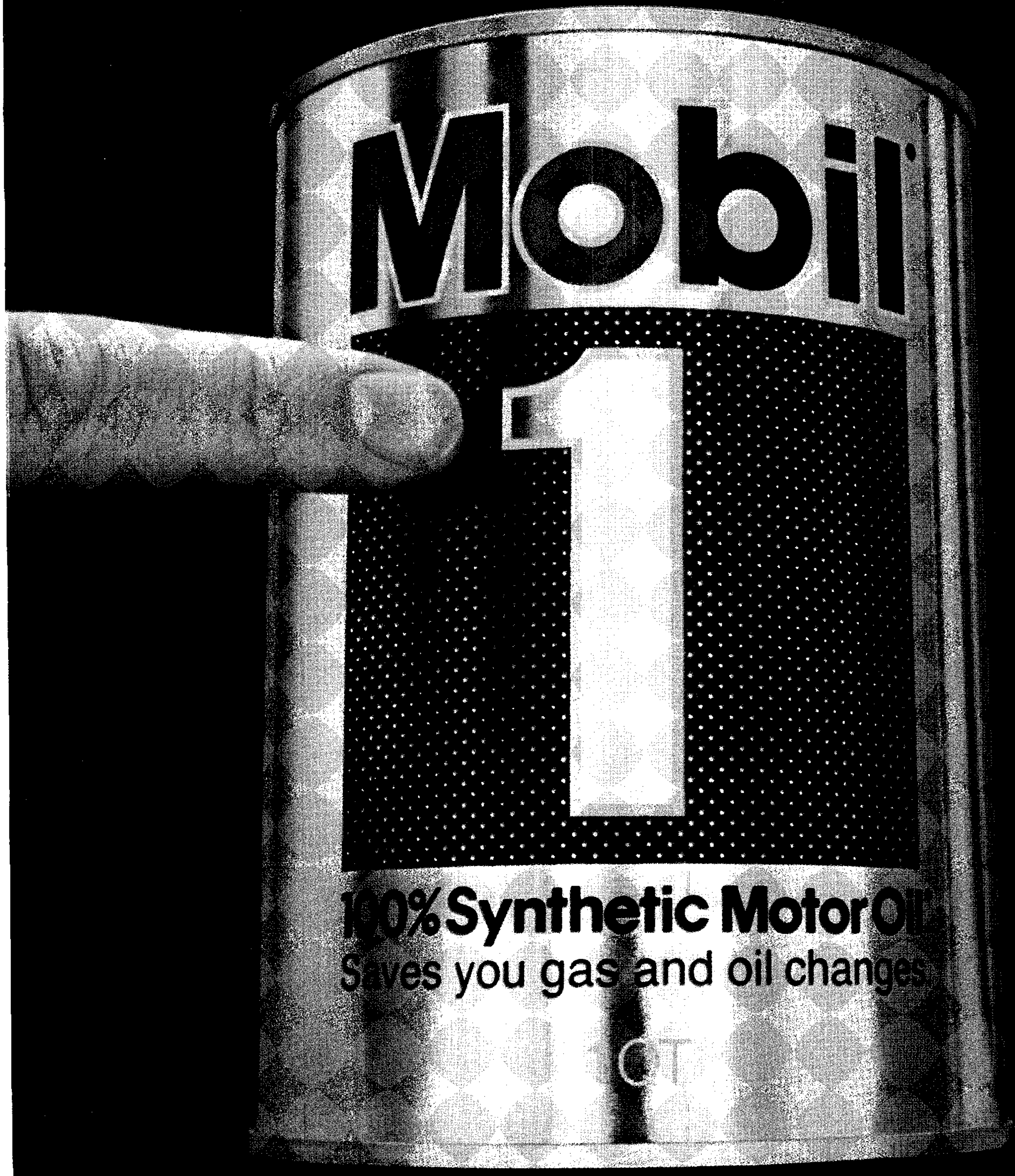

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all the windows and lock the doors."

"We would die of the heat."

"This is a completely unnatural place," she went on. "It's a totally artificial environment. Cockroaches, rats, human beings, and pigeons are all that survive. At Brooklyn College, my instructors had difficulty relating geology to the lives of people in this artificial world. In the winter, maybe you froze your ass off waiting for the subway. Maybe that was a way to begin discussing glaciation. In the city, let me tell you, no one knows from geology."

We went first to her high school. It appeared to be abandoned and was not. It was a besooted fortress with battlements. Inside were tall cool hallways that smelled of polish and belied the forbidding exterior. She had walked the halls four years with A's on her report cards and been graduated with high distinction at the age of fifteen. We went to P.S. 37, her grade school. It was taller than wide and looked like an old brick church. It was abandoned, beyond a doubt—glassless and crumbling. Sumac, rooted in the classroom floors, was growing out the windows. Anita said, "At least I'm glad I saw my school, I think, before they take it away."

We came to Broadway and Berry Street, and now she had before her for the first time in twenty-five years the old building where she had lived. It was a six-story cubical tenement, with so many fire escapes that it seemed to be faced more with iron than with the red Triassic stone. Anita looked at the building in silence. Usually quick to fill the air with words, she said nothing for long moments. Then she said, "It doesn't look as bad as it did when I lived here."

She stared on at the building for a while before speaking again, and when she did speak the nervousness of the morning was completely gone from her voice. "It's been sandblasted," she said. "They've cleaned it up. They've put a new facing on the lower stories, and they've sandblasted the whole building. People are wrong. They're wrong in what they tell me. This place looks cleaner than when I lived here. The whole neighborhood still looks all right. It hasn't changed. I used to play stickball here in the street. This is my neighborhood. This is the same old neighborhood I grew up in. I'm not afraid of this. I'm getting my confidence up. I'm not afraid."

We moved along slowly from one block to another. A young woman

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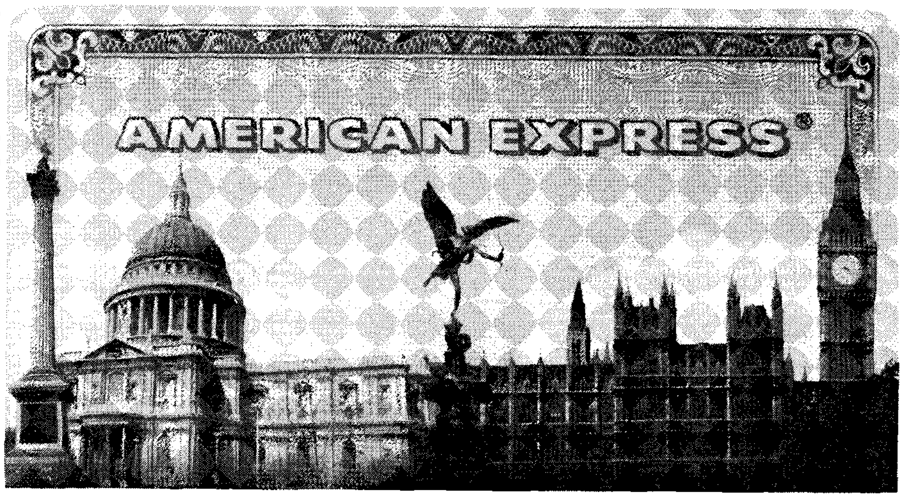

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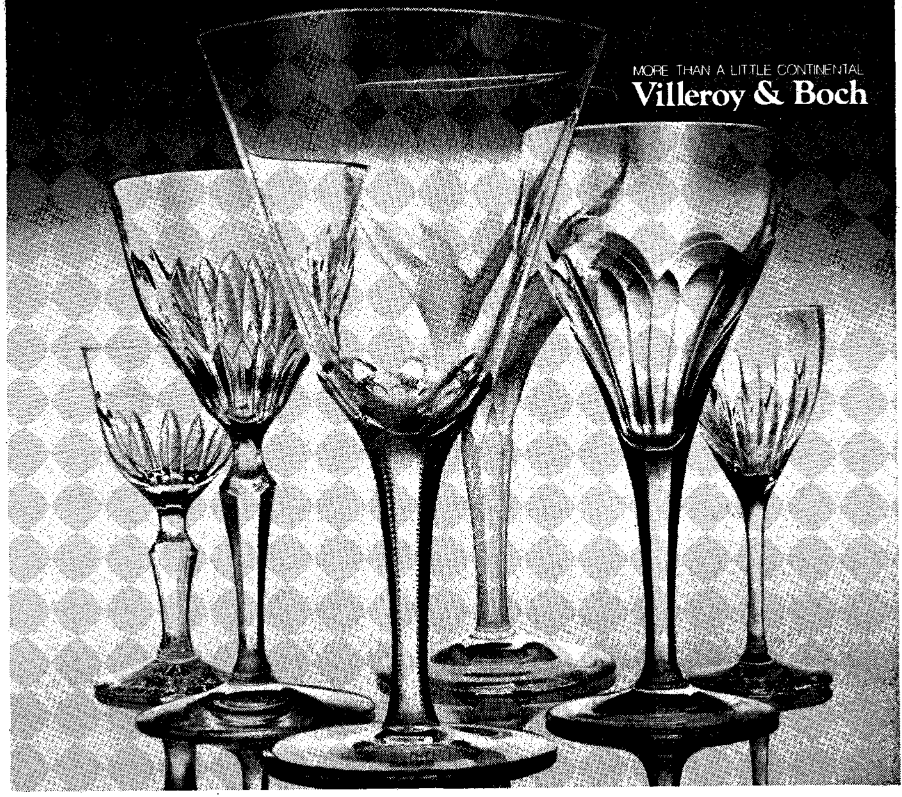
MORE THAN A LITTLE CONTINENTAL
Villeroy & Boch

crossed the street in front of us, pushing a baby carriage. "She's wearing a wig, I promise you," Anita said. "Her head may be shaved." Singling out another woman among the heterogeneous people of the neighborhood, she said, "Look. See that woman with the turban? She has her hair covered on purpose. They're Chassidic Jews. Their hair is shaved off or concealed so they will not be attractive to passing men." There was a passing man with long curls hanging down either side of his head—in compliance with a dictum of the Pentateuch. "Just to be in the streets here is like stepping into the Middle Ages," Anita said. "Fortunately, my parents were not religious. I would have thought these people would have moved out of here long ago. Chassidic Jews are not all poor, I promise you. Their houses may not look like much, but you should see them inside. They're diamond-cutters. They handle money. And they're still here. People are wrong. They are wrong in what they have told me."

We went out of the noon sun into deep shade under the Williamsburg Bridge, whose immense stone piers and vaulting arches seemed Egyptian. She had played handball under there when she was a girl. "There were no tennis courts in this part of the world, let me tell you." When the boys went off to swim in the river, she went back to Berry Street. "Me? In the river? Not me. The boys swam nude."

In the worst parts of summer, when the air was heavy and the streets were soft, Anita went up onto the bridge, climbing to a high point over the river, where there was always a breeze. Seven, eight years old, she sat on the pedestrian walk, with her feet dangling, and looked down into the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Second World War was in full momentum. U.S.S. Missouri, U.S.S. Bennington, U.S.S. Kearsarge—she saw keels going down and watched battleships and carriers grow. It was a remarkable form of entertainment, but static. Increasingly, she wondered what lay beyond the bridge. One day, she got up the courage to walk all the way across. She set foot on Manhattan and immediately retreated. "I wanted to go up Delancey Street, but I was too scared."

Next time, she went up Delancey Street three blocks before she turned around and hurried home. In this manner, through time, she expanded her horizons. In the main, she just looked, but sometimes she had a little

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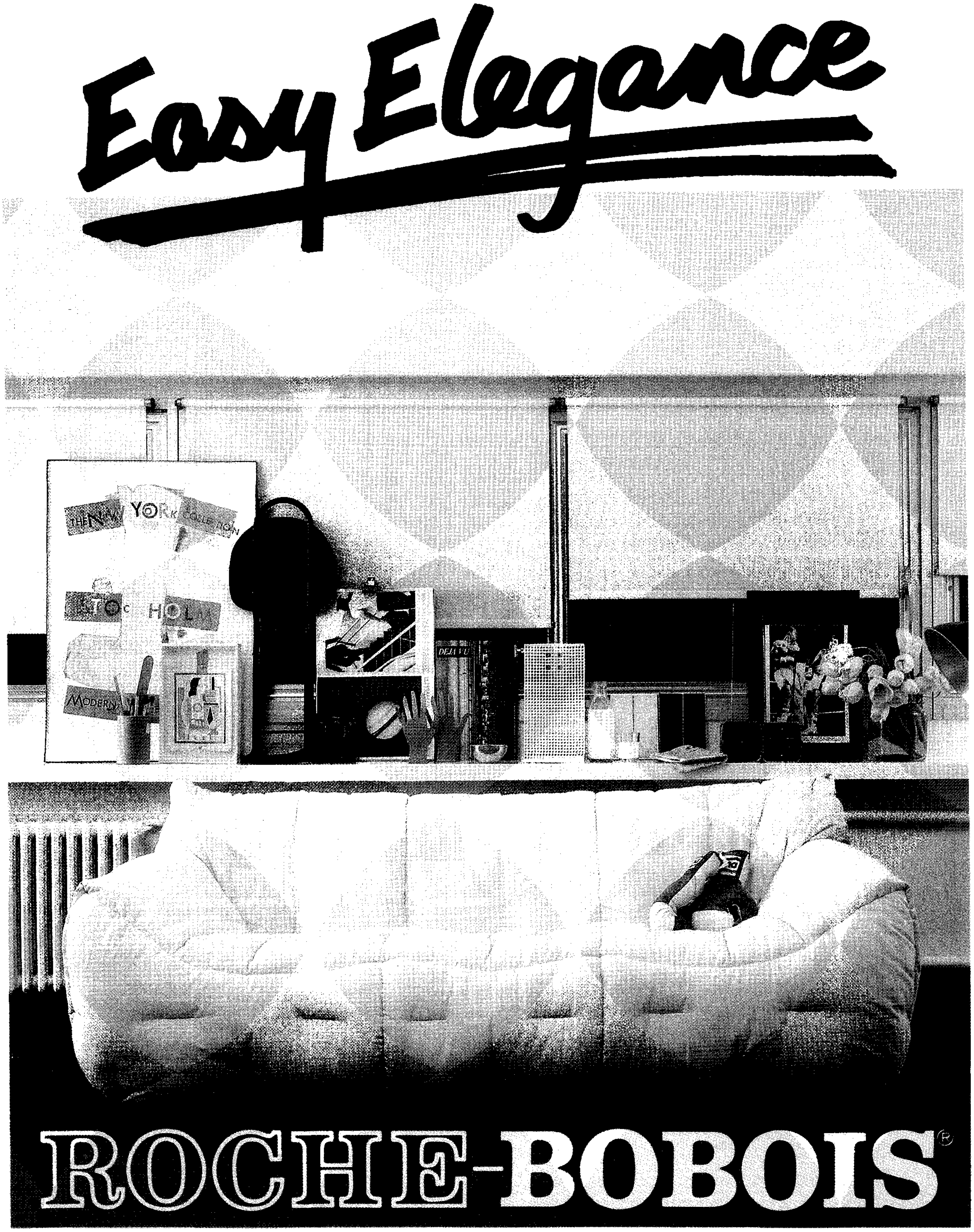

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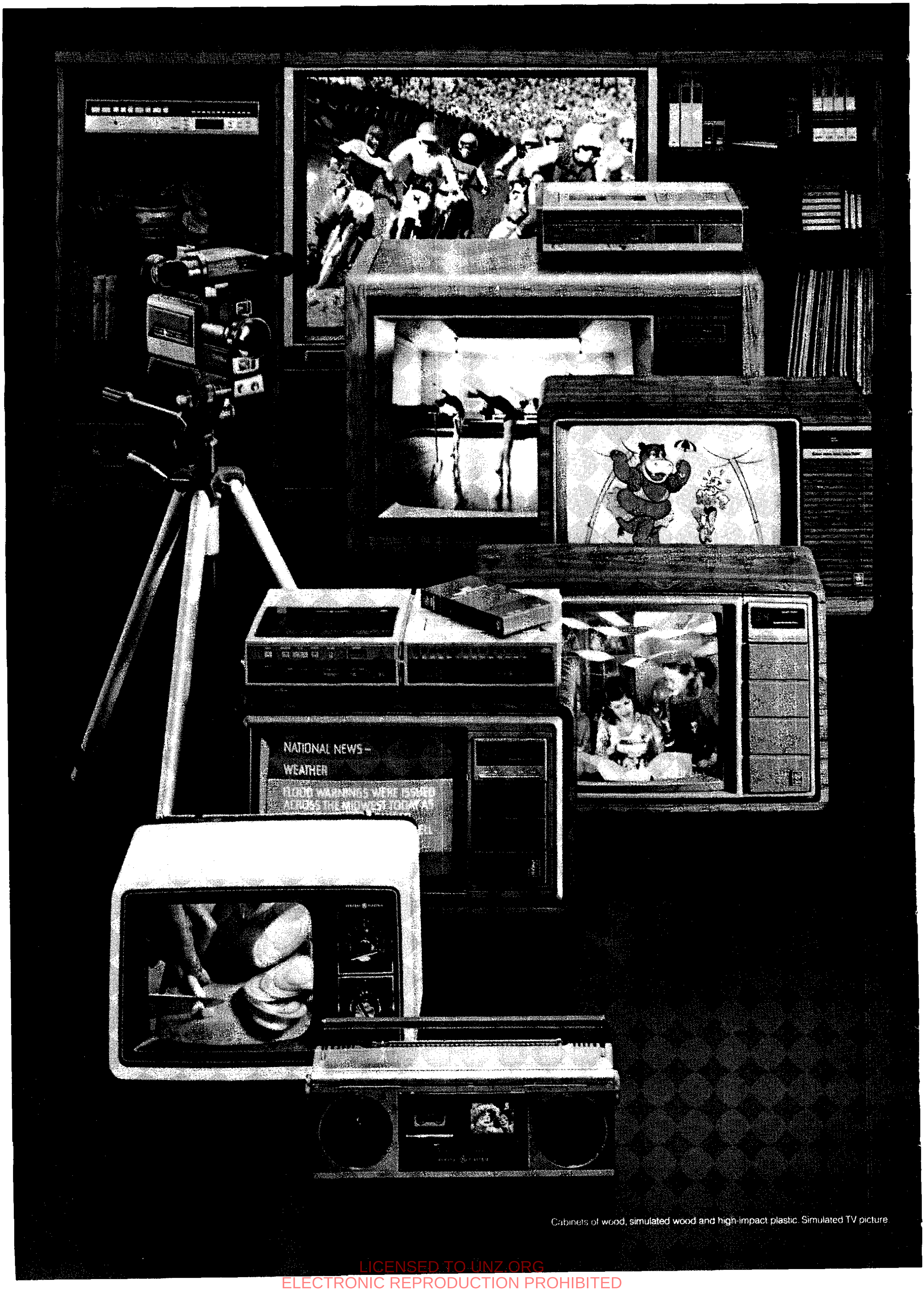
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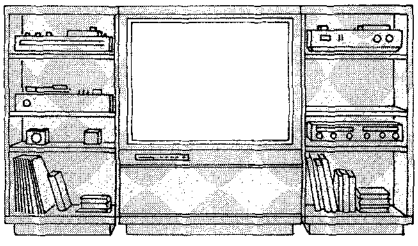

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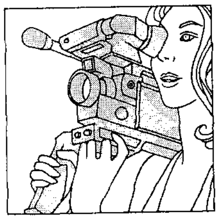

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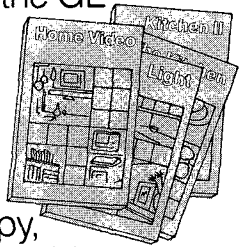

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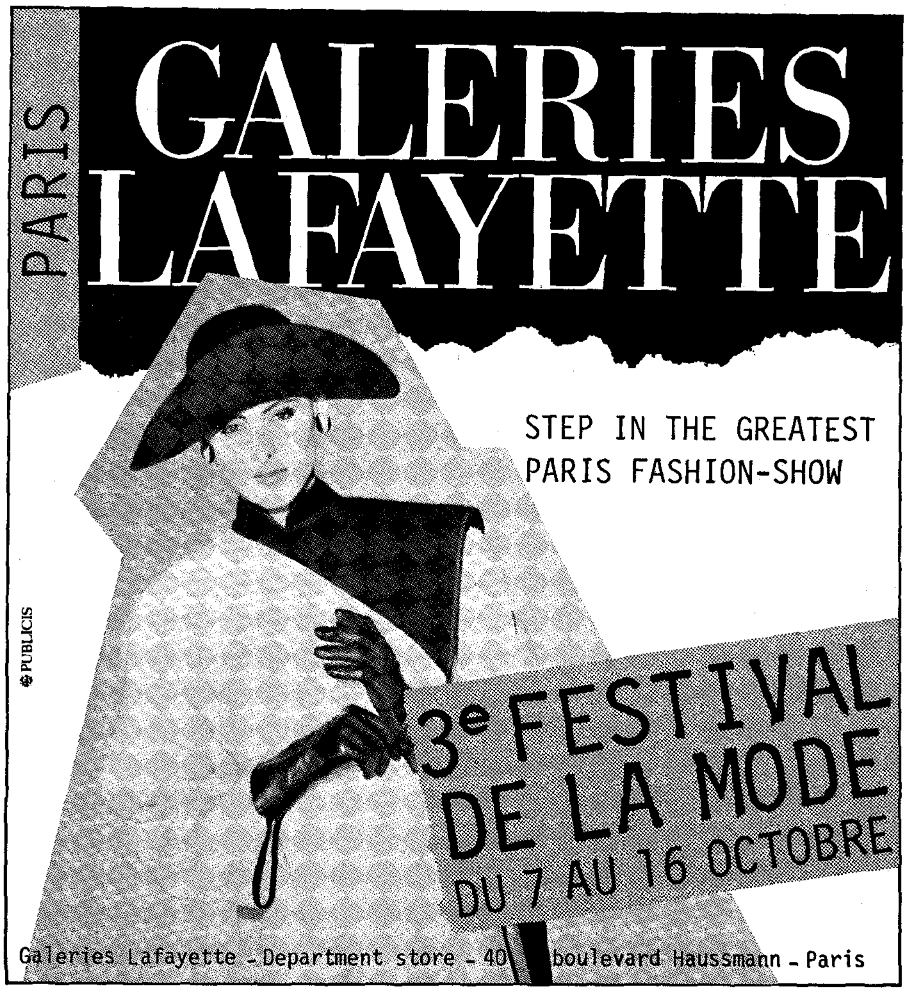
money and went into Manhattan stores. About the only money she ever had she earned returning bottles for neighbors, who gave her a percentage of the deposit. Her idea of exceptional affluence was a family that could afford fresh flowers. Her mother was a secretary whose income covered a great deal less than the family's needs. Her father was a trucker ("with a scar on his face that would make you think twice"), and his back had been broken in an accident. He would spend three years in traction, earning nothing. Gradually, Anita's expeditions on foot into Manhattan increased in length until she was covering, round trip, as much as twelve miles. Her line of maximum advance was somewhere in Central Park. "That's as far as I ever got. I was too scared." Going up the Bowery and through the East Village, she had no more sense of the geology than did the men who were lying in the doorways. When she looked up at the Empire State Building, she was unaware that it owed its elevation to the formation that outcropped in Central Park; and when she saw the outcrops there, she did not wonder why, in the moist atmosphere of the American East, those great bare shelves of sparkling rock were not covered with soil and vegetation. In Wyoming, wind might have stripped them bare, but Wyoming is miles high and drier than the oceans of the moon. Here in the East, a river could wash rock clean, but this rock was on the high ground of an island, far above flood and tide. She never thought to wonder why the rock was scratched and grooved, and elsewhere polished like the foyer of a bank. She didn't know from geology.

In Brooklyn College, from age fifteen onward, she read physics, mineralogy, structural geology, igneous and metamorphic petrology. She took extra courses to the extent permitted. To attend the college she had to pay six dollars a semester, and she meant to get everything out of the investment she could. There were also lab fees and breakage fees. Breakage fees, in geology, were not a great problem. Among undergraduate colleges in the United States, this one was relatively small, about the size of Harvard, which it resembled, with its brick-and-white-trim sedate Colonial buildings, its symmetrical courtyards and enclosed lawns; and like Harvard it stood on outwash. Brooklyn College is in south Flatbush, seaward of the terminal moraine. When Anita was there,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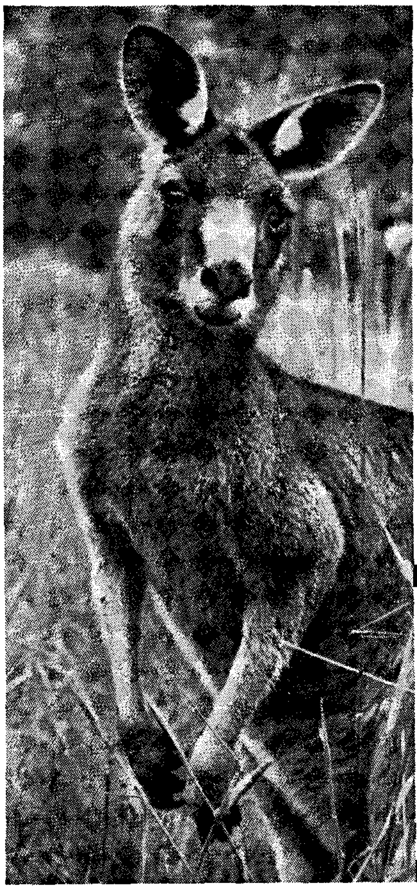
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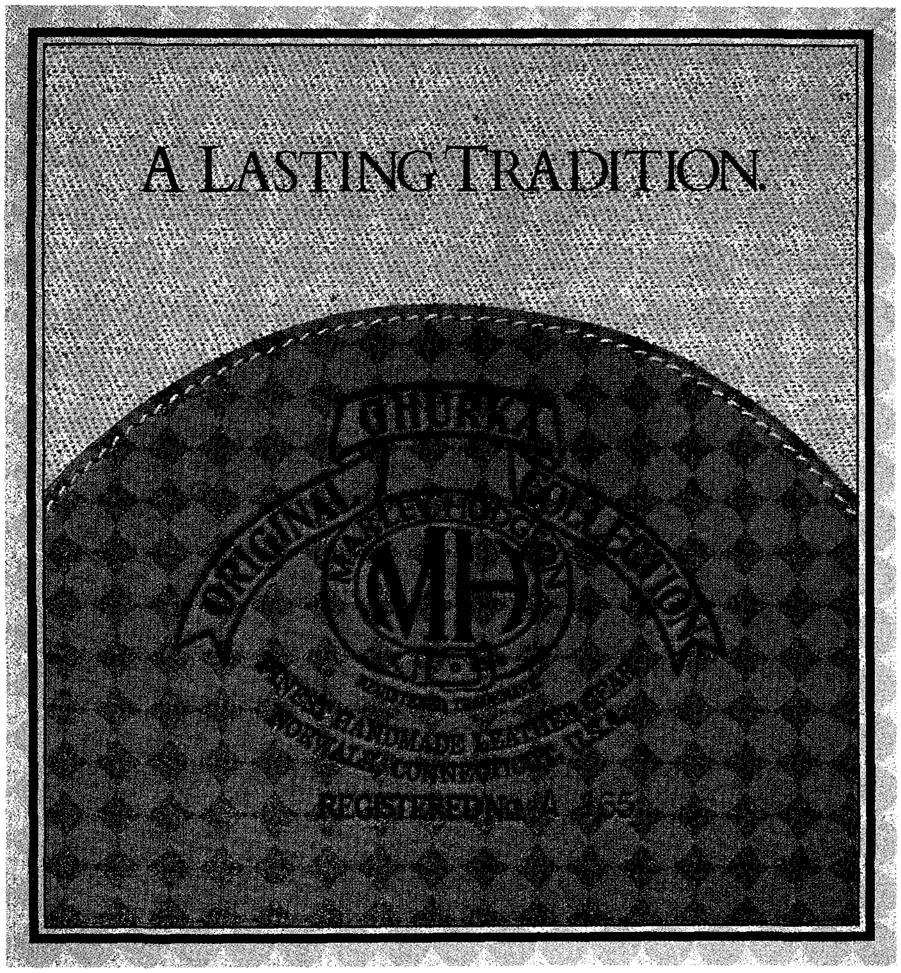

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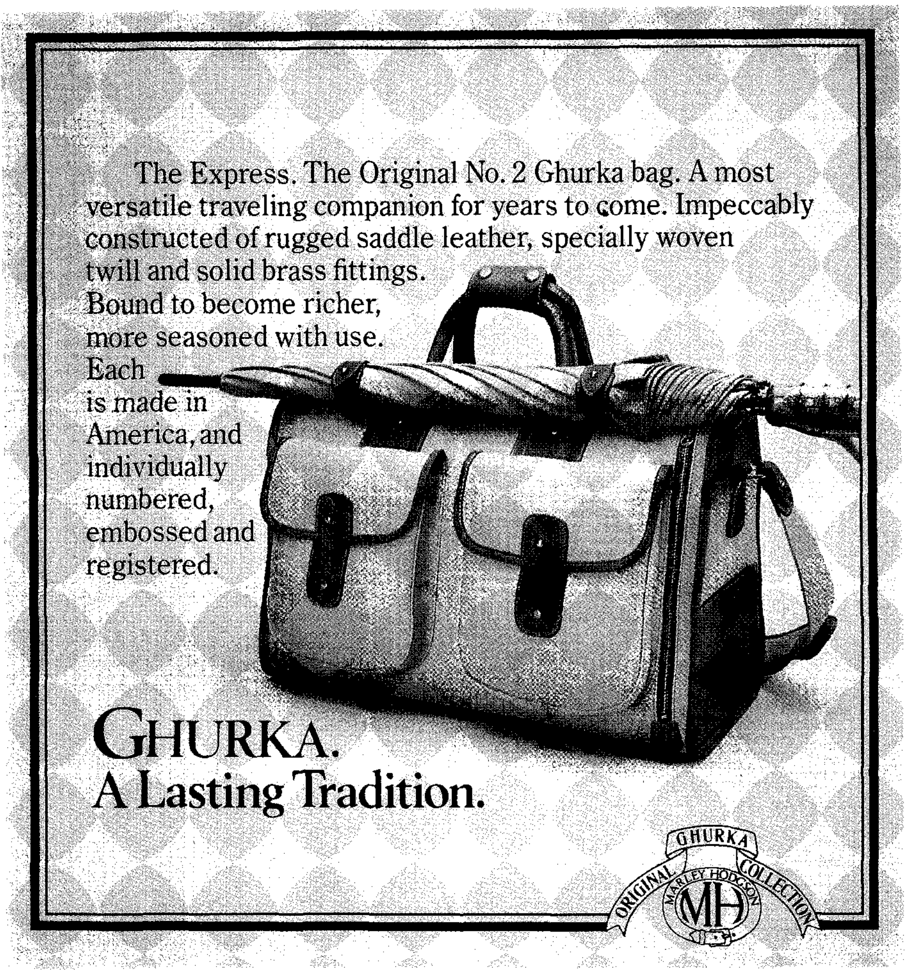
in the middle nineteen-fifties, there were so many leftists present that the college was known as the Little Red Schoolhouse. She did not know from politics, either. She was in a world of roof pendants and discordant batholiths, elastic collisions and neutron scatteration, and she branched out into mineral deposits, field mapping, geophysics, and historical geology, adding such things to the skills she had established earlier in accounting, bookkeeping, typing, and shorthand. It had been assumed in her family that she would be a secretary, like her mother.

Now when she goes up Fifth Avenue—as she did with me that summer day—she addresses Fifth Avenue as the axis of the trough of a syncline. She knows what is underfoot. She is aware of the structure of the island. The structure of Manhattan is one of those paradoxes in spatial relations which give geologists especial delight and are about as intelligible to everyone else as punch lines delivered in Latin. There is a passage in the œuvre of William F. Buckley, Jr., in which he remarks that no writer in the history of the world has ever successfully made clear to the layman the principles of celestial navigation. Then Buckley announces that celestial navigation is dead simple, and that he will pause in the development of his present narrative to redress forever the failure of the literary class to elucidate this abecedarian technology. There and then—and with intrepid, awesome courage—he begins his explication; and before he is through, the oceans are in orbit, their barren shoals are bright with shipwrecked stars. With that preamble, I wish to announce that I am about to make perfectly clear how Fifth Avenue, which runs along the high middle of a loaf of rock that lies between two rivers, runs also up the center of the trough of a syncline. When rock is compressed and folded (like linen pushed together on a table), the folds are anticlines and synclines. They are much like the components of the letter S. Roll an S forward on its nose and you have to the left a syncline and to the right an anticline. Each is a part of the other. Such configurations in rock compose the structure of a region, but will not necessarily shape the surface of the land. Erosion is the principal agent that shapes the surface of the land; and erosion—particularly when it packs the violence of a moving glacier—can cut through structure as it pleases. A carrot sliced the long way and set flat side up is composed of a synclinal fold. Manhattan, embarrassingly referred to as the Big Apple, might at least instructively be called the Big Carrot. River to river, erosion has worn down the sides, and given the island its superficial camber. Fifth Avenue, up on the high ground, is running up the center of a synclinal trough.

On the upper West Side that afternoon, Anita drew her rock hammer and relieved Manhattan of some dolomite marble, which she took from an outcrop for its relevance to her research in conodonts. She found the marble "overcooked." She said, "To get that kind of temperature, you have to go down thirty or forty thousand feet, or have molten rock nearby, or have a high thermal gradient, which can vary from place to place on earth by a factor of four. This marble is so cooked it is almost volatilized. This—you better believe—is hot rock." At Seventy-second Street and West End Avenue, she stopped to admire a small apartment building whose façade, in mottled greens and black, was elegant with serpentine. On Sixty-eighth Street between Fifth and Madison, she was impressed by a house of gabbro, as anyone would be who had spent a childhood emplaced like a fossil in Triassic sand. It was a house of great wealth, the house of gabbro. Up the block was a house of granite, even grander than the gabbro, and beyond that was a limestone mansion so airily patrician one feared it might dissolve in rain. Anita dropped acid on it and watched it foam.

JACK EPSTEIN, Anita's northern-Appalachian geologist, went to Brooklyn College, too, and subsequently enrolled in the master's program at the University of Wyoming. Anita tried to follow, in 1957, but the geology department in Laramie offered no fellowships for first-year graduate students. ("I needed money. I didn't have a pot to cook in.") She looked into places like Princeton, with geology departments outstanding in the world, but they were even less receptive than Wyoming. In those days, Princeton would not have admitted a woman had she been a direct descendant of Sir Charles Lyell offering as tuition her weight in gems. Anita applied to ten schools in all. The best offer came from Indiana University, in Bloomington, where her professors were soon much aware of her as an extremely bright and aggressive student with the disconcerting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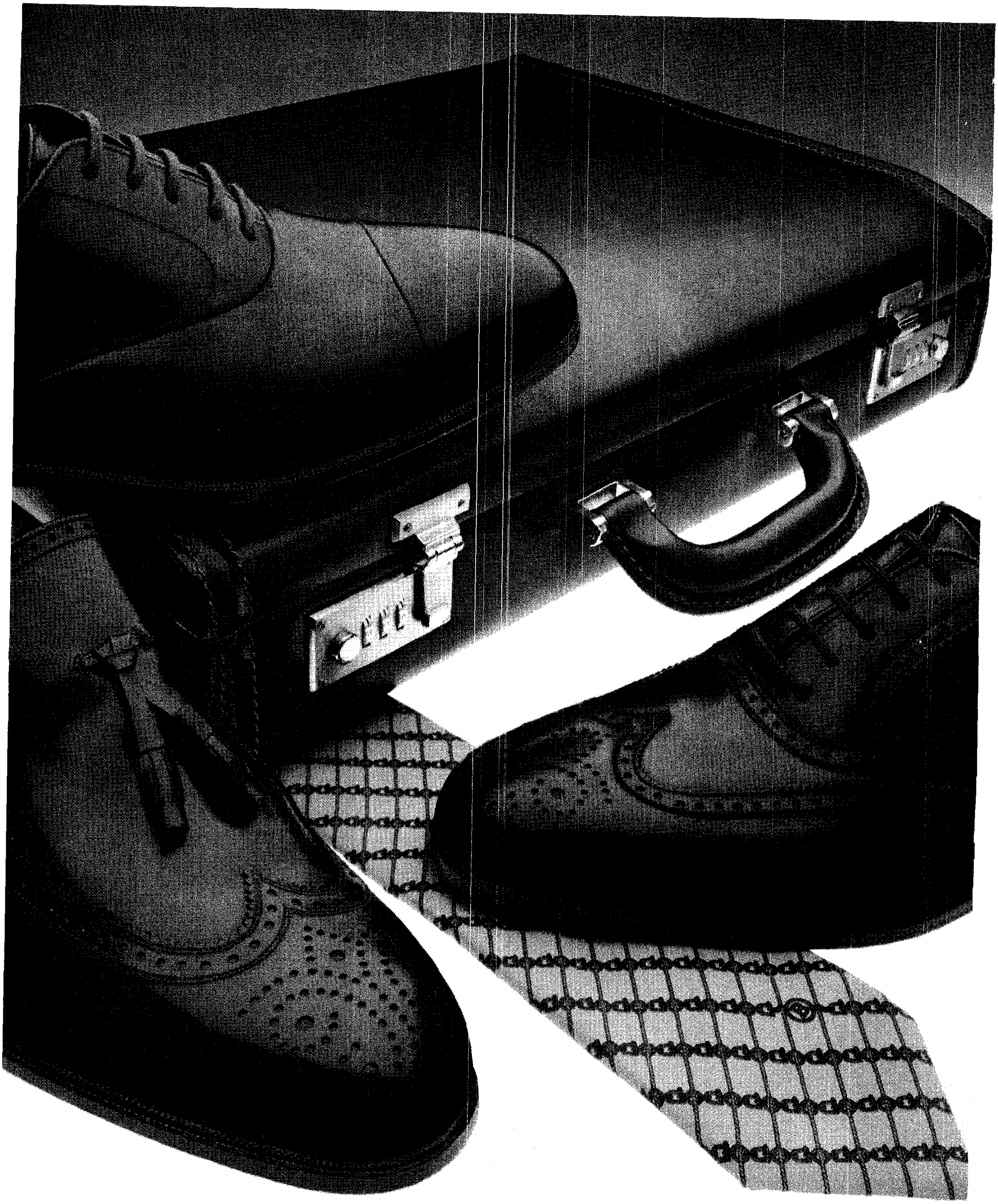

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habit of shaking her head while they talked, as if to say no, no, no, no, you cratonic schnook, you don't know from nothing. Something of the sort was not always far from her thoughts. ("I am not a very orthodox geologist. I do buy some dogma, if I think it's common sense.")

Bloomington stood upon Salem limestone, which, in the terminology of the building trade, makes beautiful "dimension stone," and is cut to be the cladding of cities. It formed from lime mud in the Meramecian age of late Mississippian time—between 332 and 327 million years before the present—when Bloomington was at the bottom of a shallow arm of the transgressing ocean, an epicratonic sea. "You people in New York may have your Empire State Building," a professor pointed out to Anita. "But out here we have the hole in the ground it came from."

Anita and Jack Epstein were married in 1958, and, with their newly acquired master's degrees, went to work for the United States Geological Survey. Within the profession, the Survey had particular prestige. A geologist who sought field experience was likely to obtain it in such quantity and variety nowhere else. Anita and Jack Epstein looked upon geology as "an extremely applied science" and shared a conviction that field experience was indispensable in any geological career—no less essential to a modern professor than it ever was to a pick-and-shovel prospector. ("People should go out and get experience and not just turn around and teach what they've been taught.") In their first year in the Survey—to an extent beyond anything they could ever have guessed—they would get what they sought.

Because geology is sometimes intuitive even to the point of being subjective, the sort of field experience one happens to acquire may tend to influence one's posture with regard to deep questions in the science. Geologists who grow up with young rocks are likely to subscribe strongly to the doctrine of uniformitarianism, whereby the present is seen to be the key to the past. They discern a river sandbar in a wall of young rock; they see a sandbar in a living river; and they know that each is in the process of becoming the other, cyclically through time. Whatever is also was, and ever again shall be. Geologists who grow up with very old rock tend to be impressed by the fact that it has been around since before the earliest development of life,

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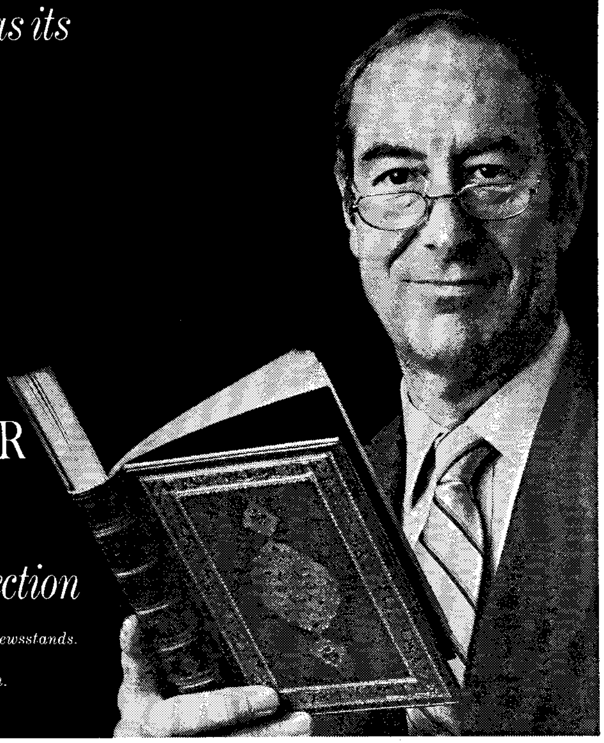

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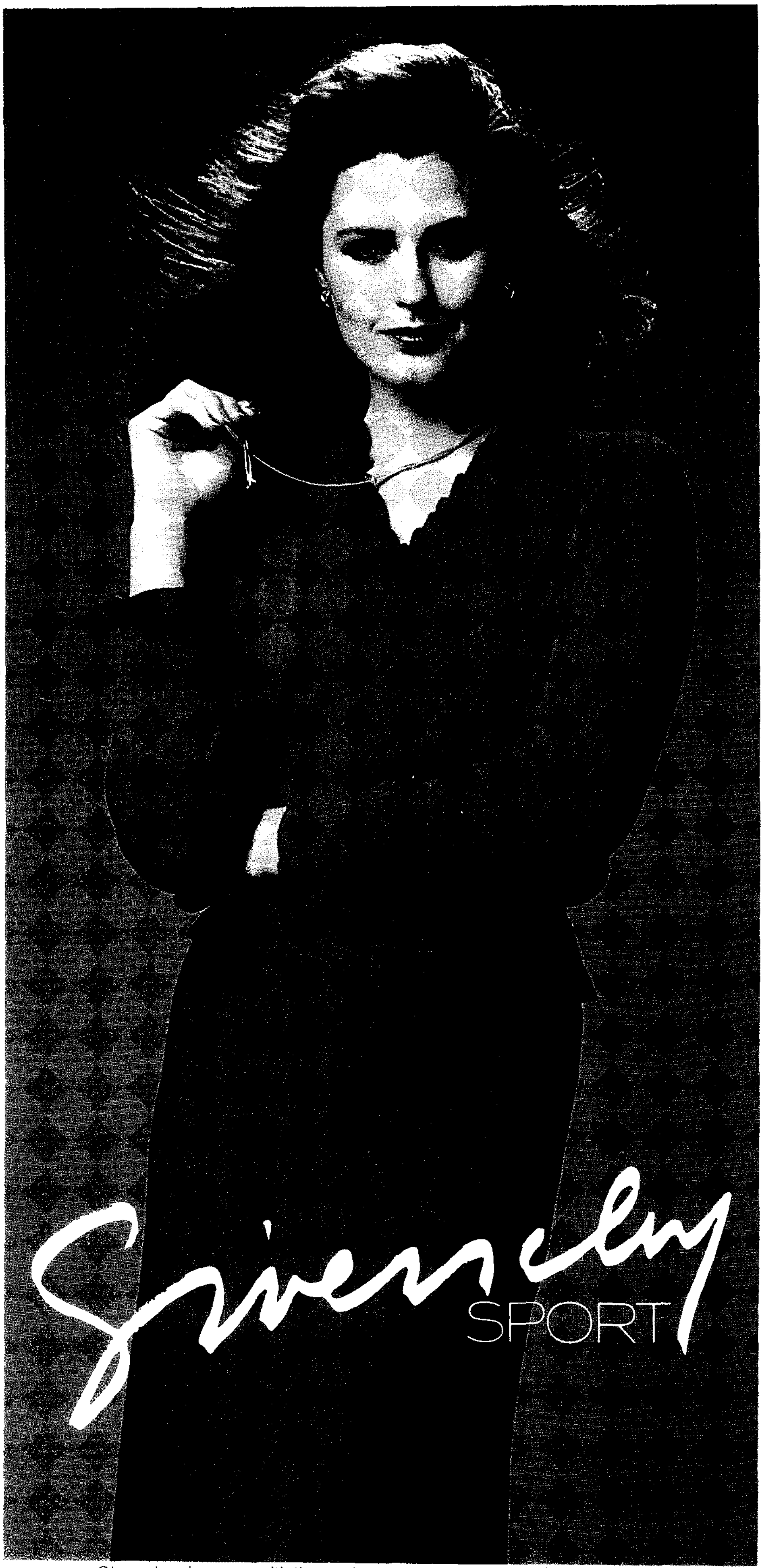
and to imagine a progression in which the recycling of the earth's materials is a subplot in a dramatic story that begins with dark scums in motion on an otherwise featureless globe and evolves through various continental configurations toward the scenery of the earth today. They refer to the earliest part of that story as "scum tectonics." The rock cycle—with its crumbling mountains being carried to the sea to form there the rock of mountains to be—is the essence of the uniformitarian principle, which was first articulated by James Hutton, of Edinburgh, at the end of the eighteenth century, marking the beginning of modern geological insight and the decline of the theological notion that the earth is a few thousand years old and that man has been a participant in its history almost from the beginning. Radiometrics and any number of other cross-checking measurements of time now tell us that the earth existed about forty-six hundred million years before the beginning of the Judeo-Christian era, thereby recasting mankind as an *arriviste* species, an obviously unsettled obtruder.

Before Hutton, geology was seen as a succession of catastrophes—most notably Noah's Flood, which not only had placed oysters, clams, and other marine fossils in mountain rock but had sculpted most of the features of the modern earth. All else was "antediluvian." The world had been shaped by brief, cataclysmic events. Hutton, with his depths of time—his vision of great crustal changes occurring slowly through unguessable numbers of years—opened the way to Darwin (time is the first requirement of evolution) and also placed emphasis on repetitive processes and a sense that change is largely gradual. In contemporary dress, these concepts are still at odds in geology. Some geologists seem to look upon the rock record as a frieze of catastrophes interspersed with gaps, while others prefer to regard everything from rockslides and volcanic eruptions to rifted continents and plate collisions as dramatic passages in a quietly unfolding story. If you grow up in Brooklyn, you are free to form your prejudices where you may.

Anita Epstein's sense of the dynamics of the earth underwent considerable adjustment one night in 1959, when she and her husband were on summer field assignment in southwestern Montana. They were there to do geologic mapping and studies in structure and stratigraphy in the Madison

Range and the Gallatin Range, where Montana is wrapped around a corner of Yellowstone Park. They lived in a U.S.G.S. house trailer in a grove of aspens on the Blarneystone Ranch, a lovely piece of terrain whose absent owner was Emmett J. Culligan, the softener of water. Since joining the Survey, they had worked in Pennsylvania, mapping quadrangles in the region of the Delaware Water Gap, and had spent the winter at headquarters in Washington, and now they were being given a chance to see some geology in a part of the United States where it is particularly visible—in Anita's words, "where it all hangs out."

The ranch was close by Hebgen Lake, which owed itself to a dam in the valley of the Madison River. The valley ran along the line of a fault that was thought to be inactive until that night. The air was crisp. The moon was full. The day before, a fire watcher in a tower in the Gallatins had become aware of an unnerving silence. The birds were gone, he realized. Birds of every sort had made a wholesale departure from his mountain. It would be noted by others that bears had taken off as well, while bears that remained walked preoccupied in circles. The Epsteins had no knowledge of these signs and would not have known what to make of them if they had. They were unaware then that Chinese geologists routinely watch wildlife for intimations of earthquakes. They were also unaware that David Love, of the Survey's office in Laramie, had published an abstract only weeks before called "Quaternary Faulting in and near Yellowstone Park," in which he expressed disagreement with the conventional wisdom that seismic activity on a grand scale was a thing of the past in that region. He said he thought a major shock was not unlikely. Anita was shuffling cards, 11:37 P.M., when the lantern above her began to swing, crockery fell from cabinets, and water leaped out of a basin. Jack tried to catch the swinging lantern and "it beaned him on the head." The floor of the trailer was moving in a way that reminded her of the Fun House at Coney Island. They ran outside. "Trees were toppling over. The solid earth was like a glop of jelly," she would recall later. In the moonlight, she saw soil moving like ocean waves, and for all her professed terror she was collected enough to notice that the waves were not propagating well and were cracking at their crests. She re-



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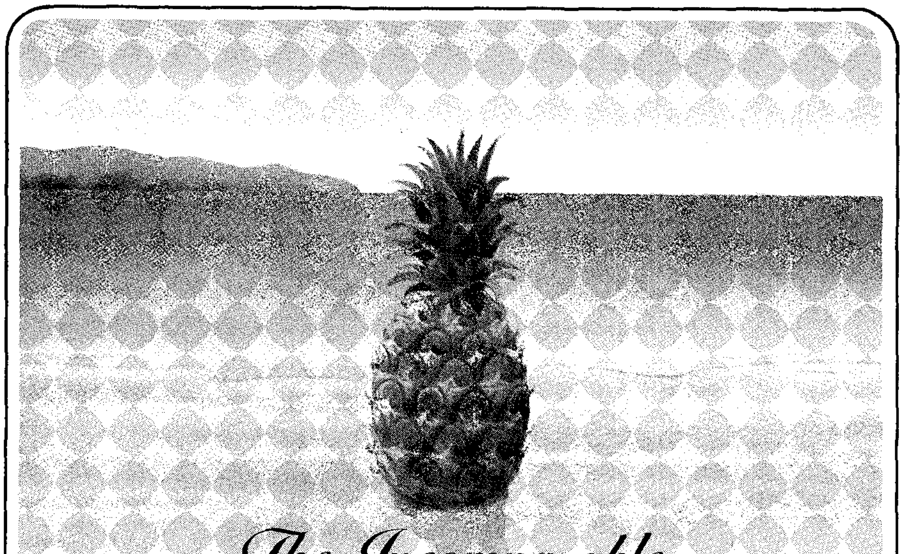

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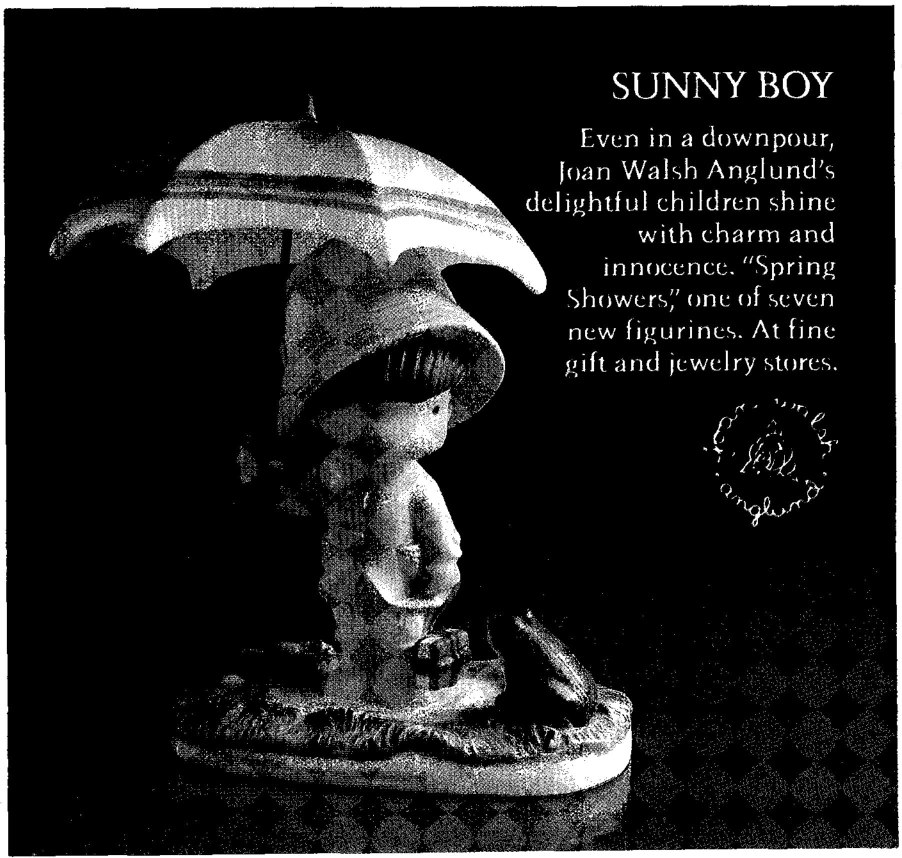

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members something like thirty seconds of "tremendous explosive noise," an "amplified tornado." She was close to the epicenter of a shock that was felt three hundred and fifty miles away and markedly affected water wells in Hawaii and Alaska. East and west from where she stood ran an eighteen-mile rip in the surface of the earth. The fault ran straight through Culligan's ranch house, and had split its levels, raising the back twelve feet. The tornado sound had been made by eighty million tons of Precambrian mountainside, whose planes of schistosity had happened to be inclined toward the Madison River, with the result that half the mountain came falling down in one of the largest rapid landslides produced by an earthquake in North America in historical time. People were camped under it and near it. Among the dead were some who died of the air blast, after flapping like flags as they clung to trees. Automobiles rolled overland like tumbleweed. They were inundated as the river pooled up against the rockslide, and they are still at the bottom of Earthquake Lake, as it is called—a hundred and eighty feet deep.

The fault offset the water table, and the consequent release of artesian pressure sent grotesque fountains of water, sand, and gravel spurting into the air. Yet the dam at Hebgen Lake held—possibly because the lake's entire basin subsided, in places as much as twenty-two feet. Seiche waves crossed its receding surface. A seiche is a freshwater tsunami, an oscillation in a bathtub. The surface of Hebgen Lake was aslosh with them for twelve hours, but the first three or four were the large ones. Entering lakeside bungalows, they drowned people in their beds.

When a volcano lets fly or an earthquake brings down a mountainside, people look upon the event with surprise and report it to each other as news. People, in their whole history, have seen comparatively few such events; and only in the past couple of hundred years have they begun to sense the patterns the events represent. Human time, regarded in the perspective of geologic time, is much too thin to be discerned—the mark invisible at the end of a ruler. If geologic time could somehow be seen in the perspective of human time, on the other hand, sea level would be rising and falling hundreds of feet, ice would come pouring over continents and as quickly go away. Yucatáns and Floridas would be under the sun one moment and underwater the next, oceans would swing open like doors, mountains would grow like clouds and come down like melting sherbet, continents would crawl like amoebae, rivers would arrive and disappear like rainstreaks down an umbrella, lakes would go away like puddles after rain, and volcanoes would light the earth as if it were a garden full of fireflies. At the end of the program, man shows up—his ticket in his hand. Almost at once, he conceives of private property, dimension stone, and life insurance. When a Mt. St. Helens assaults his sensibilities with an ash cloud eleven miles high, he writes a letter to the New York *Times* recommending that the mountain be bombed.

As the night returned to quiet and the ground ceased to move, Anita recovered whatever composure she had lost, picked up her deck of cards, and said to herself, "That's the way it goes, folks. The earth's a very shaky mobile thing, and that's how it works. Apparently, the mountains around here are still going up." Later, she would say, "We were taught all wrong. We were taught that changes on the face of the earth come in a slow steady march. But that isn't what happens. The slow steady march of geologic time is punctuated with catastrophes. And what we see in the geologic record are the catastrophes. Look at a graded sandstone and see the bedding go from fine to coarse. That's a storm. That's one storm—when the water came up and laid the coarse material down over the fine. In the rock record, the tranquillity of time is not well represented. Instead, you have the catastrophes. In the Southwest, they live from one catastrophe to another, from one flash flood to the next. The evolution of the world does not happen a grain at a time. It happens in the hundred-year storm, the hundred-year flood. Those things do it all. That earthquake made a catastrophist of me."

No one knew where the bears went when they left the Gallatin Range. When they came back, they were covered with mud.

CATASTROPHISM in another form presented itself that autumn when Jack Epstein was transferred to the office of the Geological Survey's Water Resources Division in Alexandria, Louisiana. There was no position for Anita, and she could not have had a job even if one had been open, for it was a rule of the Survey that

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spouses could not work for the same supervisor. The Alexandria office was small, and included one supervisor. Her nascent geological career was suddenly aborted. She taught physics and chemistry in a Rapides Parish high school. In the summer that followed, she worked for the state government as an interviewer in the unemployment office. She did her geology when and where she could. Driving home from work, she saw people dressed like signal flags hitting golf balls on fake moraines.

Fortunately, her husband was even less interested in the water resources of Louisiana than she was in the unemployment interviews. They decided they needed Ph.D.s to improve their chances of working somewhere else. They enrolled at Ohio State, and in eastern Pennsylvania took up the summer fieldwork that led to their dissertations. They did geologic mapping and biostratigraphy among the ridges of the folded Appalachians—noting the directional trends of the various formations (the strike) and their angles of dip, along a narrow band of deformation from the Schuylkill Gap near Reading to the Delaware Water Gap, and on toward the elbow of the Delaware River where Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York conjoin. The most recent ice sheet had reached the Water Gap—where the downcutting Delaware River had sawed a mountain in two—and had filled the gap, and even overtopped the mountain, and then had stopped advancing. So the country of their dissertations was filled with fossil tundra, with kames and eskers, with periglacial boulders and the beds of vanished lakes, with erratics from the Adirondacks, with a vast imposition of terminal moraine. Like the outwash of Brooklyn and the tills of Indiana, this Pennsylvania countryside helped to give Anita her sophistication in glacial geology, which was consolidated at Ohio State, whose Institute of Polar Studies trains specialists in the field. Glacial evidence was not, however, what drew her particular attention. The Wisconsinan ice was modern, in the long roll of time, in much the way that Edward VII is modern compared with a hominid skull. The ice melted back out of the Water Gap seventeen thousand years ago. Anita was more interested in certain stratigraphic sequences in rock that protruded through the glacial debris and had existed for several hundred million years. She would crush this rock, sepa-

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No Contest.

Novelist John Irving photographed by Annie Leibovitz

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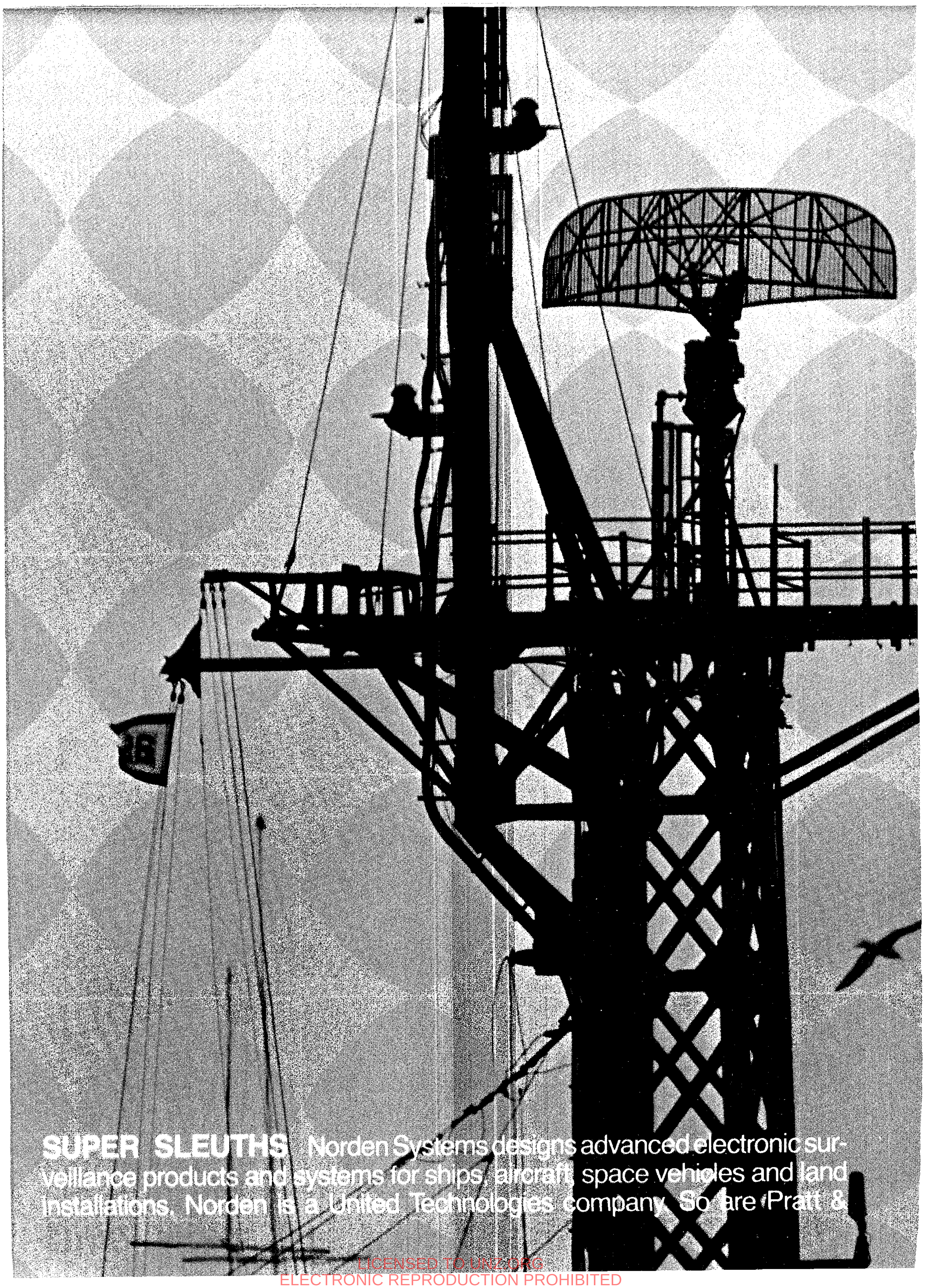

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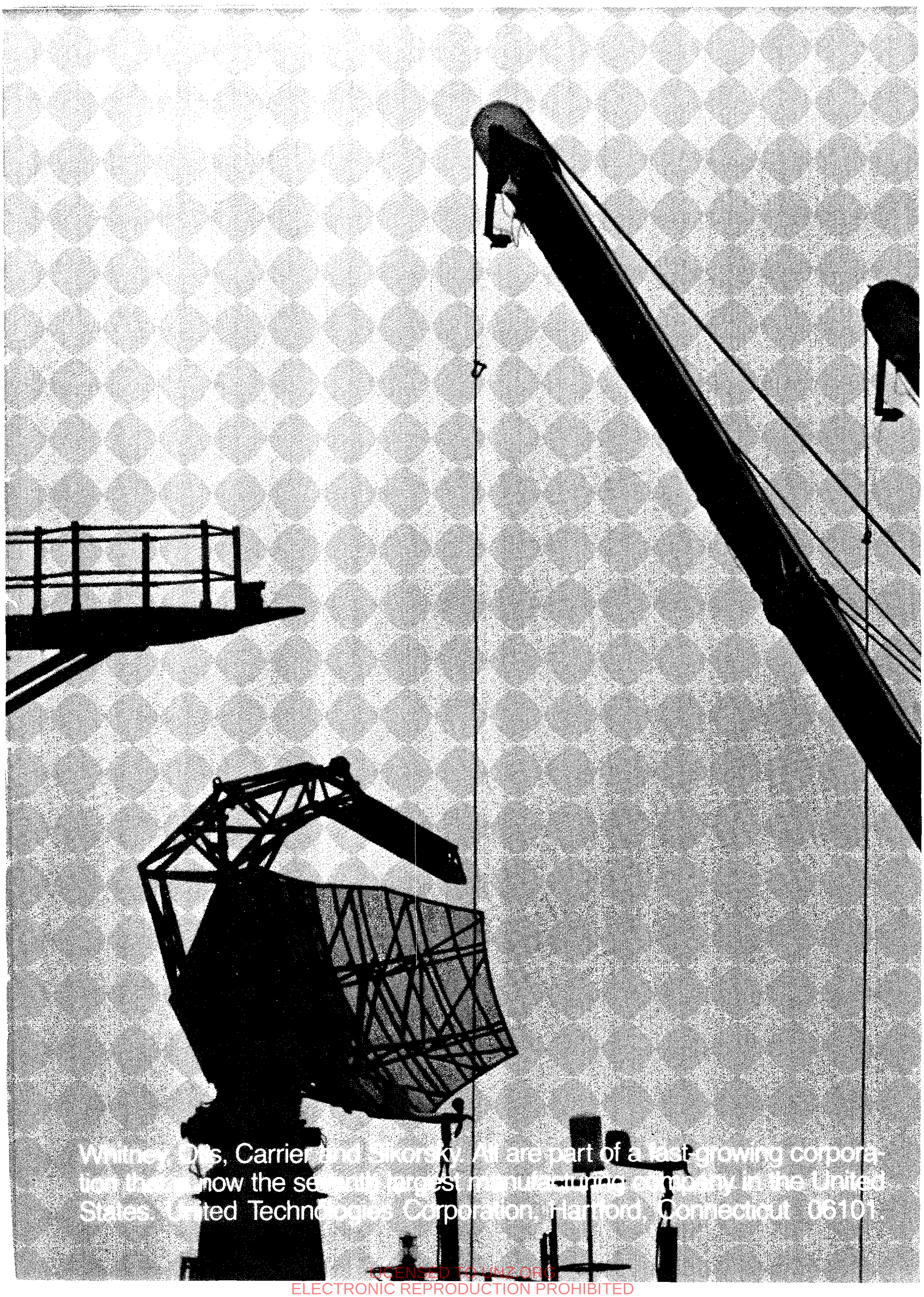

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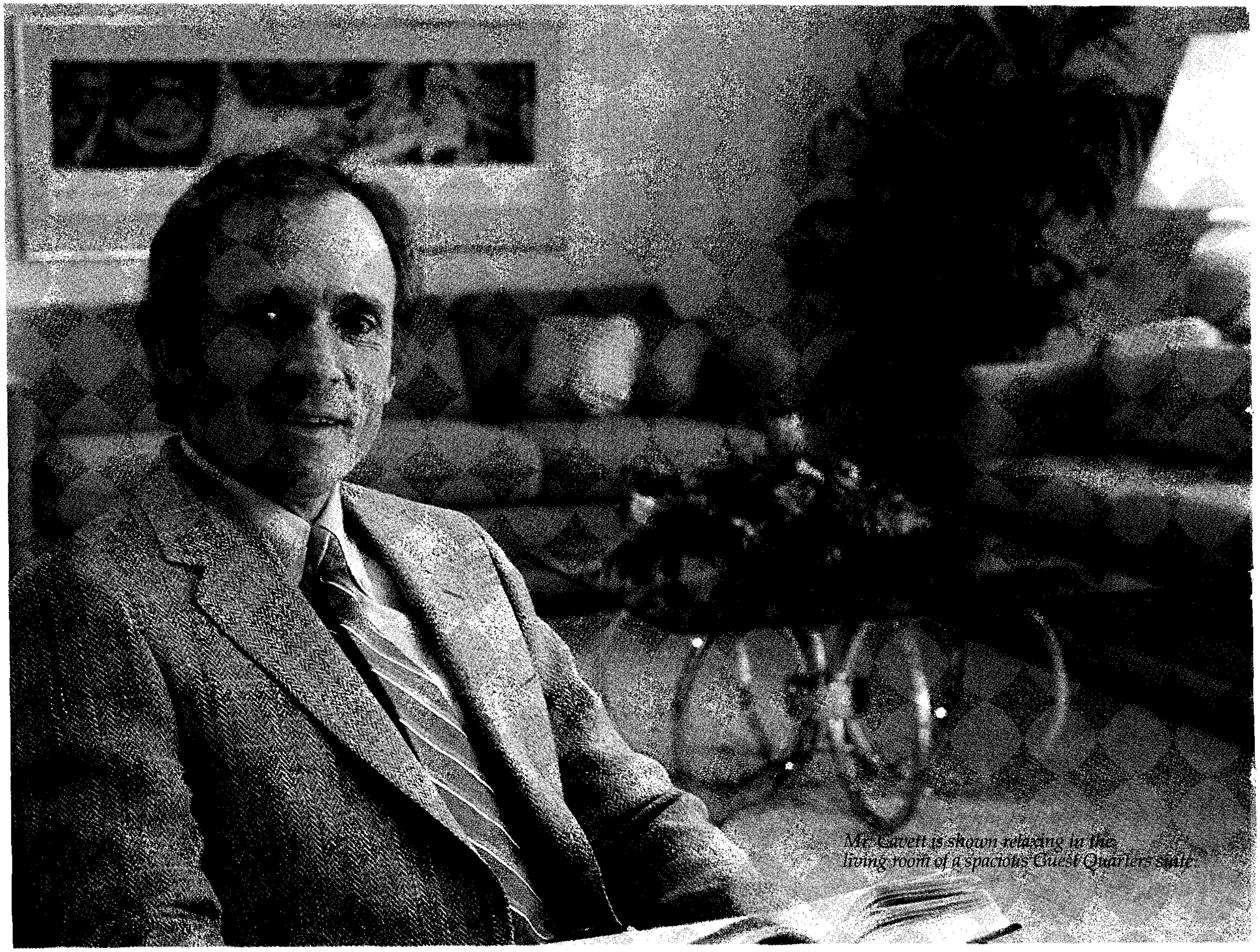

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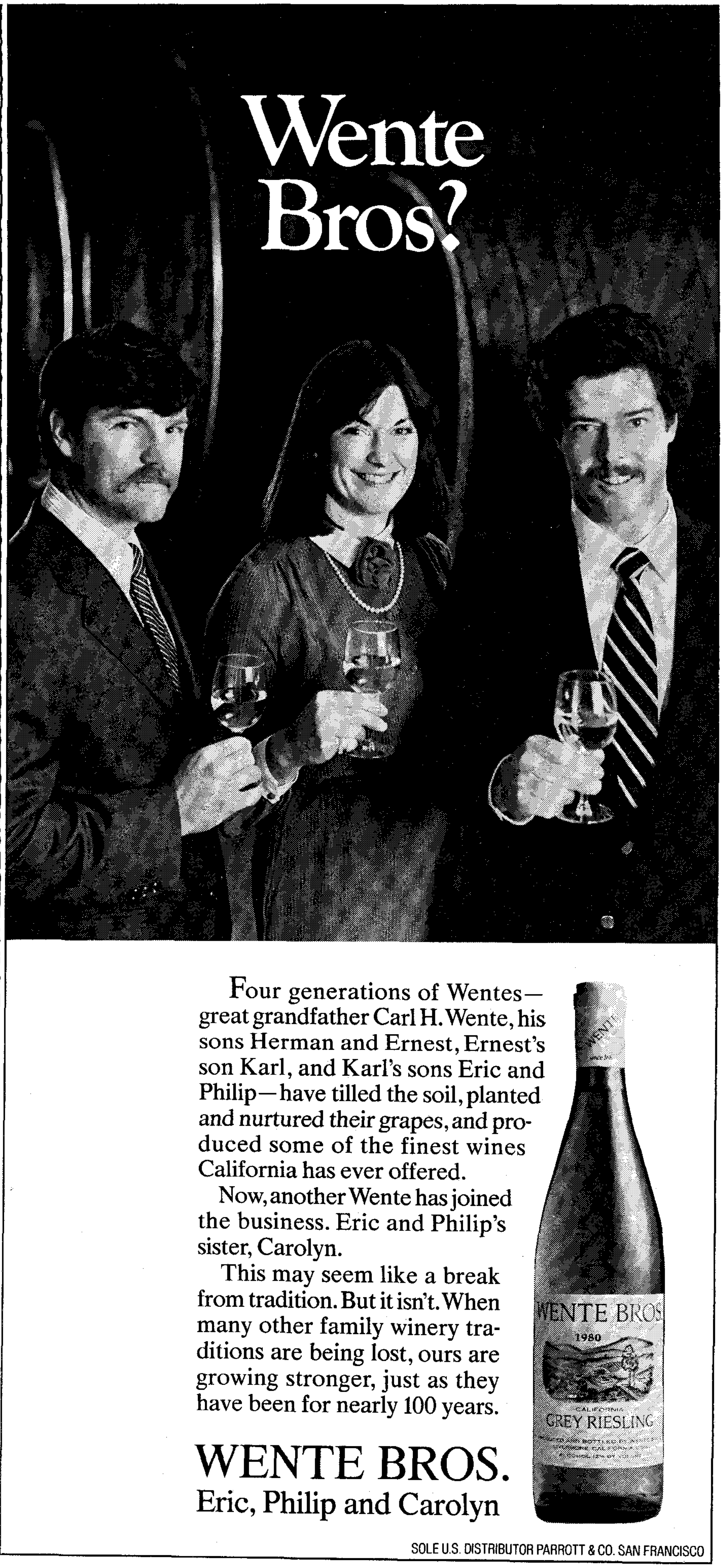
rate out certain of its components, and under a microscope at fifty to a hundred magnifications study its contained conodonts, hard fragments of the bodies of unknown marine creatures—hard as human teeth, and of the same material. At a hundred magnifications, some of them looked like wolf jaws, others like shark teeth, arrowheads, bits of serrated lizard spine—not unpleasing to the eye, with an asymmetrical, objet-trouvé appeal. Many of them resembled conical incisors, and in 1856 this had caused a Latvian paleontologist to give them their name. Conodonts were in many formations but were most easily extracted from carbonate rocks (limestone and dolomite). They would become useful to geologists because they were all over the earth, and because the creatures that left them behind had appeared in the world near the beginning of the Paleozoic era and had vanished forever soon after its end. Yet not until the late nineteen-fifties did studies begin to be published that brought conodonts to prominence as index fossils, helping to subdivide a specific zone of time, about one-thirteenth of the history of the earth, running from 560 to 195 million years before the present. As the conodont-bearing creatures evolved through those years, their conodonts became increasingly complex, with apparatus extending in denticles, bars, and blades. Geologists, observing these changes, could readily assign relative ages to the places where conodonts were found.

After collecting her samples, Anita could not have been shipping them back to a better place than Ohio State. Just as Johns Hopkins has been celebrated for lacrosse, Hartwick for soccer, and Rollins for tennis, Ohio State is known for conodonts. Geologists call Ohio State "a conodont factory." Like all the other workers there (a specialist in the field is known in the profession as "a conodont worker"), she noticed incidentally as she catalogued the evolutionary changes in her specimens that some were light and some were dark. They were white, brown, yellow, tan, and gray. Since they were coming into Columbus from all over the United States, and in fact the world, she began to notice that in a general way their colors followed geographical patterns. She wondered what that might suggest. She looked at conodonts from Kentucky and Ohio, which were of a yellow so pale it was almost white. From western Pennsylvania they were jonquil, from central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Pennsylvania brown. The ones she had collected north of Schuylkill Gap were black. She thought at first there was something wrong with her samples, but her adviser told her that in all likelihood the blackness was merely the result of pressures attendant when the limestone or dolomite was being deformed. He did not encourage her to make a formal study of the matter, and she returned to her absorptions with conodont biostratigraphy. On one of her trips East, she crossed New York State, collecting dolomite and limestone all the way. From Lake Erie to the Catskills, New York State is a cake of Devonian rock, lying flat in a swath sixty miles wide. You can travel across it chipping off rock of the same approximate age, and not just any old Devonian samples—for the Devonian period covers fifty million years—but, say, limestone and dolomite from the Gedinnian age, which is eight million years of early Devonian, or even from the Helderbergian stage of middle Gedinnian time. For as much as a hundred and fifty miles, you could follow a line of time no broader than three million years. You could cut it that fine. Anita did something of the sort, and crushed the rocks at Ohio State. She noticed that the conodonts were amber in Erie County, tan in Schuyler and Steuben. They were cordovan in Tioga and Broome. In Albany County, they were dark as pitch.

She wondered what the colors might be suggesting about the geologic history of the region.

Nothing much, her adviser assured her. The colors were the results of tectonic pressures.

It had been just a passing thought. She let it go, and went back to work on her thesis, which would be titled "Stratigraphy and Conodont Paleontology of Upper Silurian and Lower Devonian Rocks of New Jersey, Southeastern New York, and Eastern Pennsylvania." She was documenting subtle evolutionary differences in conodonts close to the Silurian-Devonian boundary, a point in time just under four hundred million years ago. And, arranging her microfossils in chronicle form, she was differentiating and cataloguing in time the units of rock from which they had been removed. This in turn would help her to understand the structure of the country in which she had picked up the rock. Conodont colors faded in her mind.

By 1966, having completed their course work at Ohio State, Anita and

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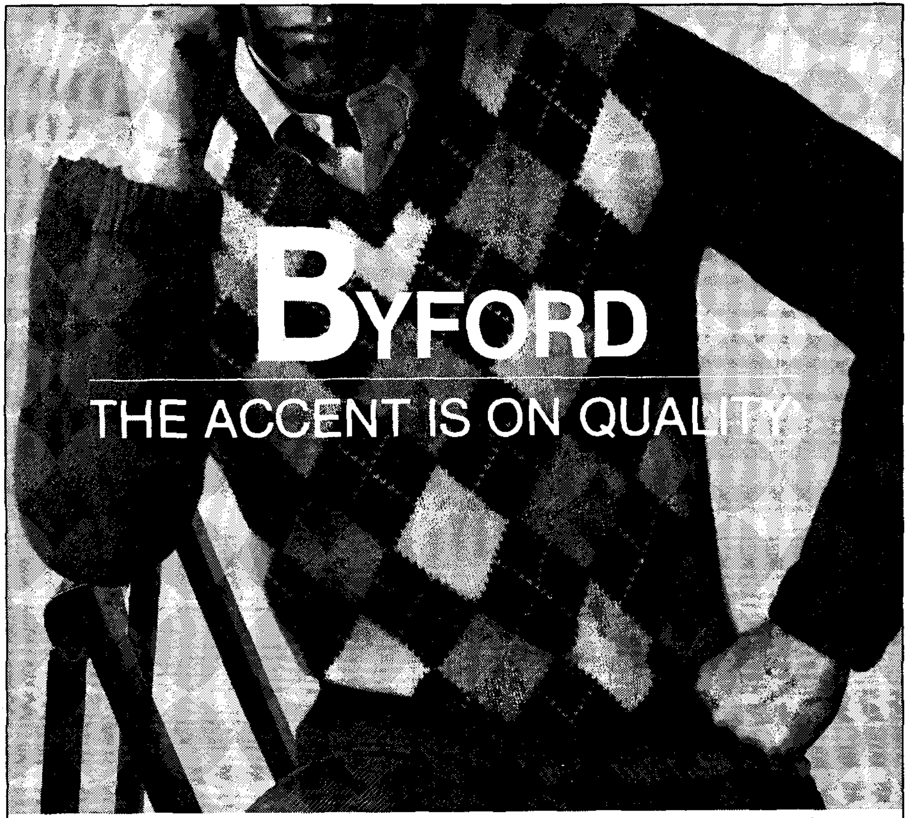

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Jack Epstein had returned to work for the Geological Survey—he to concentrate on northern-Appalachian geology and she to take what she could get, which was a map-editing job in Washington. She would have preferred to work on conodonts, but the federal budget at that time covered only one conodont worker, and someone else had the job. Before long, she had become general editor of all geologic mapping taking place east of the Mississippi River. She dealt with hundreds of geologists. There were fifteen hundred in the Survey, and the quality of their work, their capacity for visualizing plunging synclines and recumbent folds, tended to vary. She looked upon some of them as "losers." Such people were sent to what she privately described as "penal quadrangles": the lesser bayous of Louisiana, the Okefenokee Swamp. If they did not know strike from dip, they could go where they would encounter neither. She did not feel pity. Better to be a loser in the United States, she thought, than to be a geological peasant in China. There are four hundred thousand people in the Chinese geological survey. "It's a hell of an outfit," in Anita's words. "If they want to see exposed rock, they don't depend on streambanks and roadcuts, as we do. If an important Chinese geologist wants to see a section of rock, the peasants dig out a mountainside."

She was a map editor for seven years, during all of which she continued her conodont research, almost wholly on her own time. Collecting rock from Maryland and Pennsylvania, she crushed it and "ran the samples" at home. Running samples was not just a matter of pushing slides past the nose of a microscope. After pulverizing the rock and dissolving most of it in acid, she had to sort its remaining components, and this could not be done chemically, so it had to be done physically. It was a problem analogous to the separation of uranium isotopes, which in the early nineteen-forties had brought any number of physicists to a halt. It was also something like sluicing gold, but you could not see the gold.

Anita uses tetrabromoethane, an extremely heavy and extremely toxic fluid that costs a hundred and fifty dollars a gallon. Granite will float in tetrabromoethane. Quartz will float in tetrabromoethane. Conodonts sink without a bubble. Her hands in rubber gloves within a chemical hood, she pours the undissolved rock residue in-

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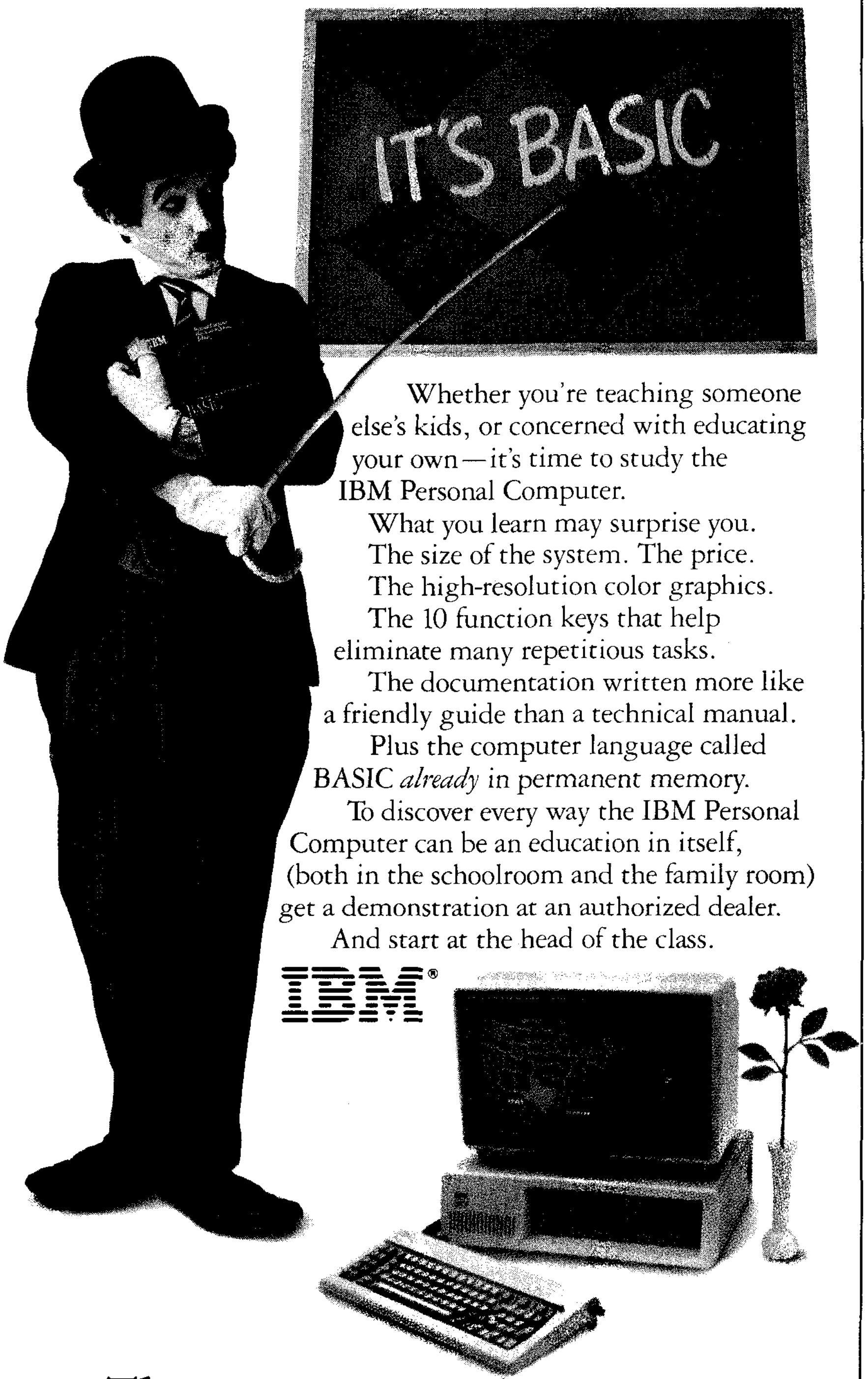

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to the tetrabromoethane. The lighter materials float—limestone, dolomite, quartz. Inconveniently, conodonts are not all that sink in tetrabromoethane. Pyrite, among other things, sinks, too. With methylene iodide, a fluid even heavier than tetrabromoethane, she turns the process around. In methylene iodide, the pyrite and whatnot go to the bottom, while the conodonts, among other things, float. Electromagnetically, she further concentrates the conodonts. She can now have a look at them under a microscope, seeing "bizarre shapes that any idiot can recognize," and assign them variously to the Anisian, Ladinian, Cayugan, Osagean, Llandoverian, Ashgillian, or any other among tens of dozens of subdivisions of Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian, Mississippian, Pennsylvanian, Permian, and Triassic time.

While recording ages, she could not ignore colors, and the question of their possible significance returned to her mind. In the Appalachians generally, formations thickened eastward. The farther east you went, the deeper the rock had once been buried—the greater the heat had once been. Heat appeared to her to have affected the color of the conodonts in the same manner that it affects the color of butter—turning it from yellow to light brown to darker brown to black-and-ruined smoking in the pan. Oh, she thought. You could use those things as thermometers. They might help in mapping metamorphic rock. Metamorphism, the process by which heat and pressure change one kind of rock into another—turn shale into slate, turn granite into gneiss, turn limestone into marble—is divided into grades of intensity. Maybe conodont colors, plotted on a map, could demonstrate the shadings of the grades. At work, she began saying to people, "Show me a conodont and I'll tell you where in the Appalachians it came from." With amazing accuracy she repeatedly passed the test. She imagined that color had been controlled by carbon fixing. In the presence of heat, she thought, the amount of carbon in a given conodont would have remained constant while the amounts of hydrogen and oxygen declined, which is what happens in heated butter. No one seemed to agree with her. One way to test her idea might have been to scan for individual elements with an electron probe, but this was 1967 and electron probes in those days could not pick up light elements like hydrogen and oxygen. She sought other avenues of proof—with other types of equipment that no one has at home. The Geological Survey had a question for her, however. They said, "Who needs to know this anyway?" The Survey had been established to serve the public.

"O.K., to hell with it," Anita told herself. Half a dozen years went by. With the oil embargo of 1973, the Survey felt a need to do everything possible to effect an increase in the nation's energy resources. Its Branch of Oil & Gas Resources was expanded fifteenfold. There were new positions for about two hundred front-rank geologists. They were hired away from oil companies or brought in from elsewhere in the Survey. What attracted the people from the companies was the opportunity to do publishable research. To run the branch, Peter R. Rose gave up his position as a staff geologist of Shell. Leonard Harris, of the Survey, a southern-Appalachian geologist whose interests had moved northward from the Ozarks, came into the Oil & Gas Branch, too. One day, he mentioned to Anita that he understood she was interested in conodonts. He said he would like to have some of her rock samples analyzed for "organic maturation."

She listened to this dark-haired soft-spoken blue-eyed geologist as if he had come from a place a great deal more distant than the Ozarks. Just how did he propose to discern organic maturation? "Do you do that chemically?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said. "You can. And you can also do it by observing changes in organic materials such as fossil pollen and spores, where they exist."

"How do you do *that*?" she said.

"By looking at color change," he said. "You see, the pollen and spores—"

"Stop!" she said. "Stop right there. They change from pale yellow to brown to black. Am I right?"

"Right," he said. He was matter-of-fact in tone. He was, among other things, an oil geologist, while she was not. Oil companies had been using the colors of fossil pollen and fossil spores to help identify rock formations that had achieved the sorts of temperatures in which oil might form. Land-based plants, with their pollen and spores, had not developed on earth until a hundred and fifty million years after the beginning of the Paleozoic era, however. Nor would they ever be as plentiful and as nearly ubiquitous as marine fossils. Hearing Leonard Har-

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ris mention oil companies and their use of color alteration in pollen and spores, Anita realized in the instant that she had—in her words—“reinvented the wheel.” And then some. She had not known that pollen and spores were used as geothermometers in the oil business, and now that she knew it she could see at once that conodonts used for the same purpose would have different geographical applications, covering greater ranges of temperature and different segments of time.

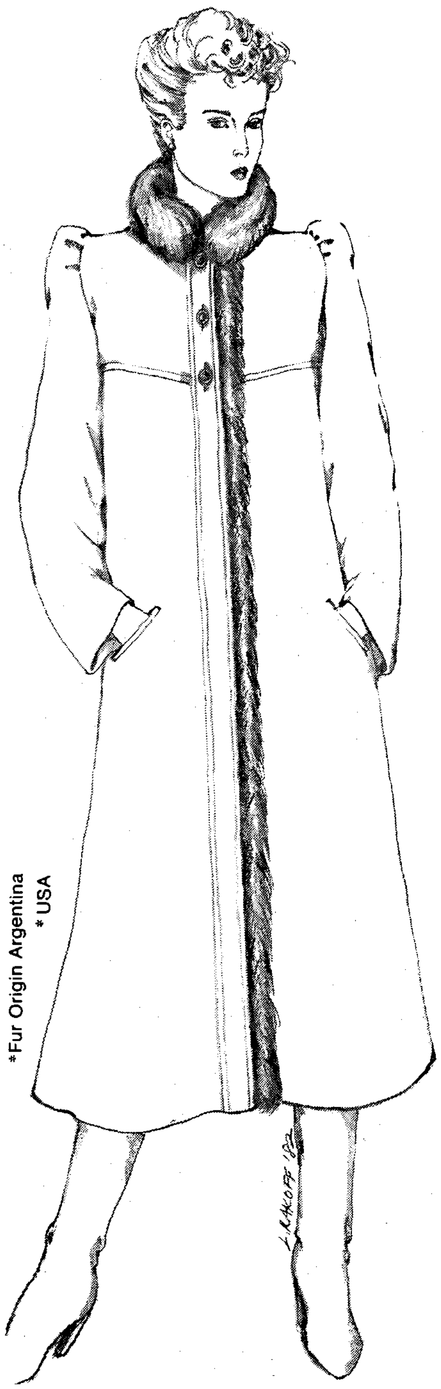
“I think I can do the assessments easier and better by using conodonts,” she said to Harris. “Conodonts change color, too, and in the same way.”

It was his turn to be surprised. “How come I never heard about that?” he said.

She said, “Because no one knows it.”

PETROLEUM—the transmuted fossils of ocean algae—forms when the rock that holds the fossils becomes heated to the temperature of a cup of coffee and remains as warm or warmer for at least a million years. The minimal temperature is about fifty degrees Celsius. At lower temperatures, the algal remains will not turn into oil. At temperatures hotter than a hundred and fifty degrees, any oil or potential oil within the rock is destroyed. (“The stuff is there, throughout the Appalachians. You look at the rocks and you see all this dead oil.”) The narrow “petroleum window,” as it is called—between fifty degrees and a hundred and fifty degrees—is scarcely a fourteenth part of the full temperature variation of the crust of the earth, a fact that goes a long way toward explaining how the human race could have used up such a large part of the world’s petroleum in less than a century. Not only must the marine algae have been buried for adequate time at depths where temperatures hover in the window but once oil has formed it is subject to destruction underground if for one reason or another the temperature of its host rock rises.

Natural gas is to oil as politicians are to statesmen. Any organic material whatsoever will form natural gas, and will form it rapidly, at earth-surface temperatures and on up to many hundreds of degrees. In Anita’s words: “You get natural gas as soon as anything drops dead. For oil, the requisites are the organic material and the thermal window. When they look for



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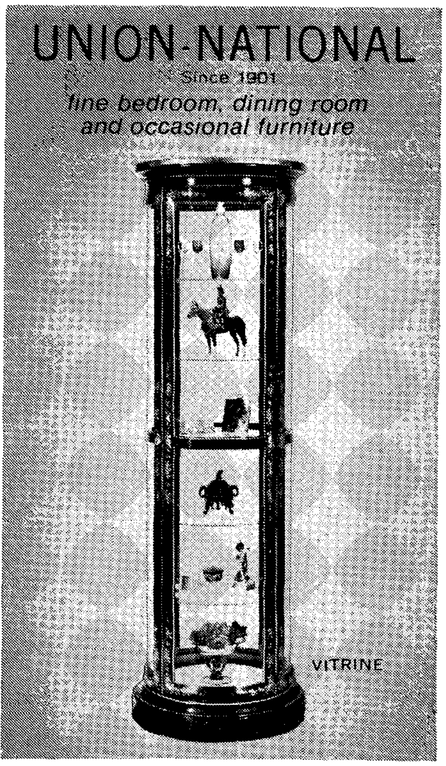

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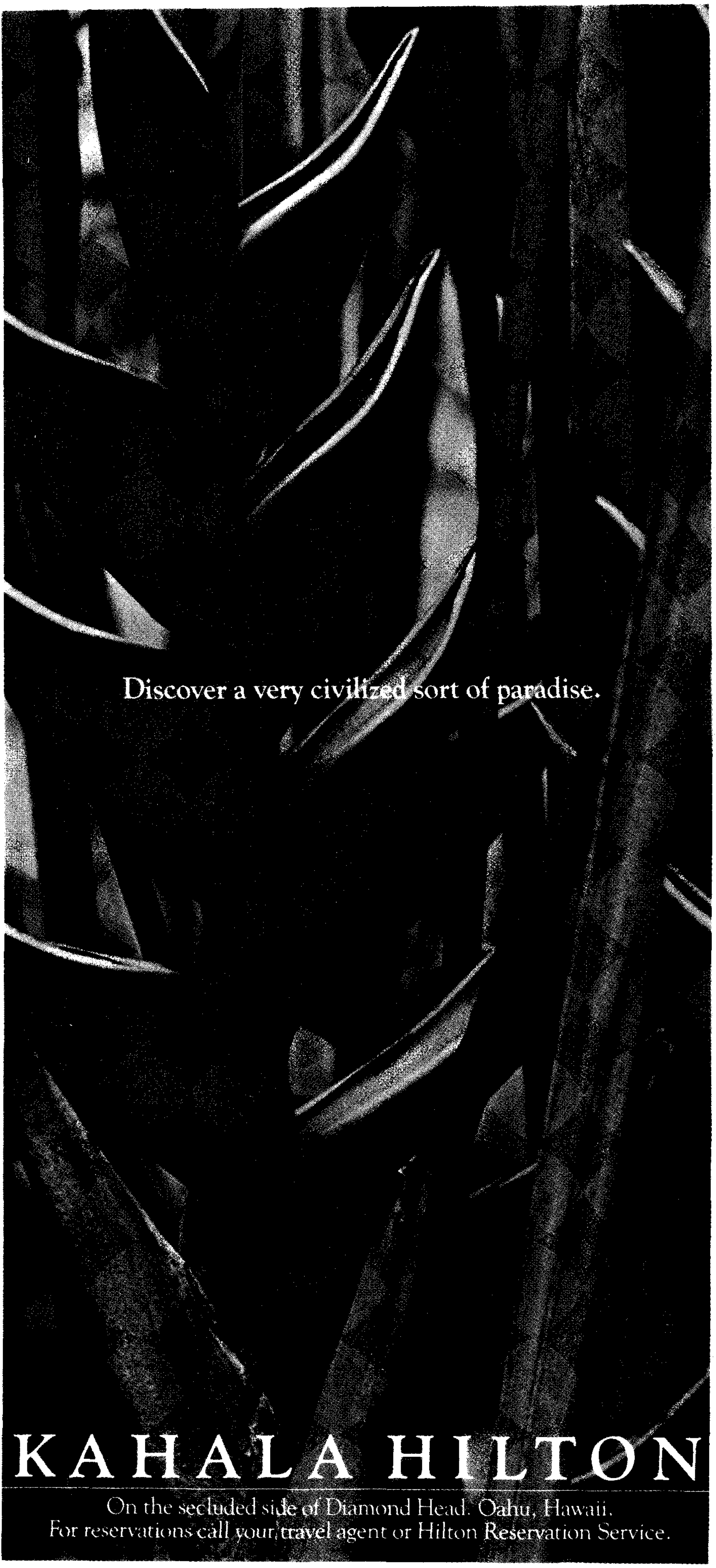
oil, they don't know what they've got until they drill a hole." In trying to figure out where to drill, geologists have an obvious need for geothermometers. Pollen and spores are of considerable use, but only when they have fossilized in certain rocks. Moreover, they are absent altogether from early Paleozoic times, and they are extremely rare in rock from the deep sea.

Leonard Harris asked Anita how many years she had been "sitting on" her discovery about conodonts.

About ten, she told him. The last thing she had wished to do was to keep it secret, but no one had shown much interest. She gave him slides of the New York State east-west series, and told him that a comparable set could be got together for Pennsylvania, too. Harris went south and traversed the state of Tennessee, collecting carbonate rocks that were close in age, and when Anita ran the conodonts she found the color alterations quite the same as in the northern states—dark in the east, pale in the west. Leonard and Anita reported all this to Peter Rose, leader of the Oil & Gas Branch, pointing out that the variations in conodont color could lead to a cheap and rapid technique of finding rock in the petroleum window. Rose said he couldn't understand why no one in the United States had ever thought of this if it was as obvious as all that. Anita told him that for years she had been puzzled by the same question, since the procedure would be one that "any idiot ought to be able to follow, because all you need is to be not color-blind."

At Rose's request, Anita's division of the Geological Survey allowed her to work two days a week on conodonts. Weekends, she worked on them at home. Actual temperature values had not been assigned to the varying colors. She did so in a year of experiments. She began with the palest of conodonts from Kentucky and heated them at varying temperatures until they became canary and golden and amber and chocolate and cordovan, black, and gray. With enough added heat, they would turn white and then clear. At nine hundred degrees Celsius, they disintegrated. By cooking her samples in a great many variations of the ratio of time to temperature, she was able to develop a method of extrapolating laboratory findings onto the scale of geologic time. She concluded that pale-yellow conodonts could remain at about fifty degrees indefinitely without changing color. If



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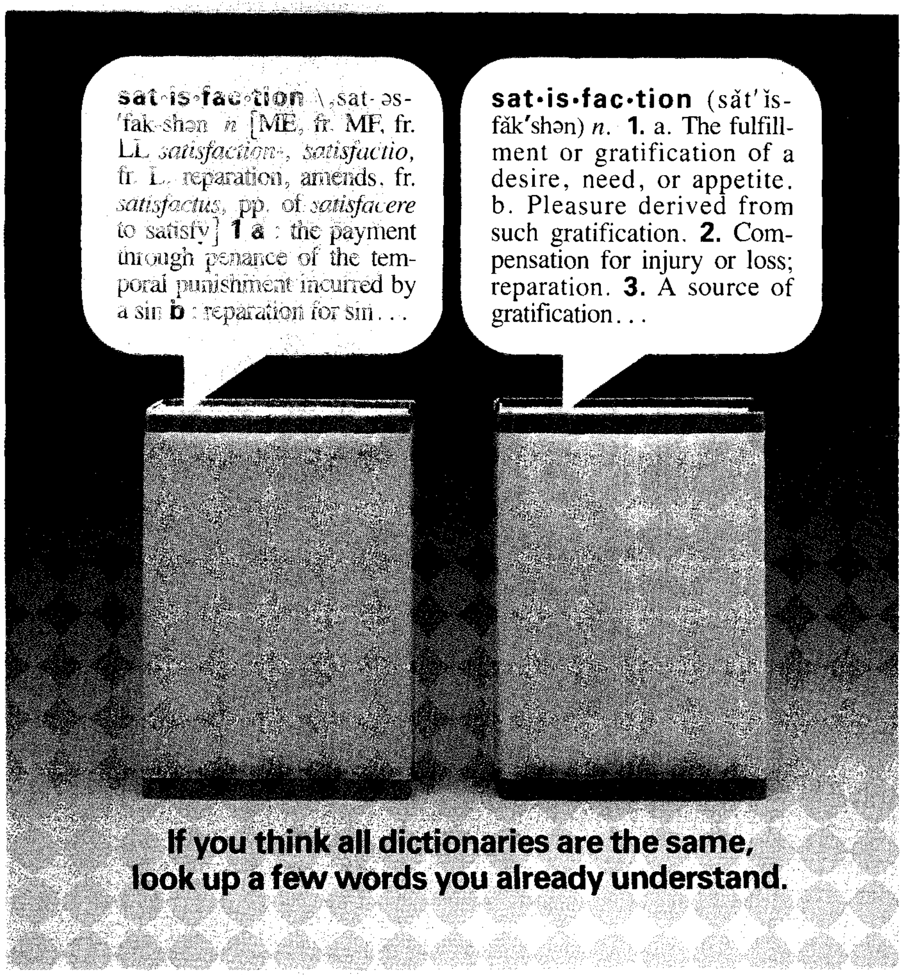
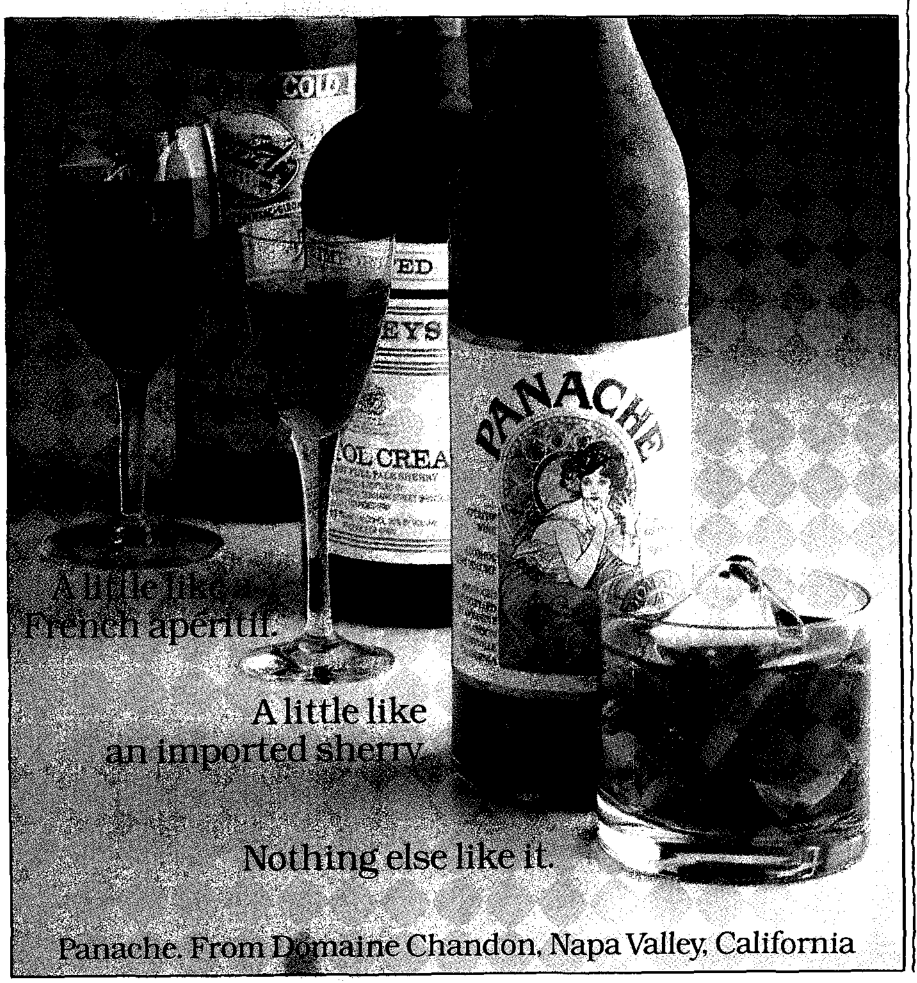
they were to remain at sixty to ninety degrees for a million years or more, they would be amber. The earth's thermal gradient varies locally, but generally speaking the temperature of rock increases about one degree Celsius for each hundred feet of depth. A conodont would have to be lodged in rock buried three thousand to six thousand feet in order to experience temperatures of the sort that would turn it amber. At depths of nine thousand to fifteen thousand feet, she discovered, conodonts would turn light brown in roughly ten million years. If they spent ten million years at, say, eighteen thousand feet, they would be dark brown. In comparable amounts of time but at greater and greater depths, they would turn black, gray, opaque, white, clear as crystal. Anita also cooked conodonts in pressure bombs, because it had been suggested to her that the pressures of great tectonism—the big dynamic events in the crust, with mountains building and whole regions being kneaded like dough—might also affect conodont colors. Her experiments convinced her that pressure has little effect on color; heat is what primarily causes it to change.

Of course, plenty of heat is produced by deep burial during major tectonic events. Her conodonts from New Jersey were black and from Kentucky pale essentially because huge disintegrating Eastern mountain ranges had buried the near ones very deep and the far ones scarcely at all. The East is for the most part the wreckage of the ancestral Appalachians, and—as is exemplified in the Devonian rock of New York—the formations are thickest close to where the mountains stood. A continuous sedimentary deposit that is thousands of feet thick in eastern Pennsylvania may be ten feet thick in Ohio. Where oil was first discovered in western Pennsylvania, it was seeping out of rocks and running in the streams. As a natural lubricant, it is of a character and purity so remarkable that it can virtually be put into a Mercedes without first passing through a refinery. People used to buy it and drink it for their health. Anita looked at conodont samples from rock that surrounded this truly exceptional oil. In the temperature range of eighty to a hundred and twenty degrees, they were in the center of the petroleum window. They were golden brown.

With a year of tests run, with Kodachrome pictures, with graphs and charts of what she called her "wind-


sat·is·fac·tion \ˌsat-əs-ˈfak-shən\ *n* [ME, fr. MF, fr. LL *satisfaction-*, *satisfactio*, fr. L, reparation, amends, fr. *satisfactus*, pp. of *satisfacere* to satisfy] **1 a** : the payment through penance of the temporal punishment incurred by a sin **b** : reparation for sin . . .
sat·is·fac·tion (săt′ĭs-făk′shən) *n*. **1.** a. The fulfillment or gratification of a desire, need, or appetite. b. Pleasure derived from such gratification. **2.** Compensation for injury or loss; reparation. **3.** A source of gratification . . .
If you think all dictionaries are the same, look up a few words you already understand.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tunnel models," she was prepared to tell her story. The Geological Society of America was to meet in Florida in November, 1974, and she arranged to deliver a paper there. "I prepared carefully—I always do—so I wouldn't phumpfer. But the G.S.A. meeting was not momentous. They were academics, and not particularly knowledgeable about exploration techniques." Five months later, scarcely knowing what to anticipate, she went to Dallas and spoke before the American Association of Petroleum Geologists. It was the same show, but this time it was playing in the right house. Requests and invitations poured upon her from oil companies wherever they might be, and from geological societies situated in oil centers like Calgary and Tulsa. "It filled a big hole in their technology," Anita has said, recalling those days. "They have to be able to assess the thermal level of deposits, and this was a simple way to do it."

Anita is now a conodont specialist for the United States Geological Survey, full time. She lives in Maryland. Her home is an island in flower beds and lawn. On weekday mornings, she gets up at five-thirty and rides to work in Washington on a Trailways bus. Her laboratory is in the Smithsonian, where she is largely on her own in shaping her research. Oil companies have continued to beat the path to her door, as have oil geologists from every continent but Antarctica, including large delegations from the Chinese geological survey. While oil prospectors are using brown and yellow conodonts to guide them to the thermal window, mineral prospectors are using white ones in the search for copper, iron, silver, and gold. White conodonts and clear conodonts, products of the highest temperatures, suggest the remains of thermal hot spots, thermal aureoles, ancient hydrothermal springs—places where metallic minerals would have come up in solution to be precipitated out into veins.

Soon after her discovery, universities began calling her, and, ultimately, the American Association for the Advancement of Science. She was pleased to appear at places like Princeton, pleased to be given an opportunity to demonstrate what could be learned elsewhere. Women students were in her audience now. In the late nineteen-seventies, she and her colleagues published a succession of scientific papers whose title pages perforce encapsulated not only their professional en-

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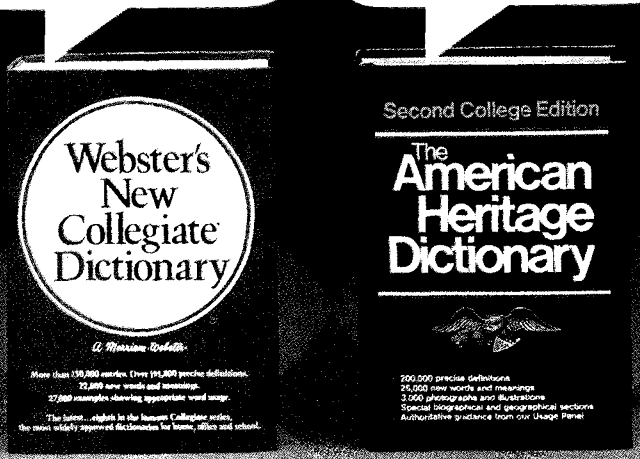
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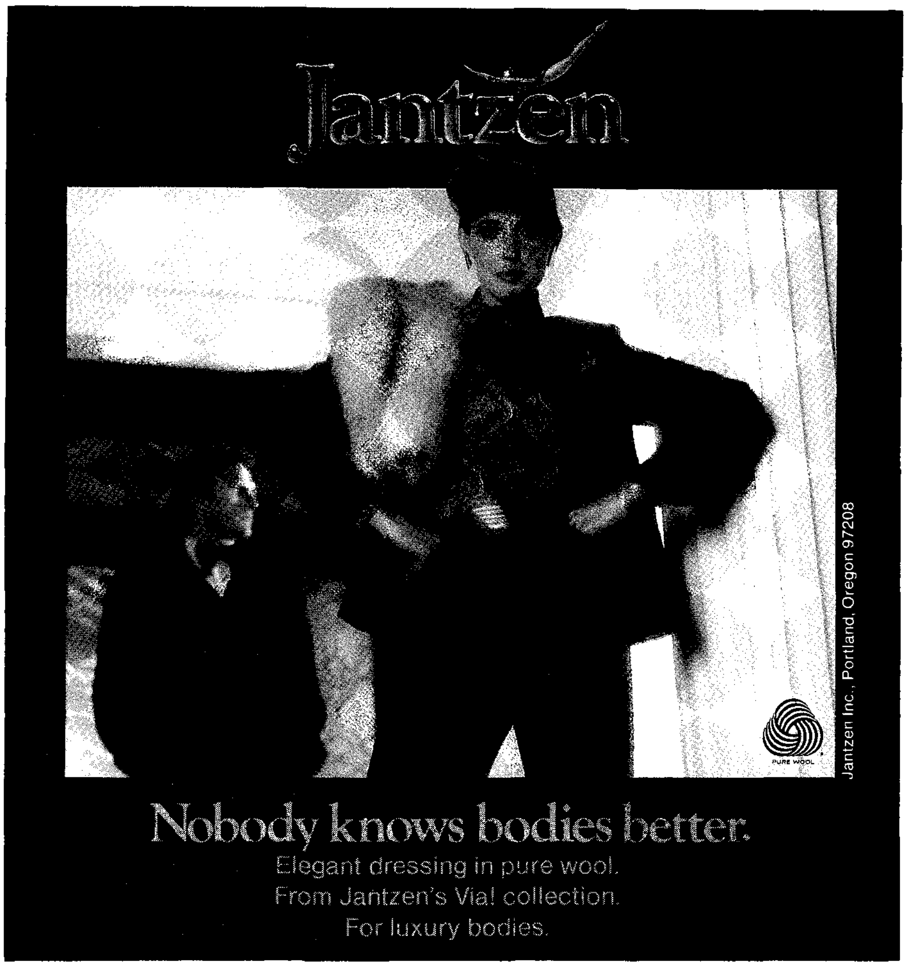
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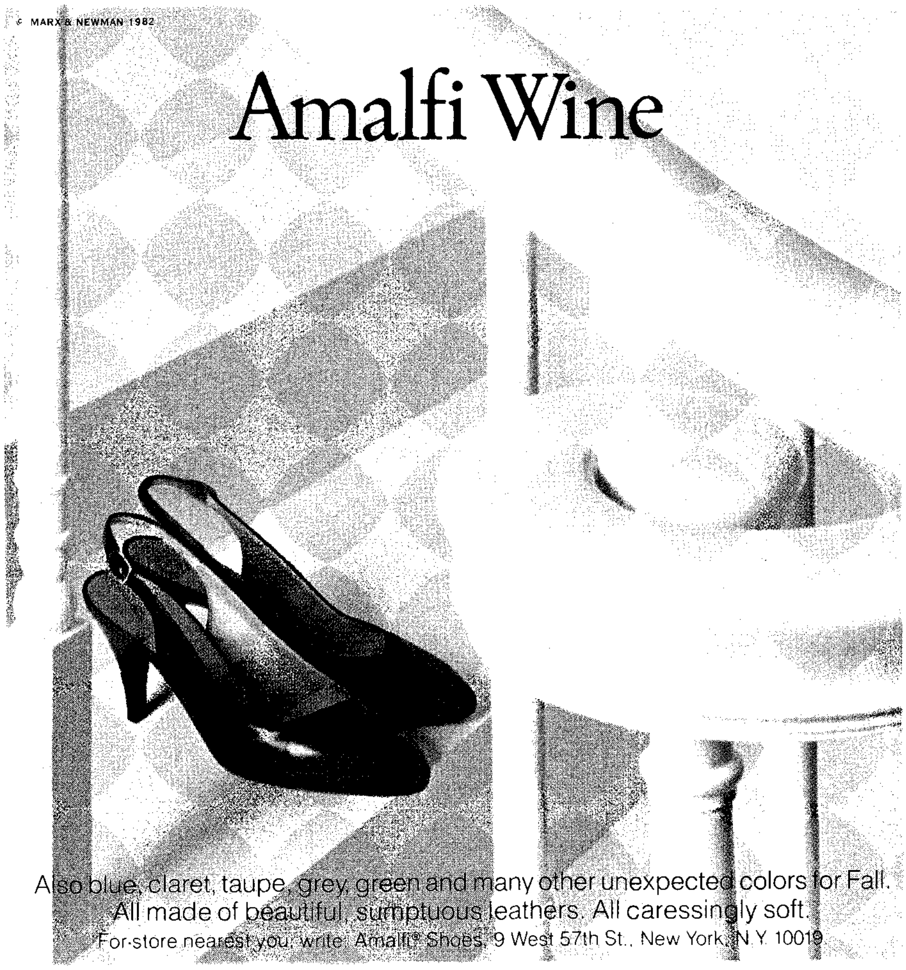
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deavors but something of their private lives. The "senior author" of a scientific publication is the person whose name is listed first and whose work has been of primary importance to the project, while other authors are listed more or less in diminishing order, like the ingredients on a can of stew. The benchmark paper came in 1977. Entitled "Conodont Color Alteration—an Index to Organic Metamorphism," it was "by Anita G. Epstein, Jack B. Epstein, and Leonard D. Harris." Then, in 1978, came "Oil and Gas Data from Paleozoic Rocks in the Appalachian Basin: Maps for Assessing Hydrocarbon Potential and Thermal Maturity (Conodont Color Alteration Isograds and Overburden Isopachs)"—virtually an oil-prospecting kit, a highly specialized atlas—"by Anita G. Harris, Leonard D. Harris, and Jack B. Epstein." And scarcely a year after that appeared a summary document called "Conodont Color Alteration, an Organo-Mineral Metamorphic Index, and Its Application to Appalachian Basin Geology"—"by Anita G. Harris." —John McPhee

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*From a press release distributed by the Episcopal Church Center, in New York*]

Knoxville, Tenn. (DPS, May 20)—It was a bright day in May when the 1982 World's Fair was opened here by fanfare, ruffles and flourishes, ambassadors, senators and congressmen, businessmen and dignitaries, men, women and children, actors and even a speech by the President of the United States.

One of the exhibits is "The Power," in which sixteen churches united to present an historic witness to their faith. Roman Catholics joined with Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, Baptists, and Pentecostals to make a statement of the Gospel.

"Using the most advanced, modern technology available, visitors to the exhibit of the churches enter into a space vehicle and travel back to the beginning of time, where they find that God created the heaven and the earth," said Theodore Baehr, president of the Episcopal Radio-Television Foundation and executive producer of "The Power." "Then they travel to paradise where they turn away from God, and are kicked out into a room which represents our search for a means to overcome our alienation through power, energy, politics, sex, war, and do-it-yourself religions. Finally, in the midst of the chaos, Jesus appears and leads the audience through the cross into his body. Here they are filled with his power and joined together to sing the Lord's Prayer, and then go out into the world to worship and serve God."

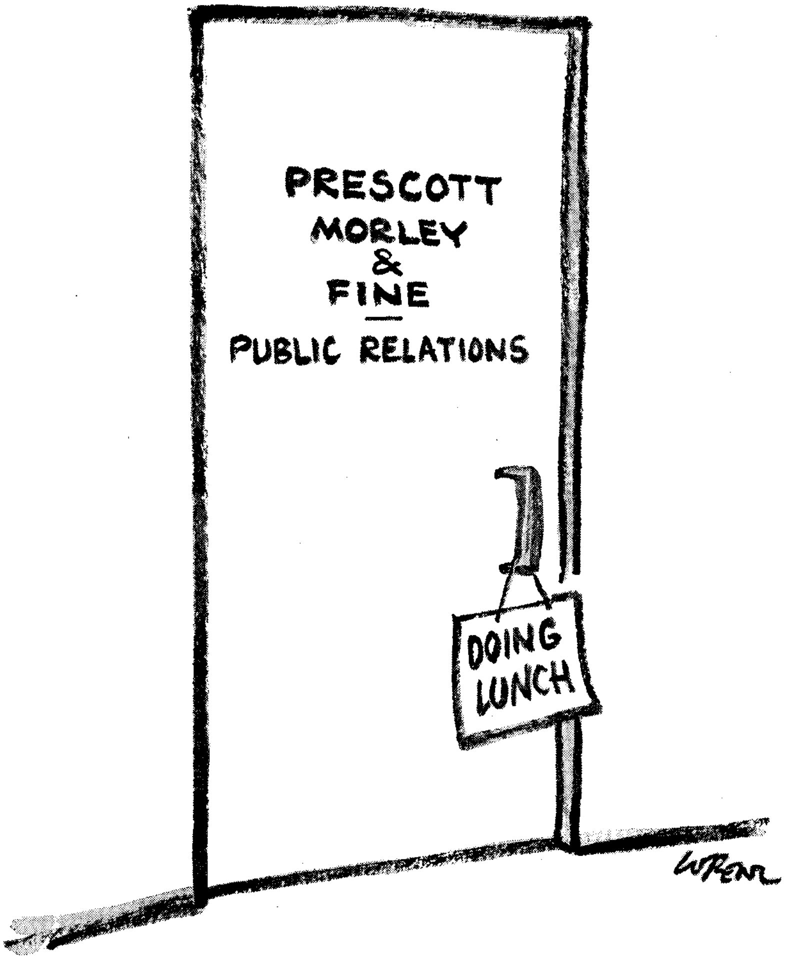
THE ART WORLD

The Truth of Appearances

Thomas Eakins, who was not much appreciated in his own time (1844-1916), is usually referred to these days as the greatest painter this country has produced. Certainly he was the great American realist painter; no one else has ever got American scenes and faces down on canvas with such authority. Eakins was an American original, influenced by no one, and paying no attention whatever to the proliferation of European styles and movements that reached such a climax toward the end of his career. When he died, realist painting more or less died with him. American artists who continued in the realist tradition after the 1913 Armory Show were fighting a rearguard action that was doomed to fail—the century belonged to the avant-garde, and the avant-garde was hellbent to jettison the reality of sight for the reality of insight. Now that the whole idea of the avant-garde has disintegrated, realism is making a comeback. Young and not so young American painters have risen to prominence during the last decade with work that mirrors the real world in all the traditional aesthetic guises—landscapes, portraits, still-lifes, nudes, even pictures that tell moral tales. A haze of confusion and controversy surrounds the trend. Critical vocabularies shaped to deal with a century of abstract, formalist art have proved, understandably, to be inadequate; so far, much of the argument has focussed on the abstract or formalist qualities discerned in the new realism. A better moment could hardly have been found, then, for the great Thomas Eakins exhibition that was on view until recently at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. (Those who missed it there can see the show, minus a few works that will not travel, in Boston, at the Museum of Fine Arts, from September 22nd to November 28th.) The gulf between Eakins' realism and the current varieties is a wide one, all right, but it does not appear to be unbridgeable. What is common to them is a commitment—a peculiarly American commitment—to what I would like to call the pragmatic ideal.

Nearly every one of Eakins' mature paintings catches a particular moment—an unrepeatable fragment of real time. "In a big picture you can see what o'clock it is, afternoon or morning, if it's hot or cold, winter or summer, and what kind of people are there, and what they are doing and why they are doing it," he wrote in a letter to his father when he was still a young art student in Paris. When he got home to Philadelphia, where he would live for the rest of his life, Eakins put his theory into practice. In "The Pair-Oared Shell" (1872), one of a series of boating scenes on the Schuylkill River, the position of shadows falling on the water indicates (according to scholars who have made the necessary calculations) that the time of day is just before sunset, and that the day is in either early June or mid-July. There is very little sense of motion in the boating pictures. "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull," the most famous of them (it hangs in the Metropolitan Museum), has an absolute stillness that can be felt even in reproductions. The rower, Eakins' friend Max Schmitt, has stopped to rest on his oars, whose blades stir small wakes as they drag in the water, while another rower (Eakins himself—his name is painted on his racing shell) pulls away toward the distant bridges. A golden light bathes the scene, etching the precise detail of feathery trees reflected in water and intensifying the feeling of clarity and silence. "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull" is an almost perfect realization of the pragmatic ideal—of the evocation of the general through the particular. By paying infinitely close attention to precise details—to the way these men in their boats looked at that moment, on that river, in that light—Eakins achieved an image that goes beyond the moment and into the collective consciousness.

The same thing is true of "The Gross Clinic" and "The Agnew Clinic," the two big medical paintings that were shown together in one room at the Philadelphia Museum. (Only "The Agnew Clinic" will be seen in Boston.) The blood on Dr. Samuel David Gross's scalpel and on his blunt fingers as he pauses in mid-operation to address the watching doctors and students has already started to congeal. It is sticky, and is not pleasant to look at, but it is what our eye goes to first and returns to again and again. Both the Gross and the Agnew pictures are portraits: superb likenesses of great doctors in action—or, rather, at a moment of pause in the highly dramatic action of radical surgery. Dr. Agnew, we are told, protested vigorously about the depiction of blood on *his*



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fingers, and demanded that Eakins paint it out; and Eakins may indeed have toned it down somewhat. The painted blood had a good deal to do with the fate of the paintings, both of which were rejected for exhibition by fine-arts authorities at the time, and neither of which hangs permanently in a museum. ("The Gross Clinic" belongs to Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, and "The Agnew Clinic" to the University of Pennsylvania.) But, for Eakins, there was no possibility of leaving it out: once he had chosen to paint his subject in the context of an operation—a specific operation *on* a specific patient—to omit the blood would have been like omitting the oars in a boat painting.

As an artist committed to the particular moment and the precise detail, Eakins was inevitably drawn to photography. He bought his first camera before 1880, became an expert with it, and often used his own and other people's photographs as studies for his paintings. Eakins even took up the camera's selective focus, blurring the shapes in the foreground and the background of certain paintings so that the central image stood out with greater sharpness. In this respect, he pioneered what has become the obsession of present-day realist painters, for many of whom reality is what the camera records. Several of the so-called Photo-Realists work directly from photographs, projecting an image onto canvas and duplicating it there in paint. Chuck Close, in his painstakingly detailed painted portraits, reproduces the grainy texture and the blurred peripheries of extreme closeup photographs many times enlarged. Audrey Flack's still-lifes create a similar effect. Philip Pearlstein, who does not use photographs, brings the viewer up against his unflattered nudes at such close angles that parts of the bodies are cut off by the painting's edge, in just the manner of a cropped photograph. William Bailey's sharp-focus still-lifes, Neil Welliver's watery forest scenes, the pinpoint landscapes and cityscapes of Richard Haas, Rackstraw Downes, and William Beckman all have the unmistakably photographic look of being "more real than real." The point here, I suppose, is that because we are now conditioned to perceive the world through its reproduction in photographs and films and videotapes artists have a legitimate interest in exploring photographic perception.

The unique moment is photogra-

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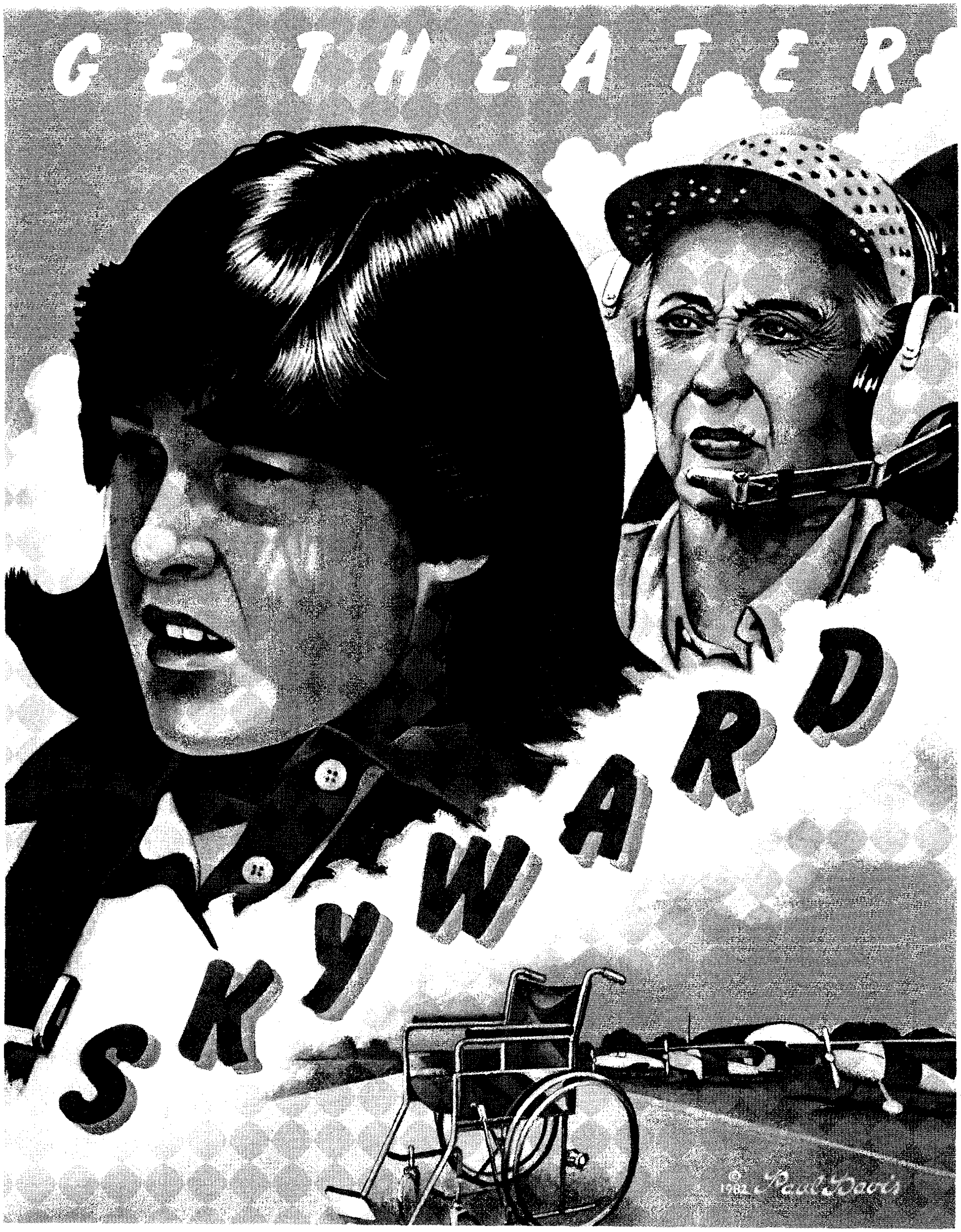
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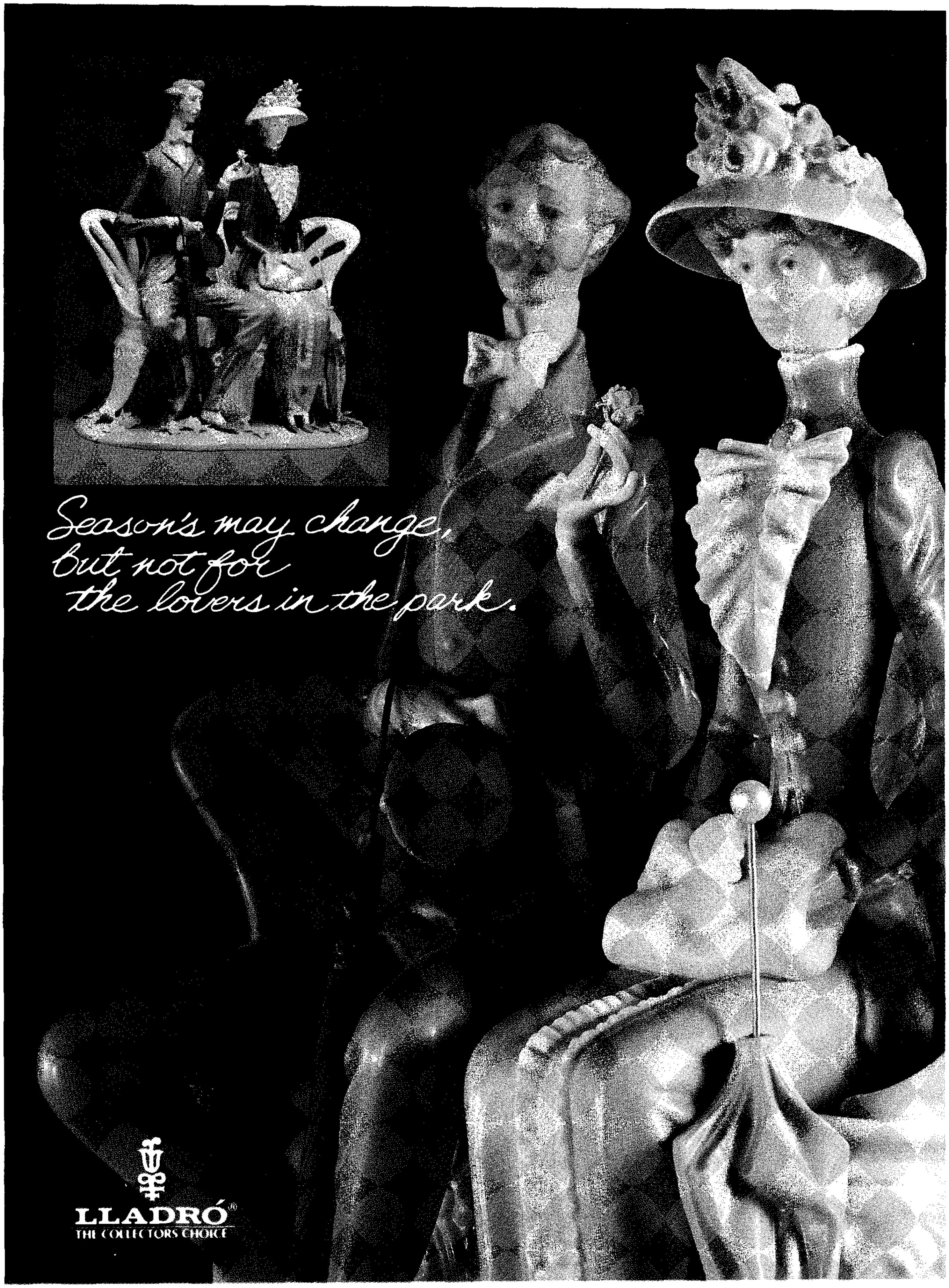
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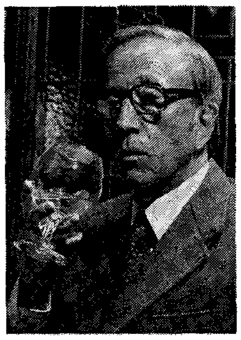
phy's stock in trade. What we hardly ever get in a photograph, though, is the imperceptible movement through and beyond the moment, into the timeless present where Max Schmitt rests on his oars and Dr. Gross turns aside to speak. This is no mean undertaking, of course. But the knowledge that it can be done—has been done, in fact, by such a quintessentially pragmatic artist as Eakins—is sufficient to justify the realist revival. Realism dies when it fails to go beyond imitation. For more than a century, artists have felt that it was demeaning to fabricate an illusion of something real. Demeaning and dishonest. "I don't want a picture to look like something it isn't," Robert Rauschenberg said in his younger days. "I want it to look like something it is. And I think a picture is more like the real world when it's made out of the real world." Rauschenberg, the great includer, made "combines" out of trash and old clothes and flashing light bulbs and Coca-Cola bottles, and he made a sculpture out of a stuffed goat with a tire around its middle. Meanwhile, the great excluders were busy taking everything out of painting but the basic elements of color and shape on a flat surface. It must have required some nerve, in the face of these precedents, once again to paint pictures that presented the old illusions, whatever the new modes of perceiving them might be. Enough artists have chosen this course in recent years, though, to suggest that the curse on imitation has been lifted. The problem now is that unless someone comes along fairly soon and raises the stakes—carries the game to a higher level, at which imitation is simply a means to an end—the whole realist revival could go dead in no time flat.

Any new realist would do well to spend a month or so studying Eakins' portraits. Portraits are the bedrock of his work, and the selection brought together for the Philadelphia exhibition has a stunning cumulative impact. In his early studies of family members and friends, painted without any trace of the conventional sentiment of that era, and even more in the portraits to which he devoted himself almost entirely after 1886, there is a quality that had never been seen before in American art, and only rarely in the art of Europe. It is a quality of the eyes, especially, and of the hands. Eakins hardly ever painted a graceful or a shapely hand. "Lady with a Setter Dog"—a portrait of his wife, Susan



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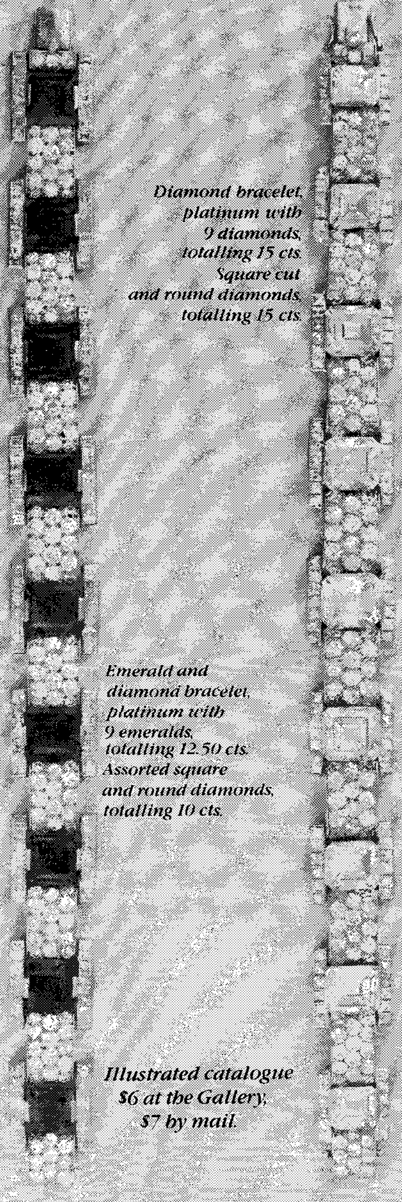

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Macdowell, whom he had just married—shows her seated in a chair, holding a book with one hand; the other hand lies open on her lap, the fingers upturned, relaxed but awkward-looking, reddened by work, not at all pretty, but so wonderfully painted that the weight of the hand in her lap and the texture of the veins and the gentleness of her touch are immediately evident. Although she was a relatively young woman then (she was thirty-two, he was forty), he has made her look older, almost gaunt, with deep-set eyes that gaze thoughtfully at the viewer. The eyes of William H. Macdowell, Susan's father, blaze out fiercely from the portrait of him that belongs to the Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester. (Eakins painted a number of portraits of his father-in-law.) Some of the other male subjects seem to be looking inward, sifting thoughts that we are not meant to share. It is the women's eyes that tell the most. In the 1899 portrait of Mrs. Eakins, in the two portraits of the Eakinses' close friend Mary Adeline Williams, and in the unforgettable study of Mrs. Edith Mahon we are confronted with faces no longer young, faces that had not, perhaps, been beautiful in youth but now reveal a beauty and a strength that are heartbreaking. This is what Eakins came to, through his passionate immersion in the truth of appearances—this powerful, quiet, indelible vision of the sadness at the core of life. It was his own sadness. For all his gruff good nature and his love of outdoor pleasures, he was a moody and at times a deeply depressed man. Asked for his advice to young artists, Eakins replied that they should "peer deeper into the heart of American life," and that is what he did. He peered as deeply as anyone has, and what he saw finds its parallel in the work of certain American writers—Hawthorne and Melville come to mind. The haunting presence in so many of his later portraits is the presence of the artist, who has looked so long and so unflinchingly at the surface of things that he has gone right through to the heart of them.

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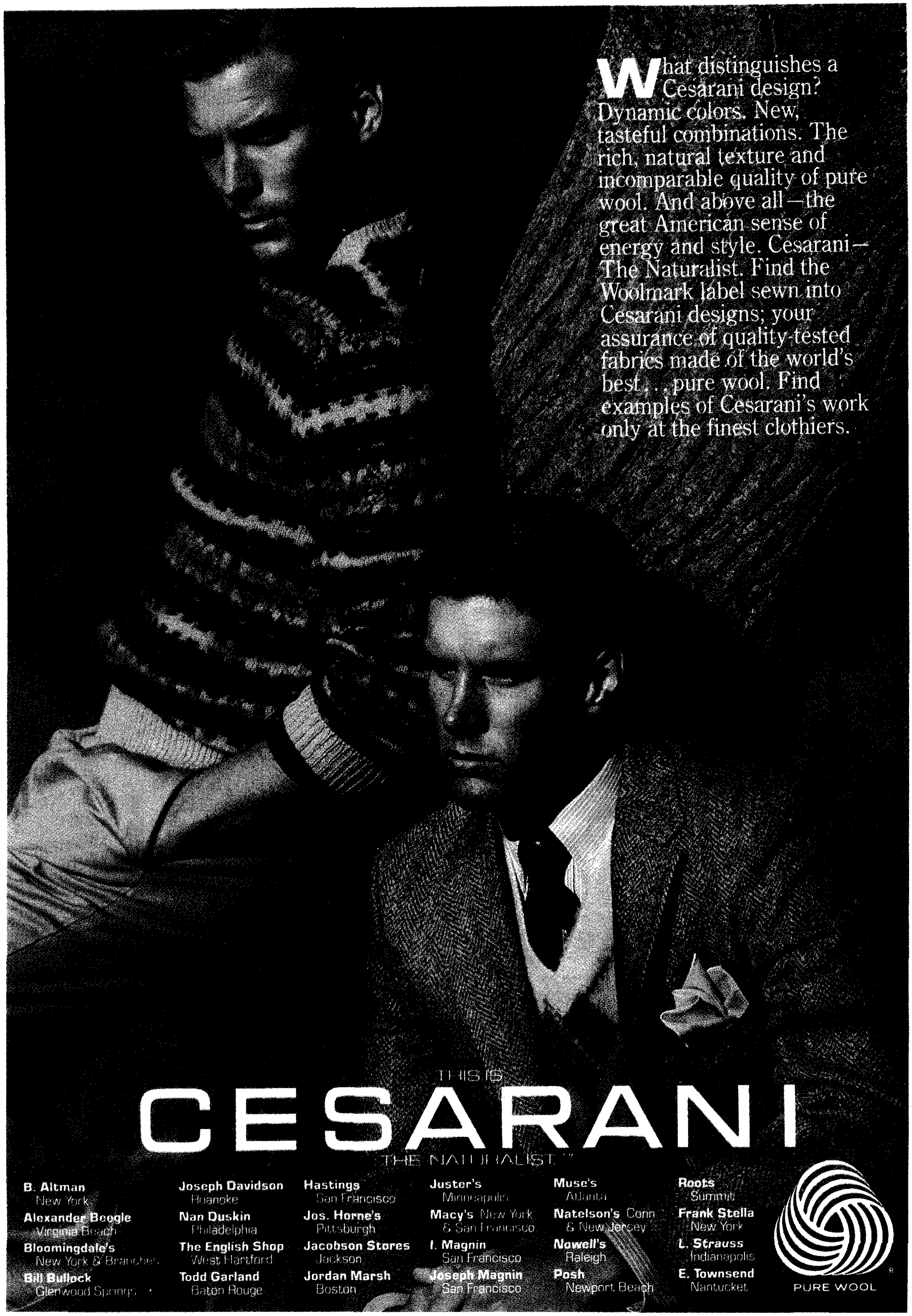

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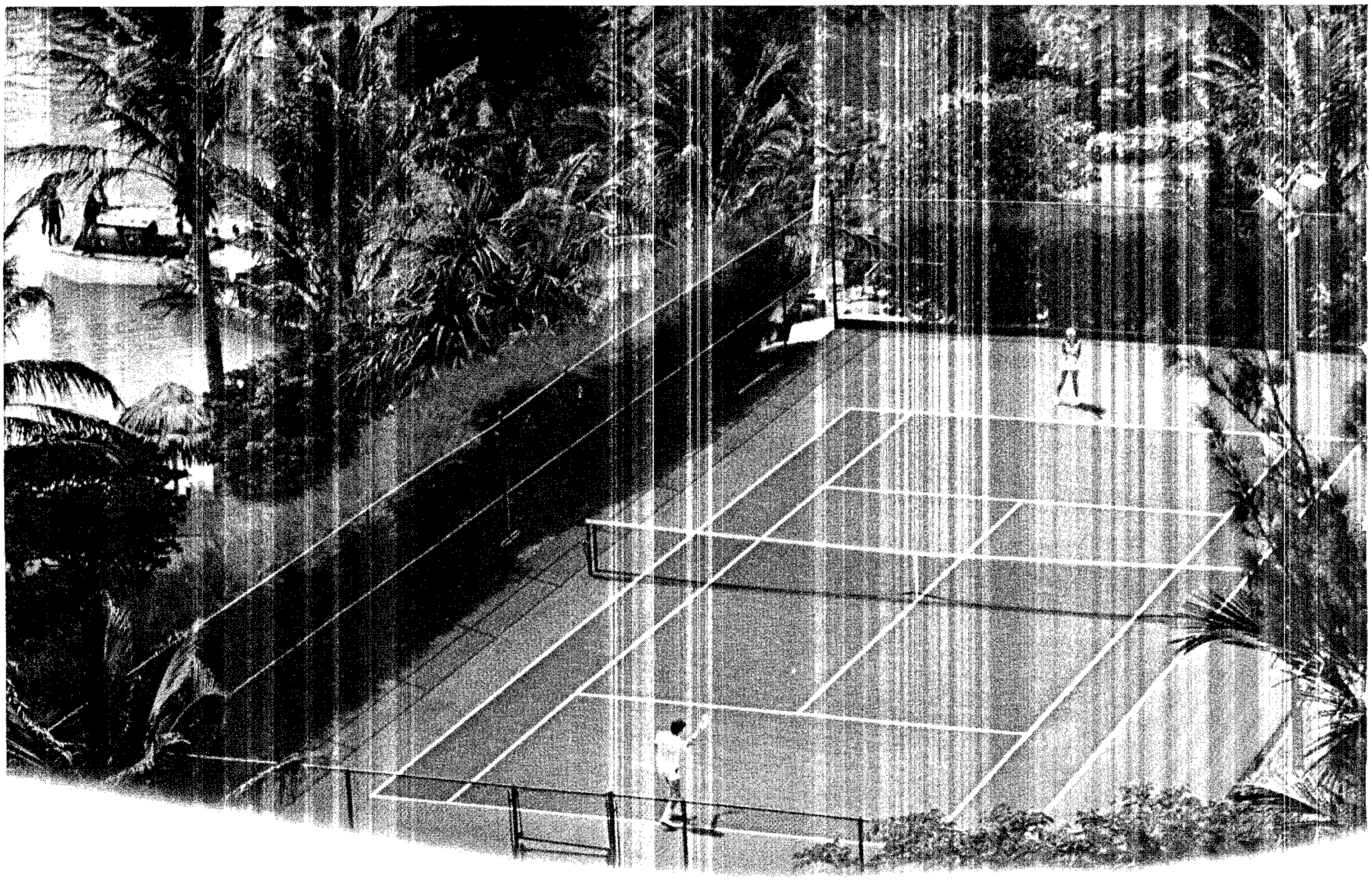

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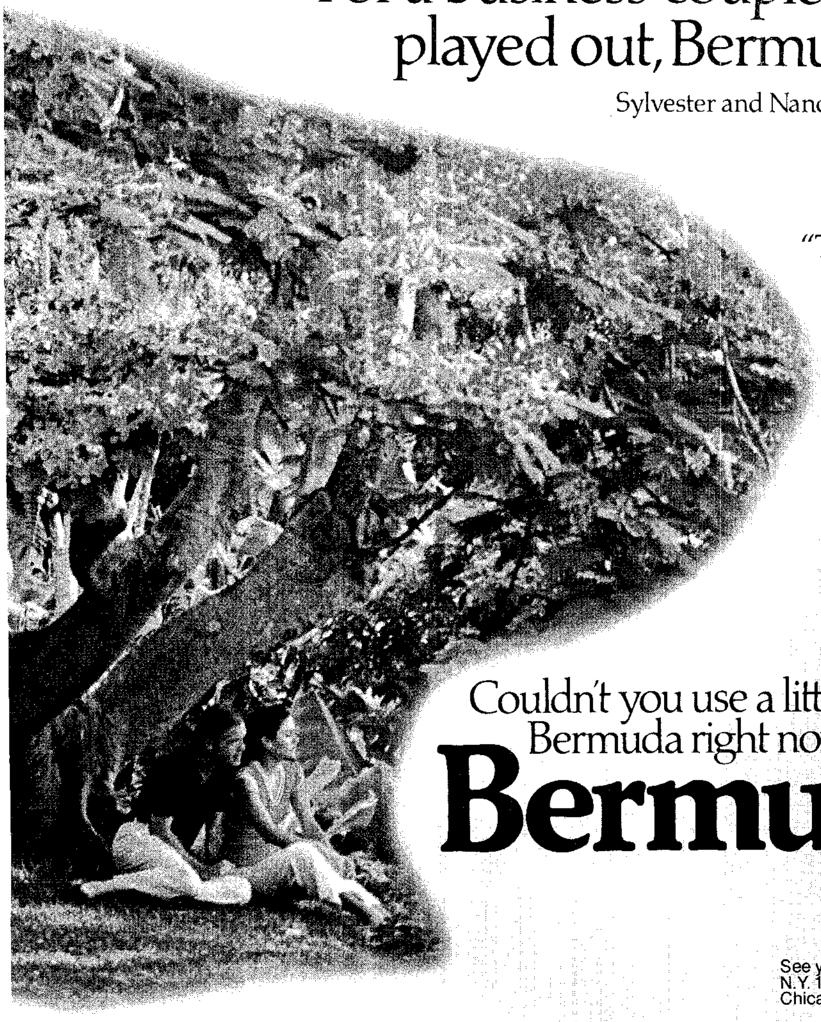

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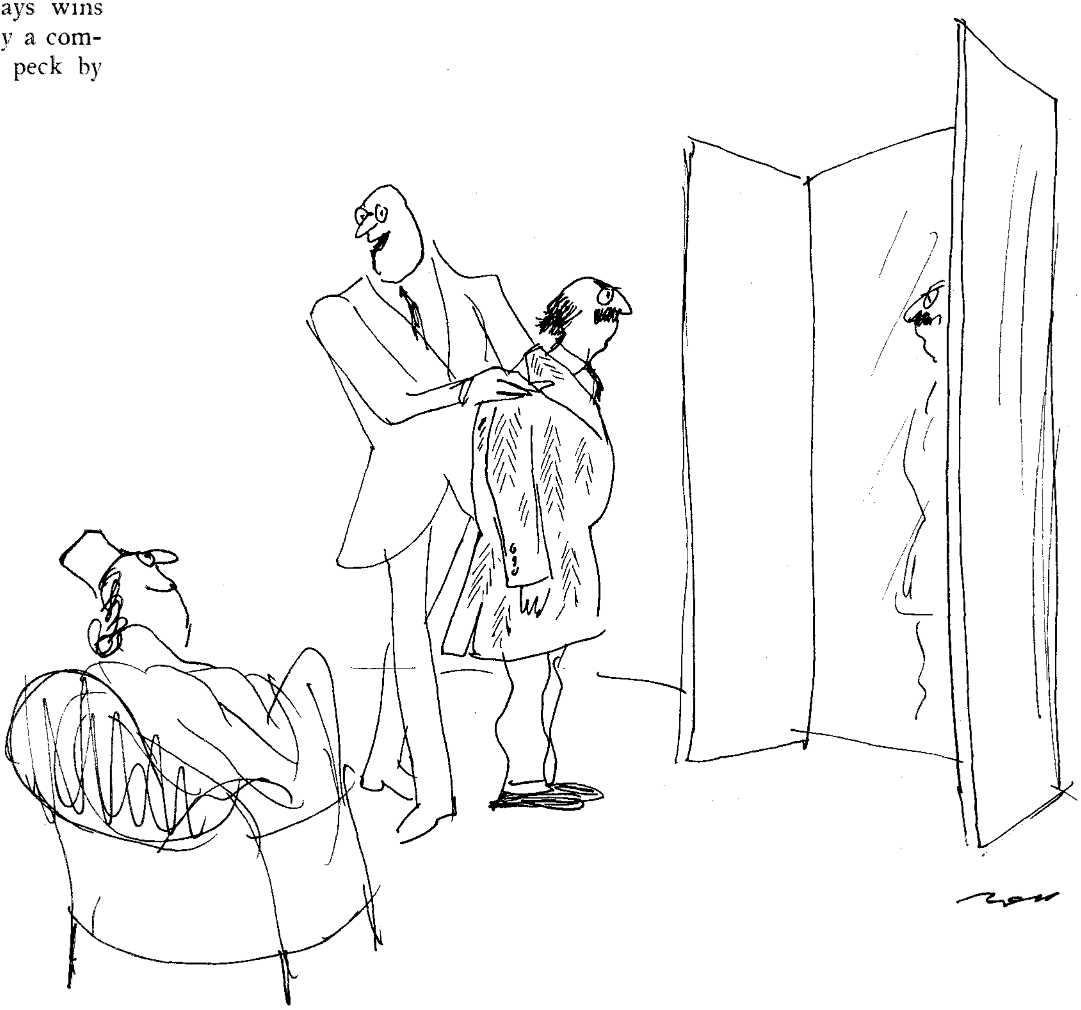
I CAN'T count the number of hours I have spent in Chinatown dreaming of Hong Kong. The spell usually comes over me after dinner, as I stroll with fellow-eaters down Mott Street, ostensibly engaged in what passes for after-dinner conversation on those outings—a sort of post-game analysis of the stuffed bean curd, maybe, or some mild disagreement over whether the pan-fried flounder was really as good as last time. We are usually walking toward the amusement arcade on Mott Street near Bowery, where it is possible to finish off an evening in Chinatown by playing ticktacktoe with a live chicken. A bag of fortune cookies awaits anyone who beats the chicken, but, as far as I know, nobody ever has. The chicken gets to go first—a sign on the outside of the cage lights up "Bird's Turn" as soon as the coins are dropped—and that advantage seems to be enough to carry the day. Some people believe the chicken always wins because it is being coached by a computer that tells it where to peck by means of light bulbs that can't quite be seen from the outside of the cage. Some people think the chicken always wins because it happens to be one smart chicken. Sometimes during that after-dinner stroll—when we are discussing the pan-fried flounder or when our best ticktacktoe player is being wiped out by a chicken or when my wife and I are negotiating with our children over whether it would be appropriate to compensate for our failure to win the fortune cookies by asking the Häagen-Dazs store and the David's Cookies store next to it to join forces for a chocolate-chocolate-chip-ice-cream sandwich on chocolate-chunk cookies or when I drop in to the supermarket across from the arcade to replenish my supply of fried dried peas—I am often heard to murmur, "I'd really like to go to Hong Kong."

"Don't you mean China?" one of my companions has sometimes said.

No, not China. I'll admit that the coverage of those banquets thrown during Richard Nixon's first visit briefly stirred in me some Presidential ambitions that had been dormant ever since I discovered, at the age of fourteen, that the President was responsible for making a budget. For those of us who spend a lot of our evenings on Mott Street discussing stuffed bean curd, it was difficult to look at pictures of Nixon sitting at the banquet table—sitting there with a look that suggested he was longing for a simple dish of cottage cheese at his desk or for dinner at one of those Southern California restaurants where salad with Green Goddess dressing is set before you with the menu—and restrain ourselves from thinking, Why him? The opening of China to tourists did present a temptation. In New York, there are people—some of them in my own family—who find it odd to eat four or five Chinese meals in a row; in China, I often remind them, there are a billion or so people who find nothing odd about it at all. Soon, though, reports began to drift back from Chinatown denizens who had visited the People's Republic, enduring tours of primary schools and irrigation projects just to get a crack at the restaurants: the non-Presidential food was disappointing. The Chinese, I was given to believe, had other priorities—getting on with the revolution and that sort of thing. Fine. I'd wait. Meanwhile, I dreamed of Hong Kong.

For years, while China-watchers gathered in Hong Kong to interpret and reinterpret every bit of news from Peking, I remained in New York—a Hong Kong-watcher. From thousands of miles away, I analyzed news from the colony in terms of how it might affect my vision. When there were reports that another few hundred thousand people had been permitted to leave China for Hong Kong, I could



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see gifted chefs from Shanghai and Peking and Chiu Chow and Hunan—people who had chafed for years at having to read "The Little Red Book" when they wanted to be reading recipes—rushing over the border, ready to knock themselves out for the running dogs of Yankee imperialism. In Hong Kong, I figured, people who felt the need to skip from one cuisine to another at every meal, like some fickle débutante who can't permit herself to dance with the same boy twice in a row, could simply say something like "We just had Cantonese last night—why don't we go to a Peking place for lunch?" When I read several years ago that the Chinese businessmen of Hong Kong had far outstripped the English bankers who once dominated the economy of the colony—partly because real estate, traditionally controlled by the Chinese, grew to be much more valuable than whatever business was conducted on it—I could envision managers of the most expensive dining spots gratefully crossing Yorkshire pudding off their menus and beginning to compete ferociously for the hottest refugee chef. (But would rising real-estate values force rents too high for the sort of restaurants that concentrated on food rather than on flashy surroundings? We Hong Kong-watchers had a seminar on that one, over salt-baked chicken and dried Chinese mushrooms with bean curd.) When I read of Hong Kong's importance to the People's Republic of China as a source of foreign exchange, I could envision the political détente of my dreams—ingredients from the heartland of Communist China flowing into a place where capitalist Chinese eaters were only too happy to pay for them. When the turmoil of the Cultural Revolution spilled over into Hong Kong, reviving talk of how easily China could take over the colony, some Hong Kong-watchers thought the dream had been shattered, but I was not among them. "Can't you see?" I would say. "Now they'll be eating like there's no tomorrow."

My dream of Hong Kong was not a criticism of Chinatown. I love Chinatown. I love the outdoor market that has grown up along Canal Street, and I love the food stores where I can't ever seem to get anyone to tell me what anything is in English. I'm even fond of the chicken who plays ticktacktoe; I've never been a sore loser. I count myself fortunate to live a bike ride away from a neighborhood that is

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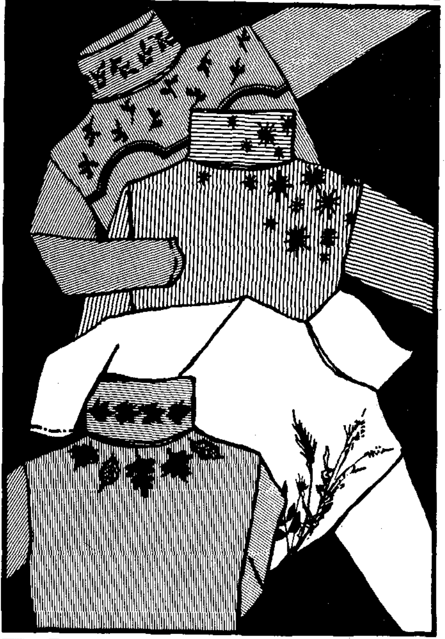

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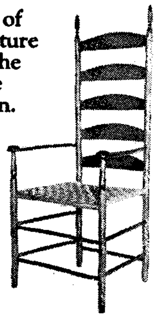

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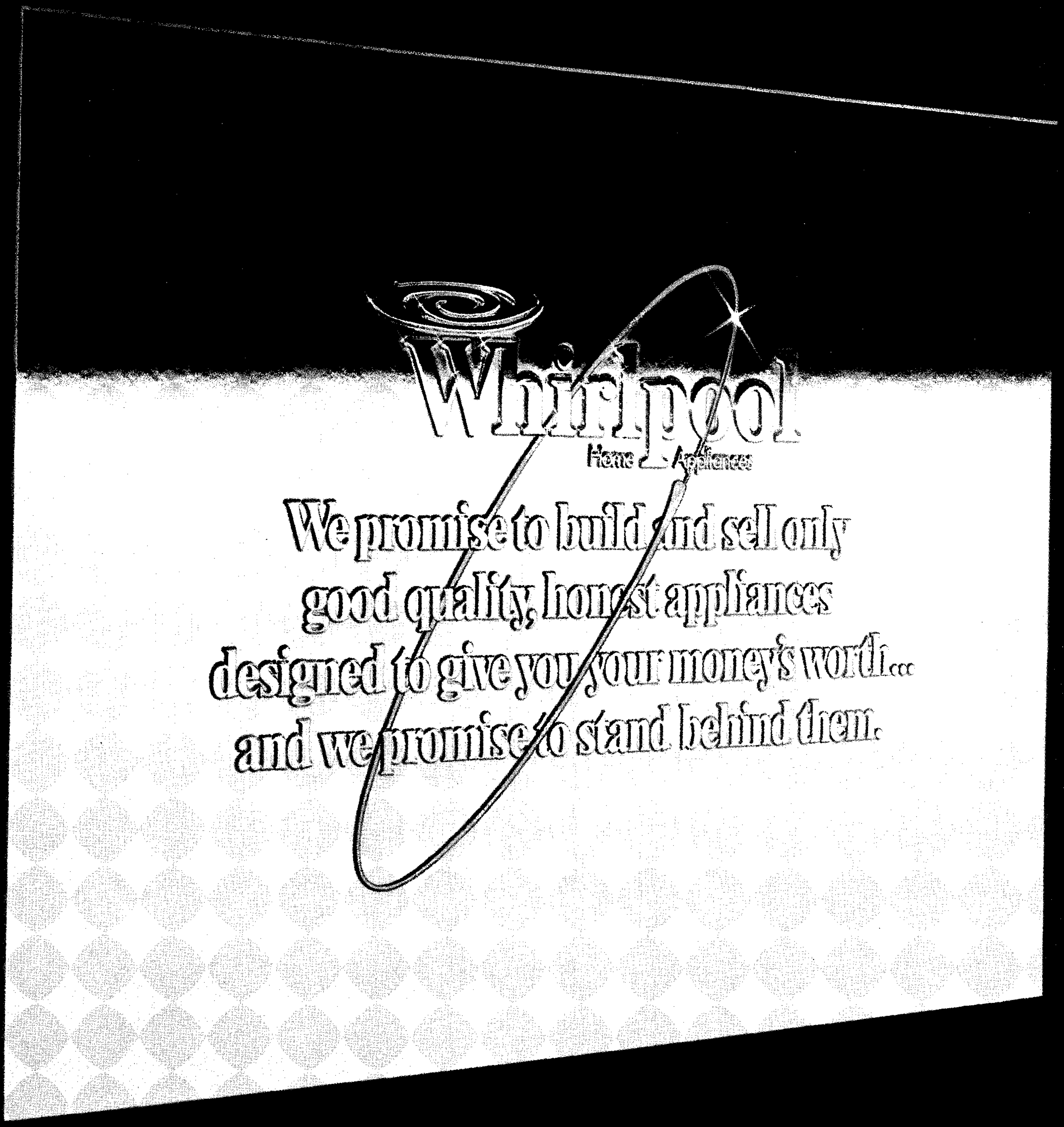
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always mentioned—along with Hong Kong and Taiwan and Tokyo—whenever serious eaters of Chinese food talk of the world's great concentrations of Chinese restaurants. Still, Hong Kong is always mentioned first. There are weekend mountain climbers who take great joy in hauling themselves around the Adirondacks, but they dream of Nepal. Eventually, if they're lucky, they get to Nepal. Eventually, I got to Hong Kong.

WE were sitting in a restaurant called Orchid Garden, in the Wanchai district, beginning our first meal in Hong Kong, and I had just sampled something called fish-brain soup. I was about to comment. My wife was looking a bit anxious. She was concerned, I think, that over the years I might have created a vision of Hong Kong in my mind that could not be matched by the reality—like some harried businessman who finally arrives in what he has pictured as the remote, otherworldly peace of a Tahiti beach only to be hustled by a couple of hip beach-umbrella salesmen wearing "Souvenir of Fort Lauderdale" T-shirts. Even before we had a meal, she must have noticed my surprise at discovering that most of the other visitors in Hong Kong seemed to be there for purposes other than eating. That's the sort of thing that can put a visionary off his stride. How would the obsessed mountain climber feel if he arrived in Nepal after years of fantasizing about a clamber up the Himalayas and found that most of the other tourists had come to observe the jute harvest? It appeared that just about everyone else had come to Hong Kong to shop. Hong Kong has dozens of vast shopping malls—floor after floor of shops run by cheerfully competitive merchants who knock off ten per cent at the hint of a frown and have never heard of sales tax. There are restaurants in some of the shopping malls, but most of the visitors seemed too busy shopping to eat. It was obvious that they would have come to Hong Kong even if it had been one of those British colonies where the natives have been taught to observe the Queen's birthday by boiling Brussels sprouts for a full month and a half. That very morning, in the lobby of a hotel, my wife had noticed a couple in late middle age suddenly drawing close to share some whispered intimacy, in what she took to be a scene of enduring affection until one of

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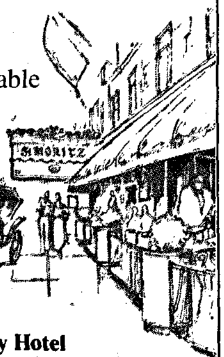

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the softly spoken phrases reached her ears—"customs declaration."

The sight of all those shoppers racing around, their shopping bags bulging and their minds feverish with schemes for flimflamming the customs man, had not really disturbed me. Hong Kong is the sort of place that can provide more than one vision. There must be people, for instance, who see it as a symbol of flat-out free enterprise prospering next to the world's largest Communist society, and there must be people who see it as a hideous example of capitalist materialism next to an inspiring land of collective sacrifice—although either vision would be blurred by a visit to the People's Republic department stores in Hong Kong, which accept American Express, Diners Club, Visa, and MasterCard. What can the struggle of two great forces for the domination of the world mean if the Reds are on Diners? My own vision could be similarly blurred, my wife knew, if the fish-brain soup turned out to be only marginally superior to the bird's-nest soup or hot-and-sour soup routinely ladled out in Chinatown—the sort of first course that would be mentioned briefly on the after-dinner stroll as a lead-in to the subject of whether we should try the fried dumplings next time. I had another spoonful. "To quote Brigham Young, a man who never ate a shrimp," I said, " 'This is the place!' "

I'm tempted to say that I never doubted for a moment that it would be, but, of course, I had my doubts. Even before our first meal, though, my confidence was being shored up. Like so many other visitors, I had rushed out on my first morning to make a purchase—in my case, a guide to Hong Kong restaurants—and I was rewarded by learning that the discussions in Hong Kong about what the colony's future will be after the British lease on the New Territories expires in 1997 are rivalled in intensity by the discussions about which restaurant serves the best Peking duck. My vision of Hong Kong was built on the belief that it would be not simply a place where the fish-brain soup dazzled but also a place where people took it for granted that a normal response to hearing a visitor ask "What's Macao like?" would be to offer an opinion on which Macanese restaurant offers the most succulent prawns—a place, in other words, where priorities had been established. Within a couple of days, I felt like a China-watcher who, after

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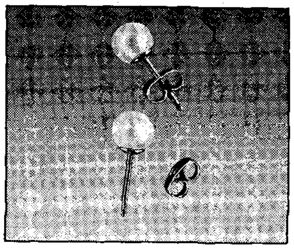

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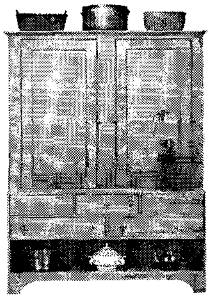

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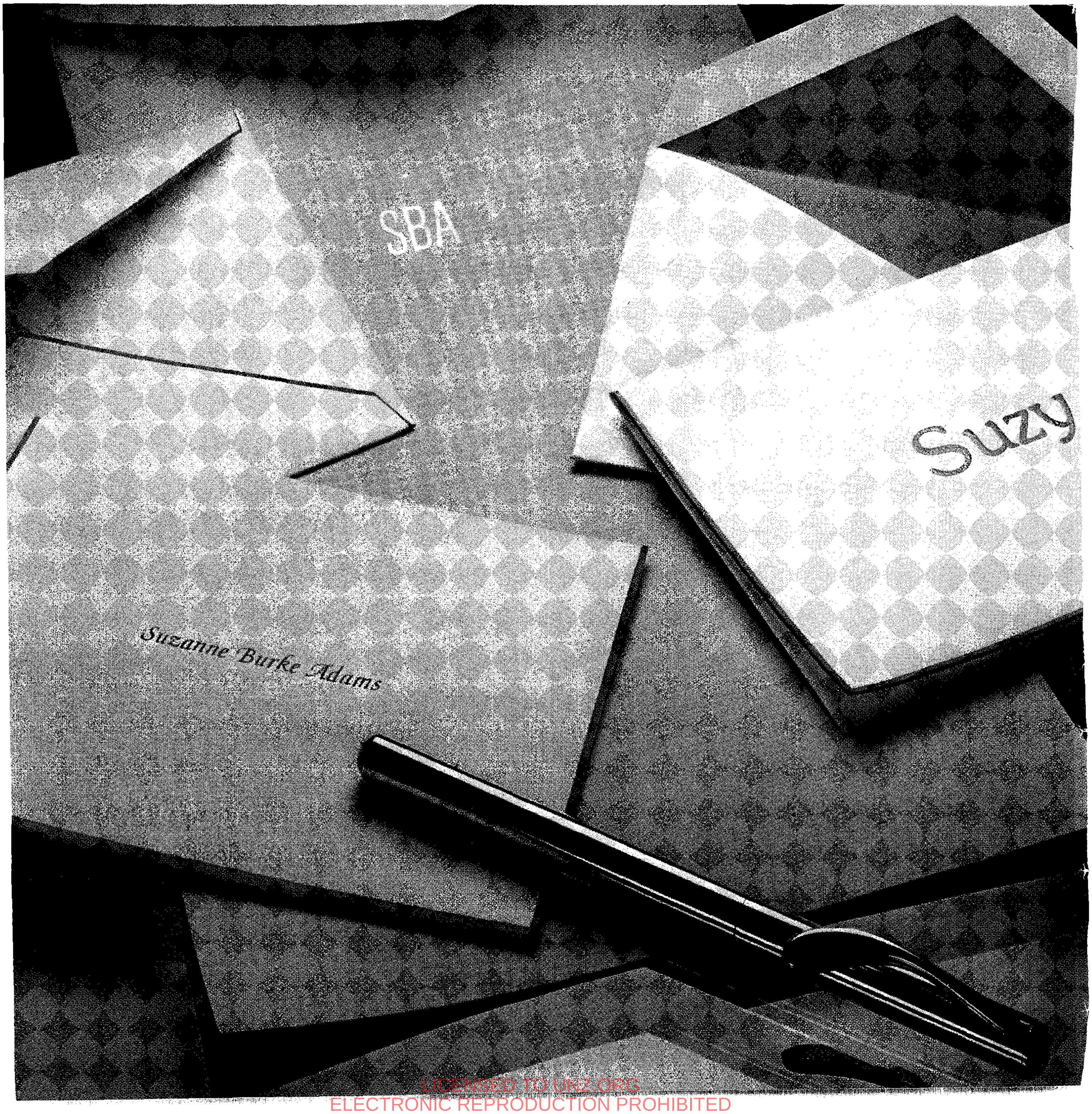

having spent years spinning out generalizations about China based on the flimsiest perusal of monitored radio broadcasts and fanciful refugee accounts, is finally permitted to make an extended visit to the mainland and finds, to his astonishment, that he was right all along.

At the precise moment that this feeling came over me we had just finished dinner at a businessmen's club called the Shanghai Fraternity Association. We had eaten smoked fish and drunken chicken and something resembling bok choy and shark's-fin soup and mixed vegetables and fried pork and river shrimp and Shanghai dumplings and a sort of sesame fritter. What I had to keep reminding myself was that we were consuming the Hong Kong version of club food. One of our dining companions, an ore trader of Shanghainese background, had spent part of his afternoon consulting with the club management about precisely what should be served. That, I was told, is routine among Hong Kong businessmen who entertain. I tried to imagine an English or an American businessman giving over part of his afternoon to planning a meal at his club. Even if it occurred to him to do it, what would he say? "Let's be sure to have some of those overcooked canned vegetables, Émile. And what sort of spongy gray meat is good this time of year? And a dinner salad of iceberg lettuce would be nice, I think. With Green Goddess dressing."

IT was the rain that drove me into the Central Market of Hong Kong. I stayed only a couple of minutes. I have a weakness for markets, but when it comes to Chinese food I have always operated under the policy that the less known about the preparation the better. Even in Chinatown, it seems to me, a wise diner who is invited to visit the kitchen replies by saying, as politely as possible, that he has a pressing engagement elsewhere. That policy of selective ignorance should obviously be followed in Hong Kong, where old hands are often heard to mutter, "The Cantonese will eat anything." What astounded me about the Central Market—in the short time I had for observation before I decided that I preferred the rain—was not simply that it was a place where a moderately energetic public-health inspector could write his year's quota of citations in fifteen or twenty minutes. I was even more amazed by the fact that although the same pur-

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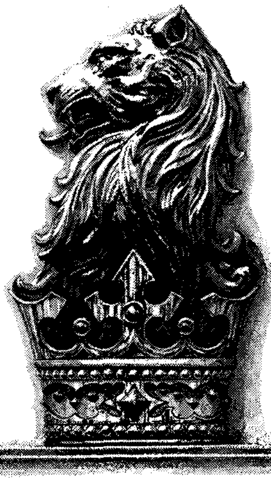

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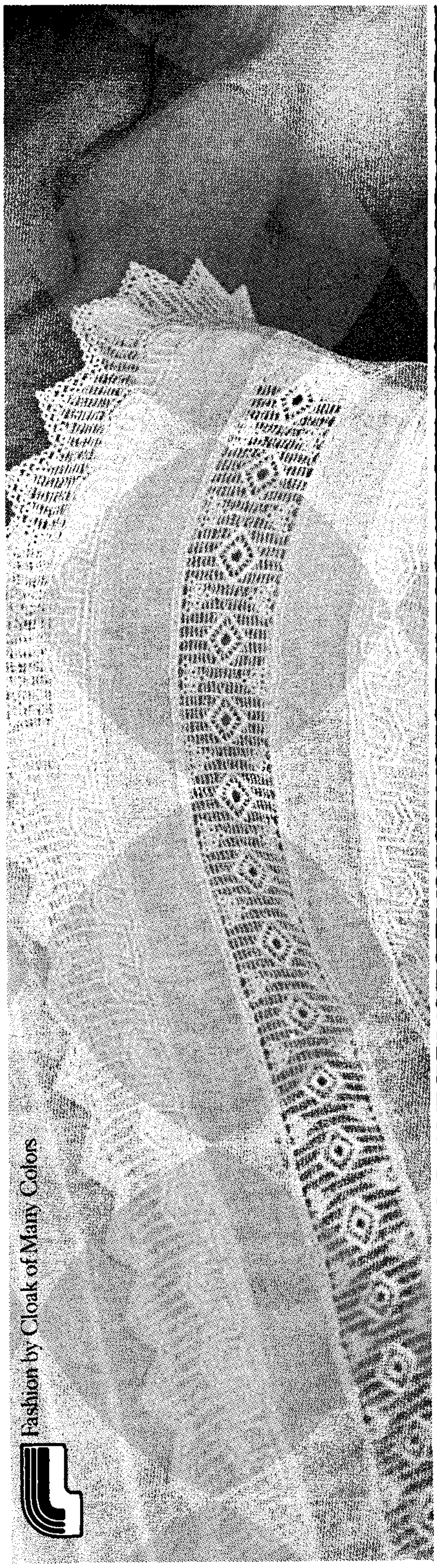

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veyors presumably operated out of the market routinely day after day there was something impromptu about it. People squatted on the floor here and there, between a basket of squid and a couple of discarded cattle heads, as if they had merely wandered by to say hello to a fishmonger friend who said, "Listen, Joe, as long as you're here, why don't you just sit yourself down on the floor over there and peel this pile of shrimp?"

Even after I started giving the Central Market a wide berth, I found unwelcome knowledge creeping through my defenses. In Chinatown, for instance, I had always taken it for granted that the "bird's nest" in bird's-nest soup is a direct translation of some evocative Chinese phrase describing some sort of vegetable that grows only in certain districts of certain provinces. It wasn't until I wandered into some Hong Kong shops that specialize in selling them that I realized that a bird's nest is—well, a bird's nest. A swallow's nest, to be exact, usually imported from Thailand. What did that say about fish-brain soup?

Whatever it was, I resolved not to listen to it. "It's all a matter of mind-set," I informed my wife. "What we're talking about here is a vision, a ceremony. A person taking Communion doesn't need to know where the wafers came from." Fortunately, the rain got worse; even strolling along Hong Kong streets became difficult. I suppose there were visitors to Hong Kong who fretted about being prevented from taking in the countryside of the New Territories and observing the culture of the inhabitants. The shoppers must have been irritated, considering how easily a sodden shopping bag can break through at the bottom. I remained cheerful. Between meals, I sat in the hotel room going over lists of restaurants, protected from markets and shops—from everything except the final results.

DUCK better than any duck I had tasted in Chinatown. Fried seaweed better than the fried seaweed we used to eat in Peking restaurants in London. Shad brought to the table sizzling on an iron plate. Yak fondue. Dim sum. More dim sum. Duck tongues (undoubtedly, I told myself, some colorful Chinese phrase for a particularly conventional cut of beef). Minced abalone and pork wrapped in lettuce leaves. I was reeling. I wondered what happened to some of those

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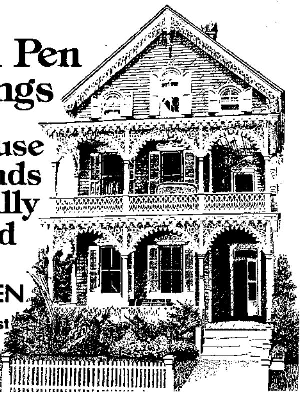

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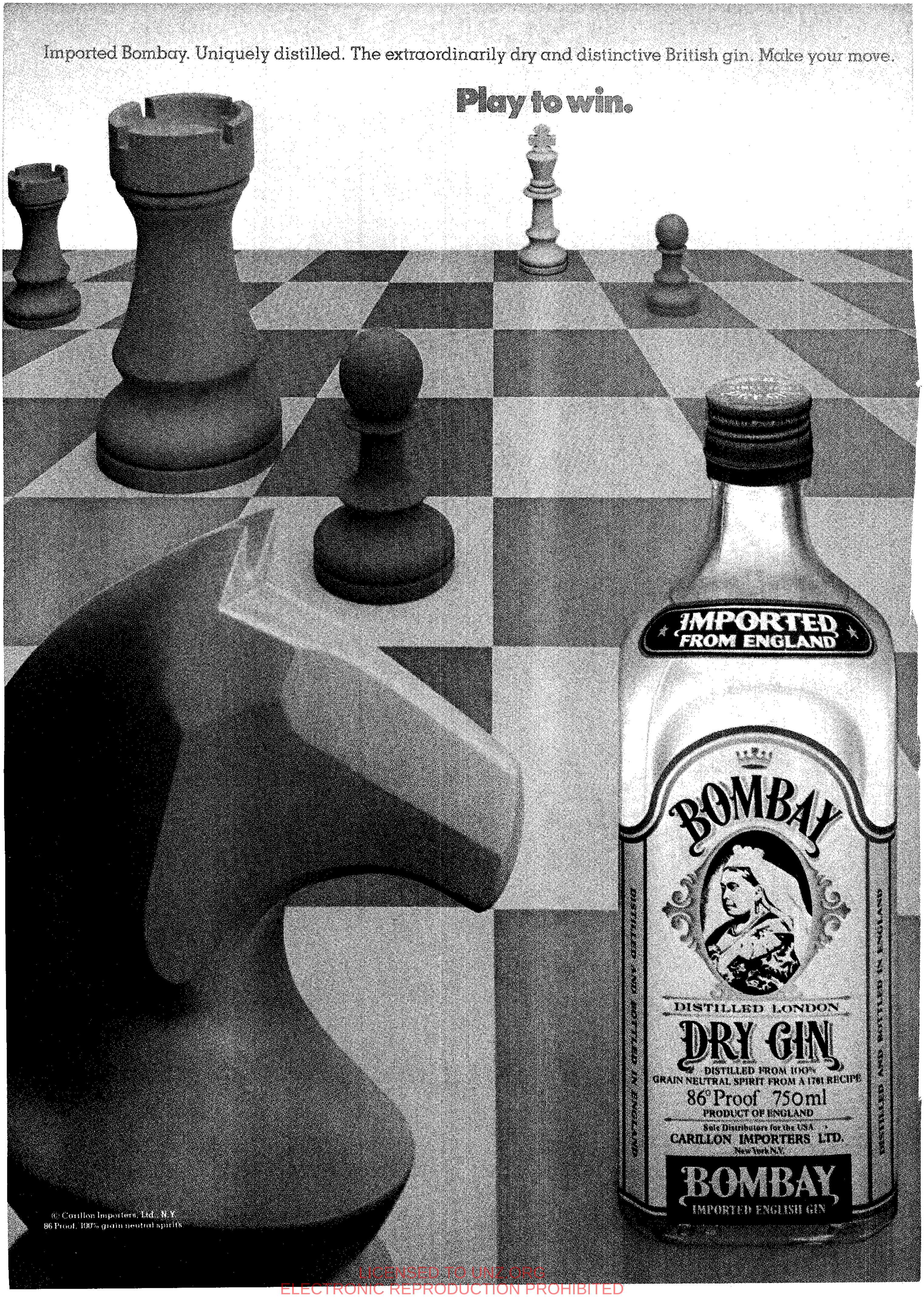
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mountain climbers when they finally got to Nepal. Did they get up there on one Himalaya or another, in that thin air, and decide that they could never return to a place where mountain climbing meant schlepping to foothills on the weekend? Did they just stay in Nepal, eking out a living as consultants to the jute marketing board?

The question was in my mind one evening when we were having dinner in what appeared to be a rather ordinary Hong Kong restaurant—it was a last-minute substitution after a place my research had dredged up turned out to be closed—and noticed on the menu some of the same dishes served by one of our favorite restaurants in Chinatown. We ordered two of them—roast pigeon and fried fresh milk with crabmeat. The pigeon was a lot better than the Chinatown version. The fried fresh milk with crabmeat was so much better that it tasted like a different dish.

"We haven't tried the pepper-and-salty shrimp," my wife said.

We had both noticed it on the menu. As it happens, the Chinatown restaurant's finest dish—even better than the pigeon or the fried fresh milk with crabmeat—is by far the best version of pepper-and-salty shrimp I have eaten in New York.

I thought about ordering it. I suspected it would be superior to the Chinatown version, but I wasn't sure I wanted to find out. Something about finding out seemed almost disloyal. I live only a bike ride away from Chinatown. I miss it when I'm out of the city—even when I'm in Hong Kong. I miss the stroll down Mott Street. I almost miss the chicken.

"I think I'm kind of full," I said. "Maybe we should save it for next time." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

CONCERT CLARIFICATION

In Mary Herron's review of the Barefoot Dance Concert, one sentence was ambiguous in meaning, and as a result was misinterpreted as an affront to Stacey Temple. The line, "I felt antagonism as I watched Ms. Temple's imitations," should be corrected to "I felt antagonism towards Ms. Temple as I watched her imitations."
—*Kenyon Collegian.*

Nothing ambiguous about *that*, eh, Stacey?

•

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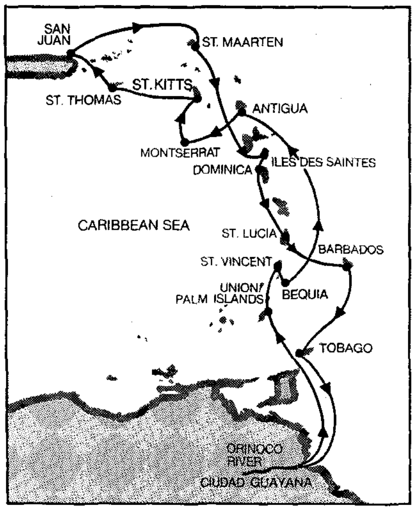

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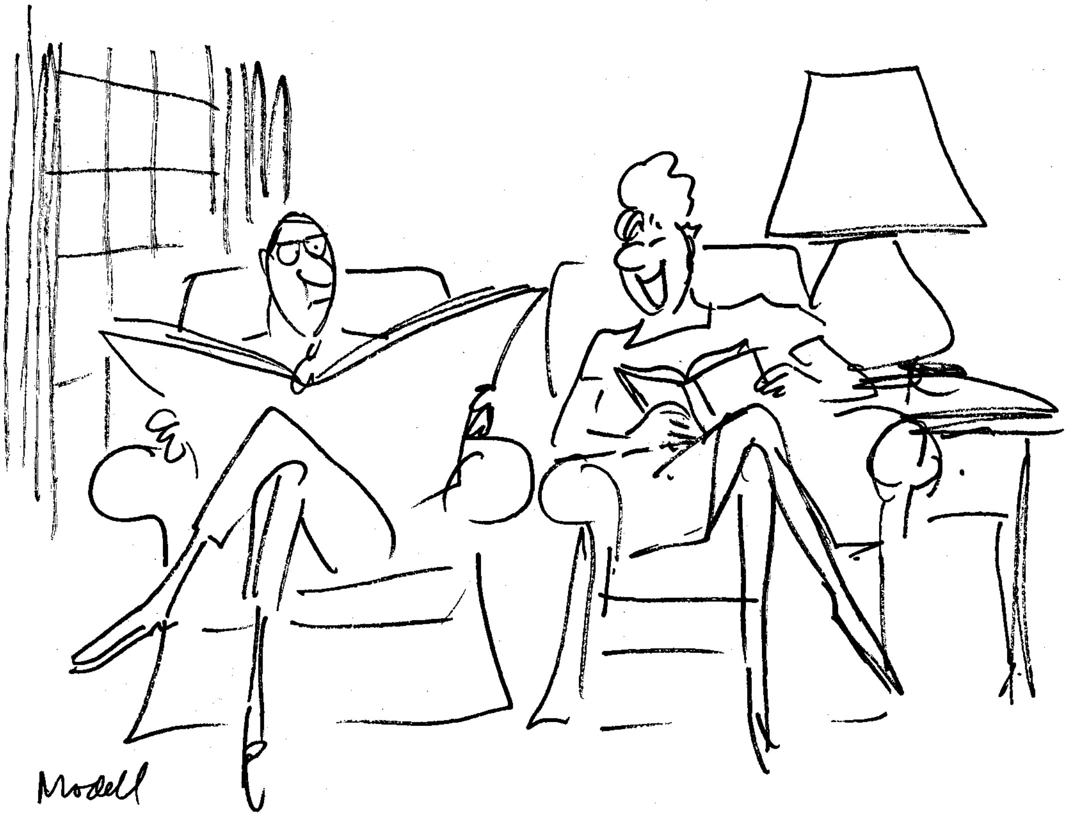
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, AUGUST 31

MY friend Joséphine Guezou cannot forgive the Germans. Joséphine is a Breton villager of sixty-four, with a sick husband and a dipsy uncle around the house, five children, eleven grandchildren, and (at the moment) forty-one rabbits to worry about, and normally she does not have time for old antagonisms. I spent a few weeks in her village this summer—it is a gray stone village on a little estuary of the English Channel—and I know that one reason I felt at home there was that Joséphine worried about me, too. She looks after her villagers the way Mme. Gonçalves, my concierge, looks after our Paris street, except that Mme. Gonçalves is a professional and tends to regard local life as a challenge in housekeeping, whereas Joséphine is an amateur, a natural backwater busybody, who makes herself useful because she can't resist her neighbors' domesticity. Joséphine makes the rounds of the village and the nearby farms in a bright-blue Deux Chevaux, pinning up messages. She lets the vet know that one of the cows is sick at Crec'h Le Coz. She puts the artichoke farmer on the road to the market town in touch with the mason who wants to borrow the farmer's truck to haul some firewood to his grandfather's cottage. She writes on the back of used brown wrapping paper, which she gets from her cousin at the *quincaillerie*, starting small and shaping her letters carefully but always letting loose at the end with an enormous and enthusiastic "JOSÉPHINE." There is satisfaction in that signature. It graces barn doors and village mailboxes like a royal seal, conferring a kind of confidence in the day's arrangements. Joséphine began writing messages for the village in 1942, when she was a ruddy young woman of twenty-four and her husband—the husband who is sick now, with a bad heart and failing eyesight—was underground with the Resistance, coming out in the dark to blow up German trucks or set flares for the Free French soldiers who would parachute into the artichoke farmer's fields at night, carrying cyanide pills and radio batteries and instructions straight from Charles de Gaulle, across the Channel. Joséphine offered herself to the Resistance with a stubborn and good-natured curiosity, just as she offers herself to the village now. She bought a grammar book and practiced writing. Soon no one in the commune moved against the Germans unless his orders were signed with her enormous "JOSÉPHINE." The mayor and the policeman and the butcher who spied for them were bewildered, but they never stopped to consider why Joséphine—she had a bicycle then—was always pedalling across the countryside at odd hours. They knew that Joséphine was incorrigibly useful, that she liked bursting into other people's houses. They knew that anyway she had to deliver the oysters she dredged at low tide to trade for eggs and bread for her little boys. Certainly they never imagined that Joséphine was "JOSÉPHINE." The Germans had a meeting, and brought in experts to break the "JOSÉPHINE" code, but the only code in Joséphine's messages was the fact that they were all written with her little boys' red crayon, and by the time the Germans thought to search for a red crayon Joséphine had given it to the goat and the goat had eaten it.

Joséphine still writes her messages in red. (She has switched from crayons to red felt-tip pens, which she buys at a stall in town at the Friday market.) And she is still writing about Germans, though most of the Germans who concern her now were not alive forty years ago, and Joséphine—out of politeness, she says—has learned to spell "*Guten Morgen*," "*Guten Abend*," and "*Auf wiedersehen.*" They are couples, mainly, and sometimes families. They come in the summer in groups of six and eight, and even ten, and they rent the new white cement house that Joséphine has built for her only daughter, Marianne, with the savings of a lifetime, and that Marianne and her husband are slowly furnishing with food processors and fitted sheets and electric lettuce dryers for their old age and their dying. Joséphine has always known where *she* was going to die. She wanted her daughter to have that same important information, in order to give her life its proper quality and her work its proper conclusion in her own village, her own *pays*, among her own people, and so Joséphine built the house. She sometimes says that the reason her interest in the sea stops at the oyster beds she dredged in wartime is that the treacherous North Breton currents kill so many



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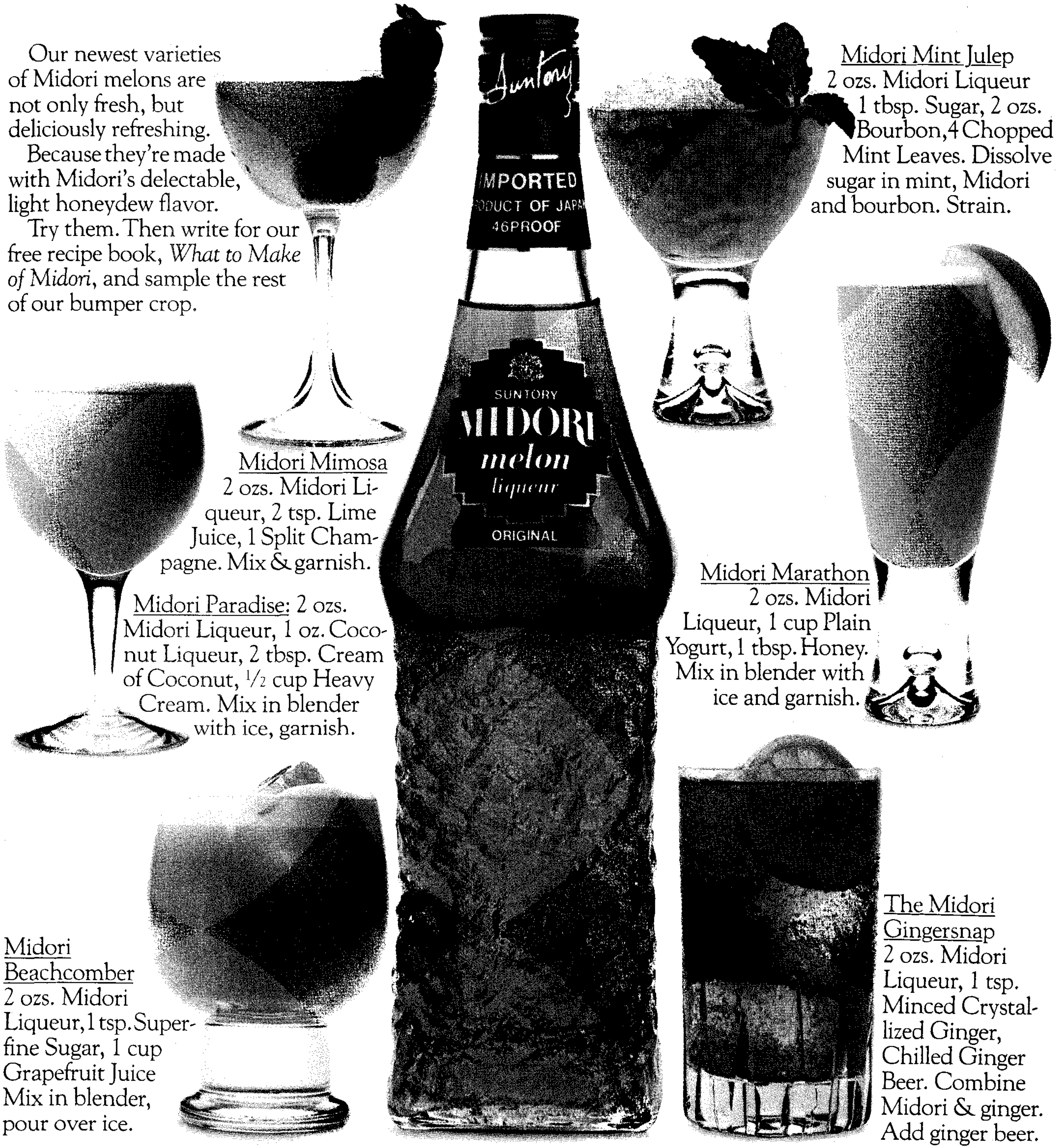

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of her neighbors before their time and rob them of the death they planned. In Joséphine's day, people left the sea and farmed if they had the good luck to get hold of some land of their own. They had to plant their cabbage and their artichokes in sandy coastal soil and graze their milk cows in fogs so thick that the only way to gather them in, most winter days, was by sniffing, but they could still get by if they worked hard. Now there is not much profit in farming the little peasant freeholds along the estuary. The oldest of Joséphine's four sons gave up his few acres and joined a merchant fleet, and comes home to his family only four or five times a year. Her second son is a kind of sea sweeper, working a rig that skims the oil slick from the Channel waters. Her last two sons are fishermen. But Marianne married a village boy to Joséphine's liking, and the two of them moved to Rennes and went right to work in a cheese factory—and Joséphine knows that one day they are coming home to their own house, with its clumps of pink and blue hortensia by the front wall, because Joséphine has thought to provide her daughter with the dowry of a peaceful dotage. While they are in Rennes—making money, raising children, *Gastarbeiter* in their own province—Joséphine pays their mortgage with the rent she collects from Germans on holiday.

Joséphine is not in business, like the old cartwright across the road, who moved his family into a shack and put their fine stone house on the market as a summer cottage. She watched the cartwright's boy grow up and go off to the big *lycée* in town and then to the university in Rennes, and, of course, she voted for him when he ran for town councillor, even though he lived far away in Limoges by then and showed up in the village only to campaign. She assumed that the councillor was coming home eventually. He had worked so hard to buy back the family house, she says, and his curly-headed Paris wife had even sent out Christmas pictures of all the neighbors standing in front of the saplings he planted in the back yard. That was ten years ago. Nine years ago, the councillor started renting his house to Parisians and bought himself a little villa in the South of France. Joséphine says that the house has lost its heart with its family—by which she means that it is getting sad and shabby, that the saplings are storm-bent and stunted, that the dish towels are frayed and losing their loops because no one

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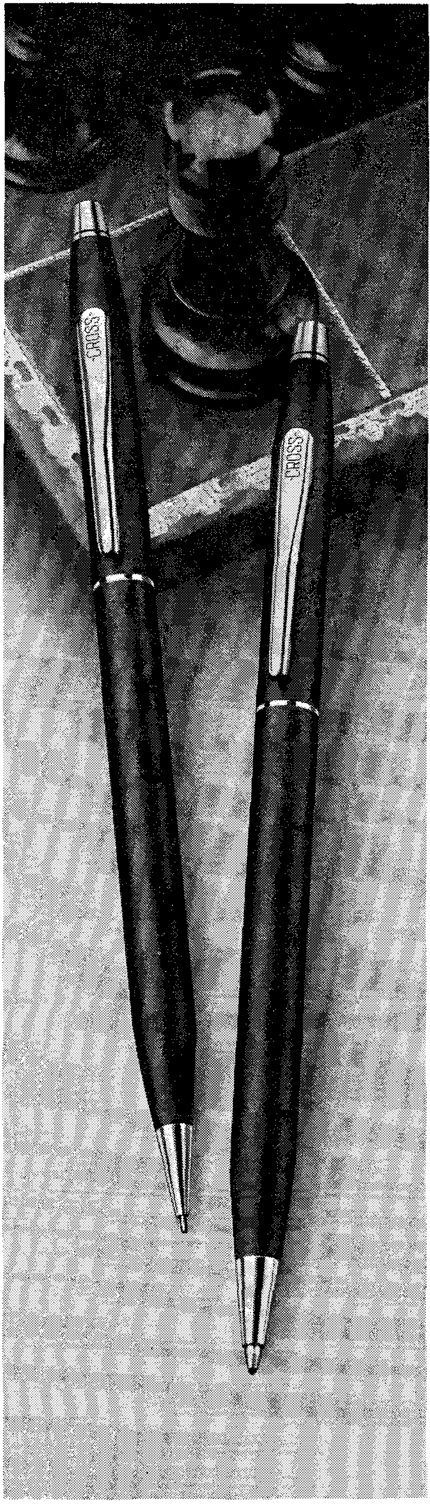

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is around on winter nights to mend them, that the upstairs bed is broken and resting on a log and the stuffing is falling out of the couch near the fireplace and the kitchen curtains are torn, and that there is no more wood in the woodpile. *Voilà*, Joséphine always says when she points it out to her Germans, there is a house without a family. It is part of Joséphine's little ritual of welcome. She greets the Germans at the village bar-and-grocery store, and then she asks them home for pound cake and a glass of wine, pointing out the councillor's house on the way. The councillor's house makes a proper contrast to her daughter's house, which has a neat mowed lawn and rows of dahlias and zinnias and pansies that confront the street like an audience. She likes to make the Germans smell her daughter's sheets, fresh from the clothesline, and feel the thick quilted pads on every bed and count the plates in the lacquered armoire in the dining room and try the cupboard underneath the kitchen sink in order to admire the new aluminum garbage pail from a Prisunic in Rennes, which pops open automatically whenever the cupboard door opens. She says, carefully, "*Tochterhaus*," so they will understand. She wants them to know that this is a house for coming home to. She hopes they will not break the glasses and burn the enamel pots, the way the Germans who came for the last two weeks of July in 1979 did, or adopt a tomcat that sprays all over the sitting-room upholstery, like the Germans that August.

Joséphine is still a little afraid of Germans, so she tries never to talk about the war or the German soldiers who moved into the village in '44, after the Allies landed, and ground out their cigarettes on the pine floors and used for firewood whatever furniture they didn't need. Now that she has built her daughter a house, Joséphine tends to think of those soldiers as demented vacationers—as tourists run amok in other people's lives and houses. It gives a kind of home truth to her war memories and, in a way, explains her experience. Early this spring, she confessed to the rental agent in town that she was sometimes uneasy having Germans in her daughter's house. The agent, a pretty young woman with a sideline in Common Market contraband involving the smuggling of local smoked salmon across the Channel to be sold as discount Scotch salmon, offered to find Joséphine British tenants—respectable

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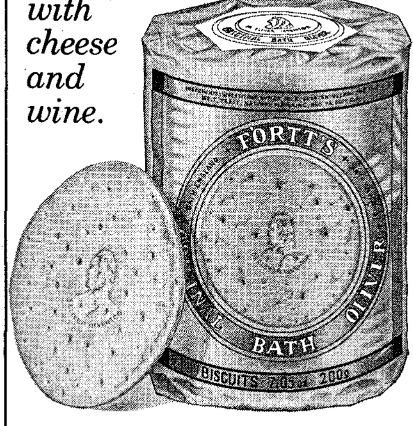

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salmon dealers from London—but Joséphine thought it over and said no, she would make do with the Germans she had. July's Germans came and went, and then August's Germans arrived—three hearty couples from Dortmund, who drove into the village with windsurfing boards strapped to the roofs of their little Audis and immediately put on rubber wet-suits and disappeared over the rocks in the direction of the Channel. Joséphine liked them. She looked after them as if they were outsize children. She gave them leeks from her kitchen garden and told them stories and left them notes whenever she felt a storm blowing up, so they would not drown in their toy sailboats or leave her daughter's best towels on the clothesline. Then, one night, the Germans had a party. They drank a lot and decided to race their Audis around Joséphine's daughter's garden. They rutted the lawn and flattened the dahlias. Cleaning up, they broke the aluminum garbage pail, and left it swinging from the cupboard door like a hanged partisan. The next morning, Joséphine drove to town and bought a red crayon. She left her message on the mailbox for everyone to see: "*Attention, Allemands! La maison de ma fille n'est pas un bordel. Mon pays n'est pas un bordel. Vous n'êtes pas gentils. C'est moi qui vous le dit.* JOSÉPHINE."

EUGÈNE DELACROIX left a wonderful diary. It begins in September of 1822. The painter is twenty-four. He is coming back to Paris after a month or so in the country, and, like any Parisian, he is complaining. The trip is terrible. The weather is cold and rainy. The closer he gets to Paris, the less appetizing Paris seems. He has no idea why he ever thought of returning. A few weeks later, he has seen everyone in town. He has eaten out twice a day. He has fallen in love with a mysterious woman "*aux Italiens.*" He has worried about the fit of his new coat and reconnoitered the best neighborhoods for a look at what the fashionable men have on. He has heard "Tancredi" and "The Marriage of Figaro" at the opera. He has done the museums. He has admired his own painting, "La Barque de Dante," from the Paris Salon, and is already plotting out six or seven more epic canvases. (Balthazar throws an orgy and profanes the sacred vessels of Jerusalem; Gideon defeats the Midianites, and all the Midianites commit suicide.) In short, Dela-

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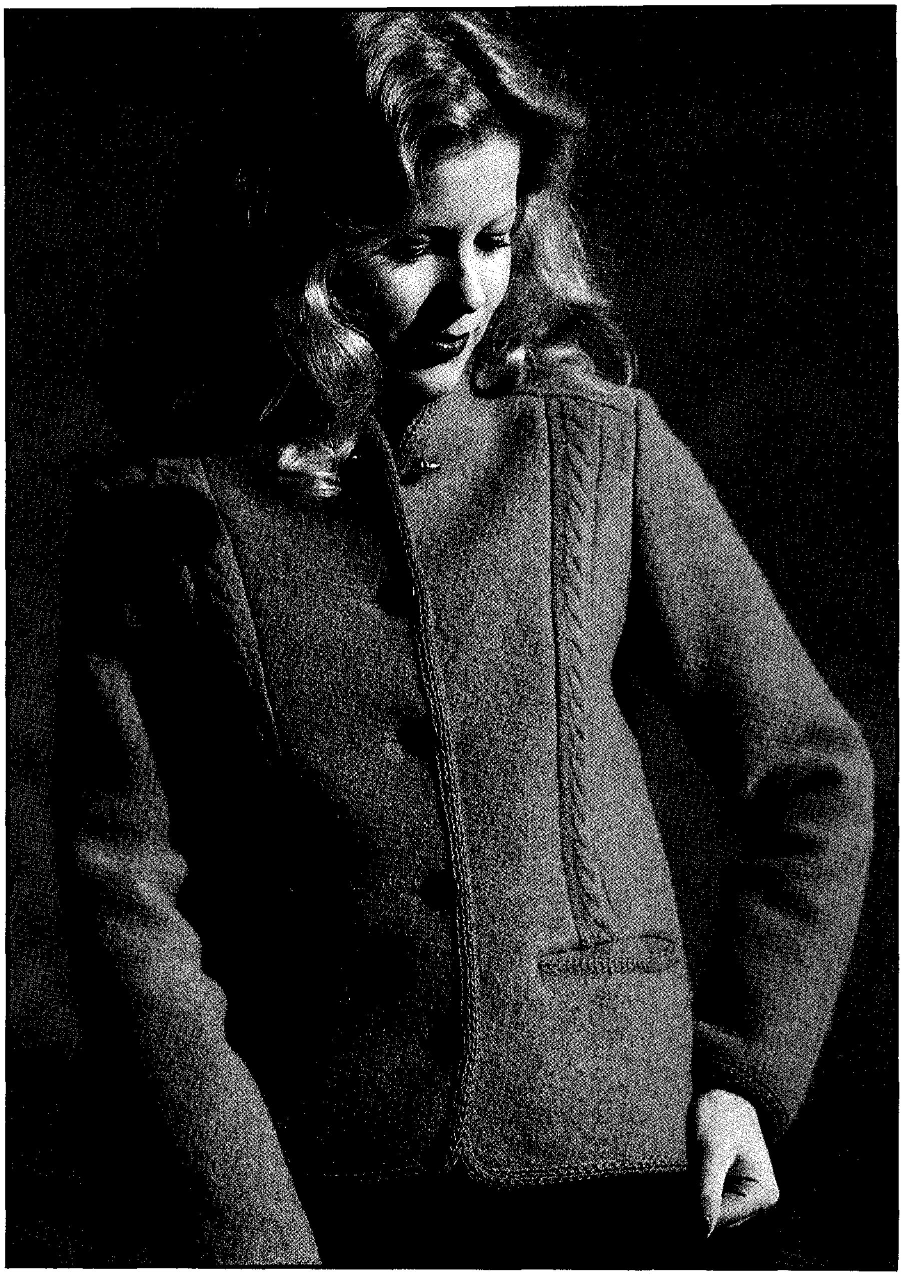

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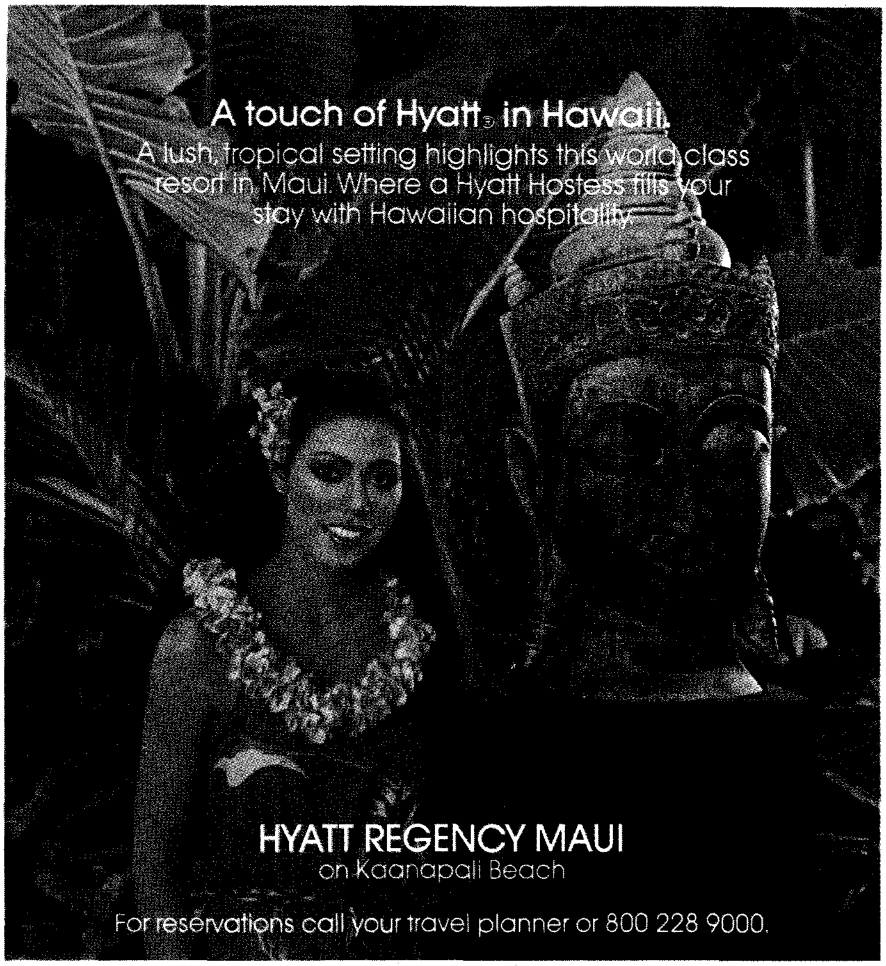
croix has made an exemplary *rentrée.*

No one travels with more touching enthusiasm for exotic nature than Parisians—in August, their painted toenails light up the footpaths of the Atlas Mountains and their Vuitton sacks dangle from the rails of rickety Kashmir houseboats—and no one has a better time coming home, rushing around, catching up on everything, complaining, comparing. In this, Delacroix was a Parisians' Parisian. He had an unflagging appetite for his city. He sampled the whole Left Bank of nineteenth-century Paris, changing flats and studios every few years until he finally settled down, at the age of fifty-nine, in the famous atelier at 6 Rue de Fürstenberg. And yet he rarely painted Paris. He painted to decorate Paris. He covered walls and ceilings at the Palais Bourbon and the Palais du Luxembourg and the Louvre and Saint-Sulpice with dreams of an exotic, imaginary East and made that East part of the patrimony, as substantial as the house that Joséphine built in Brittany, as civilizing as the obelisk on the Place de la Concorde. His favorite self-portrait was a sketch he made on a six-month trip to Morocco in 1832. That trip was his one real adventure in the "East," and it pleased him to draw himself adventuring, wearing a sea captain's hat and a peajacket and squinting happily windward. The portrait is part of an exhibit of Delacroix drawings and watercolors now in the Pavillon de Flore at the Louvre, marking the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the painter's Morocco trip. It is an immensely satisfying exhibit. Baudelaire wrote that Delacroix was the one truly educated artist of his time, and this is the impression one gets from the drawings at the Louvre—the impression of a modest and humane and exuberantly intelligent virtuosity. There are drawings from Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, Dante. There is a remarkable double portrait of Dante and Vergil that Delacroix improvised for "La Barque de Dante," challenging all our notions of the Christian and the Classical gaze on one small piece of paper: Dante, in profile, nearly skinned to the muscle by the moral fury in his own eyes; Vergil, full-face, wearing laurel like a mane, staring somewhere beyond his vision to forgive the world. But the heart of this exhibit is the Moroccan drawings and watercolors and washes—the Jewish brides from the mellah in Tangier; the Arab pilgrims; the little interiors from the medina in Meknes,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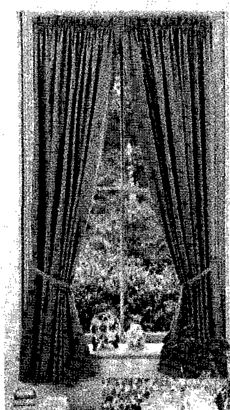

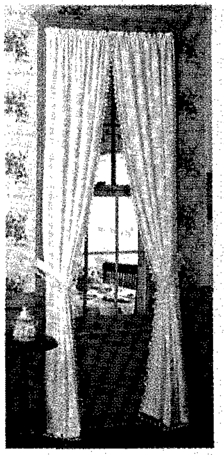

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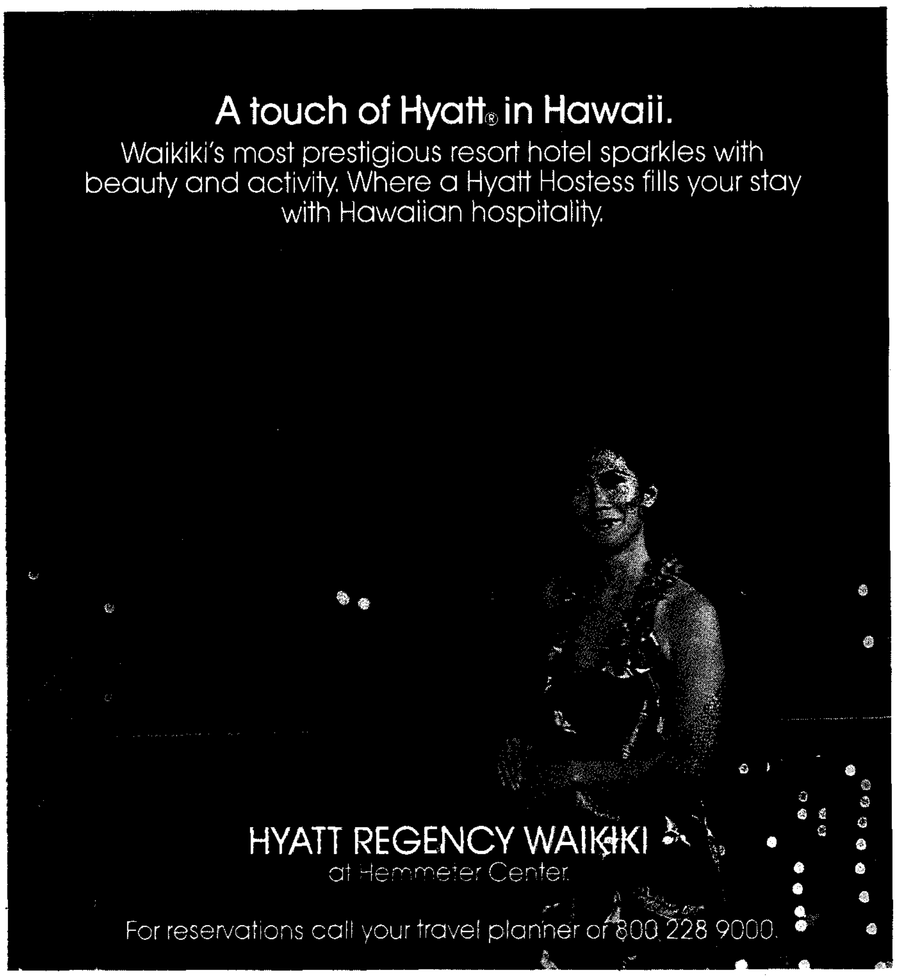
with their fine balance of tile and beam and window arch—which are as delicate as his watercolors of English pastures. They are so intimate, these drawings from Morocco, so tender and respectful—and, finally, so much richer than all the scholarly and pseudo-scholarly arguments of the past few years about "Orientalism." But museum politics in France are such that some of the most important exhibits here come and go without a proper catalogue to remember them by, and in another month all that will be left of the Delacroix show is the four-page *Petit Journal* stacked behind the postcards at the gallery door.

Actually, there has been a lot to see in Paris lately. There is a Tanguy retrospective at the Beaubourg, complete with a rogues' gallery of Tanguy and his Surrealist cronies, hamming for the camera, which in many ways is more interesting than any of the paintings, and certainly more fun. A Braque retrospective is at the Beaubourg, too. It is exhaustive and, like most major shows there, exhausting. The Beaubourg is a wonderful street scene, an inside-out boiler room in the middle of Paris, but it is a terrible place to look at paintings, and I preferred the companion show of Braque's mythological drawings at the Louise Leiris gallery. Louise Leiris recently lent over a hundred Picasso engravings and lithographs from her gallery collection—nearly all of them of Picasso's wife, Jacqueline—to the beleaguered cultural center in the Marais, which the government, both city and state, has tried to close. Jacqueline herself lent the center some fifty of the "Jacqueline" canvases she likes to keep hanging in her music room at Mougins, a kind of shrine to herself. They are not Picasso's best canvases. But they make a lively, garish exhibit—"La Pièce à Musique de Mougins"—that has kept the center open through a season when, for official accounting purposes, it was closed. The Centre Culturel du Marais is really a museum trapped inside a community-center budget. The directors, Maurice and Jacqueline Guillaud, have curators' tastes and talents, and they have put together some of the nicest small exhibits in Paris over the past few years—a lovely Turner show, a fiftieth-birthday party for Babar the Elephant that practically every child in Paris saw. Right now they are busy putting together an Altdorfer show and a show about Monet's forty years at Giverny while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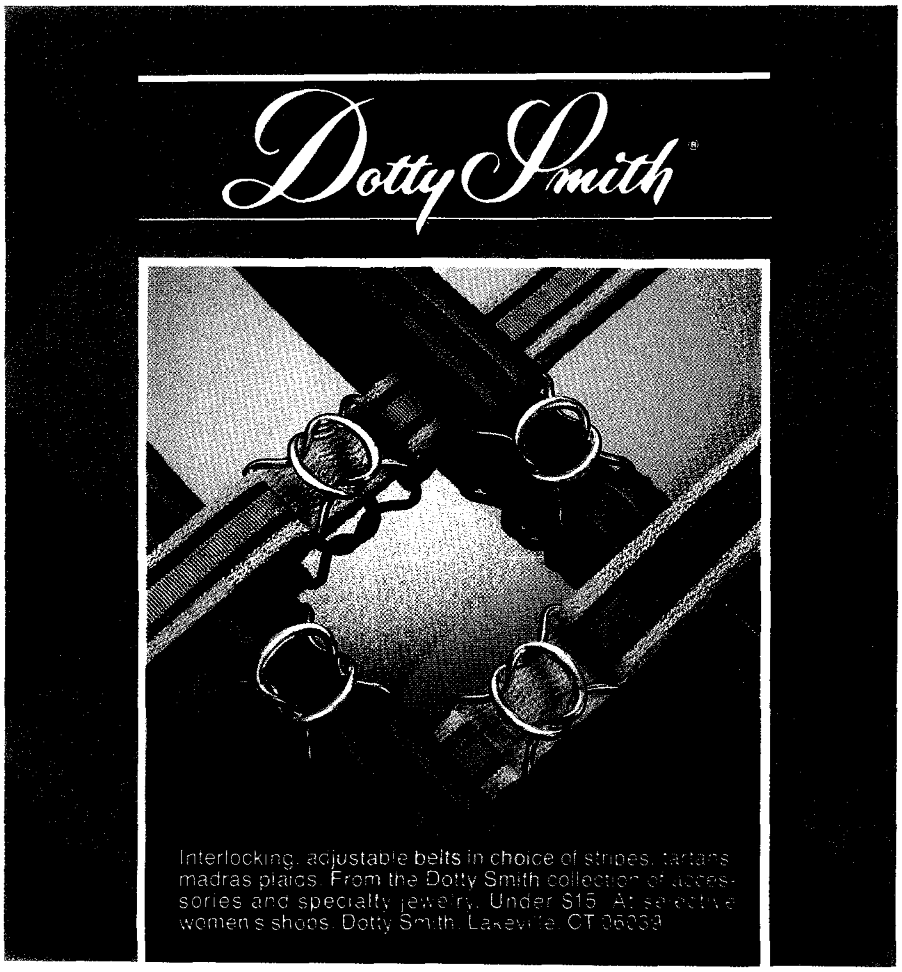
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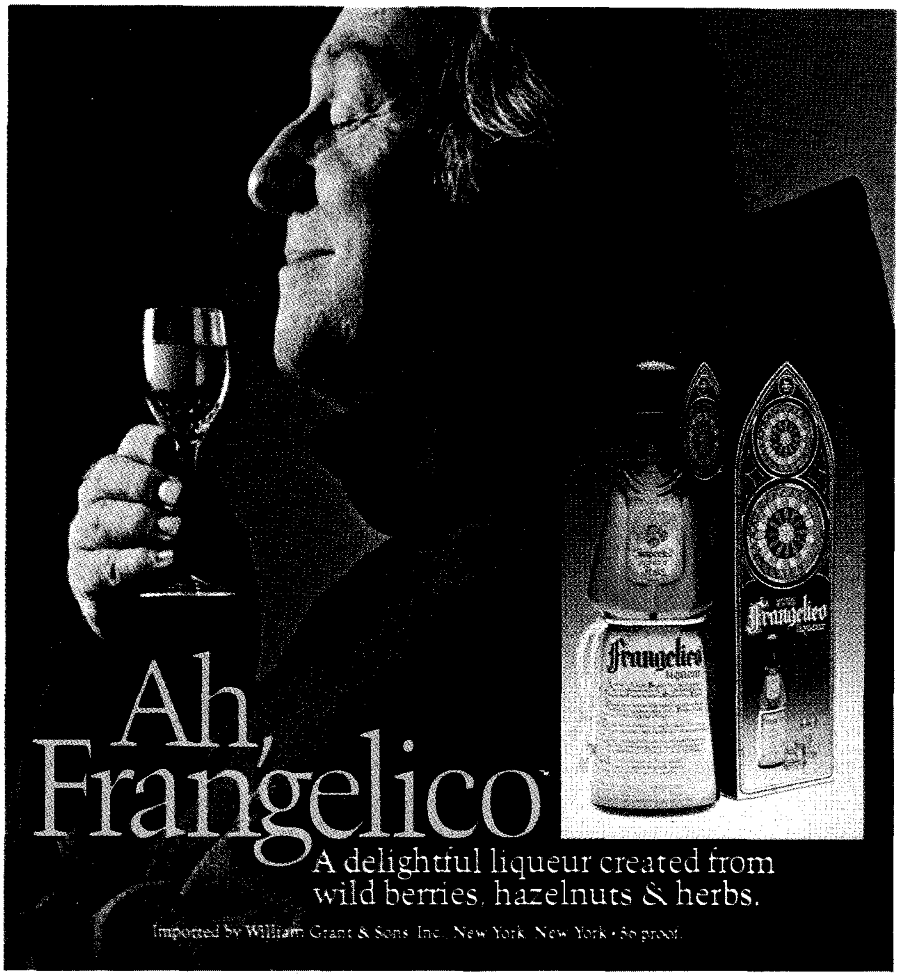
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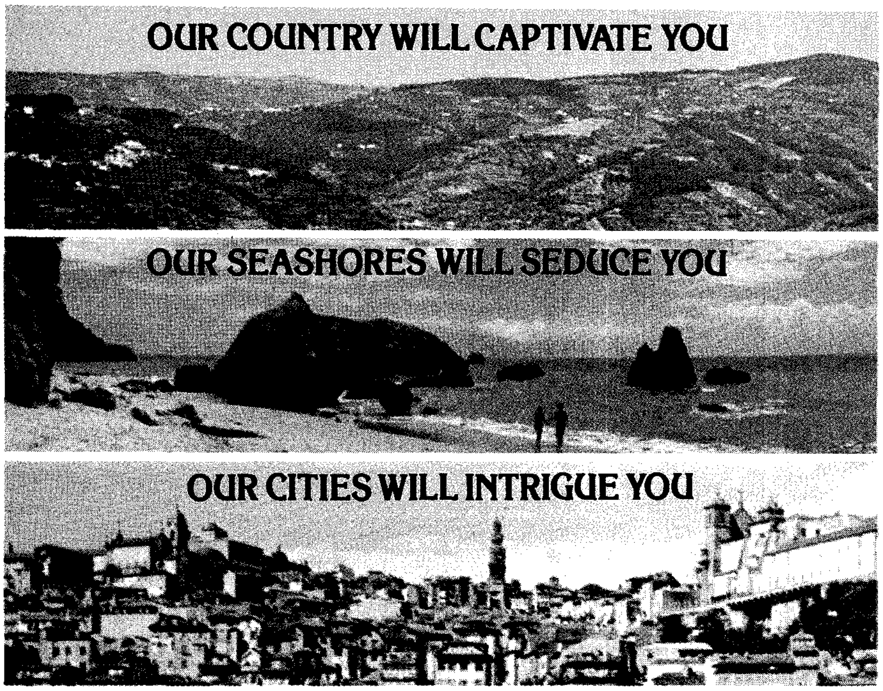
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they negotiate their future with politicians who claim they cost more money than they are worth. One of the problems for all the neighborhood cultural centers here is that they are no longer sure who it is they belong to—the state or the city or themselves. Early this summer, François Mitterrand's Council of Ministers announced and then for all practical purposes withdrew a plan to turn Paris into twenty little municipalities, based on its twenty *arrondissements.* They talked about grass-roots power for Parisians, but everyone knew they were really talking about taking Paris away from Jacques Chirac, the Mayor, who wants Mitterrand's job. No one expects Paris to be divided into twenty little cities, but, having raised the question of local power, the Socialists at the Élysée now are obliged to save face by appearing to resolve it. And until they do no local *fonctionnaire* in Paris knows whom to send his bills to.

Museums here depend almost entirely on the government. There is no financial incentive for anyone but the government to contribute to a museum—or, for that matter, to a theatre or a dance company—or to donate a painting or underwrite a job. The great art estates, like Picasso's, still negotiate their taxes with the government. The family that wants to give away a painting or the business that might be tempted to start a foundation or underwrite a new production at the Opéra can deduct, at most, a few hundred dollars on its taxes—and this means, of course, that not many people give and that the patron of first and last resort is the state. Anyone visiting the Kassel Documenta this summer saw at a glance how much work is being produced by young artists today—and how little of that work finds its way to Paris. There are fifty or sixty small city museums in Europe and America with better contemporary collections (and with good curators, who work in them for the chance to shape those collections) than the great museums of Paris. The Modern Art Museum here is practically moribund. Basel owns more good work by living artists than the Beaubourg.

Bankers in Switzerland say that in the fifteen months since Mitterrand's election the French have smuggled some thirty billion francs out of the country (most of it passing through Switzerland but evidently ending up in the United States). The Socialists take this as proof that the rich are scared of Socialism—which is certainly true. The rich, for their part, say that there is simply no interesting way to dispose of their wealth at home—meaning no way that will save them taxes on whatever part of it they want to keep for themselves. It is a truism that the French hoard. The fact is that no one encourages them to share. In France, philanthropy means pious Catholics of the *grande bourgeoisie* chaperoning old-age pensioners on a Lourdes pilgrimage. Practically the only important lay philanthropists in France since the war have been the French Rothschilds, who presumably do not worry about their taxes as much as their compatriots do. And so the best contemporary art on public view in Paris is art borrowed for exhibits, and the best museum collections are of dead masters, like Delacroix.

THE war in Lebanon absorbed everybody here. Whatever else happened in Europe this summer—banking scandals at the Vatican, problems with Ronald Reagan over the Soviet pipeline, American diplomats playing Ben Franklin to the French, as if the French were pretty Passy matrons to be seduced by scolding—none of it mattered for very long compared with the reality of the war and the arguments about the war and then, this month, the terrorism that left six people dead in a Jewish restaurant on the Rue des Rosiers. French intellectuals were shocked when Michel Chodkiewicz, the director of the publishing house Le Seuil and a Muslim convert, produced a wild exhortatory harangue in *Le Monde*, accusing the French left of lack of ardor for the Palestinian cause. The fact is that a lot of the French left was decidedly ardent. Jews in Paris were boycotting *Libération* and *Le Monde* because of war reports that read as if the P.L.O. had written them. After the attack at Jo Goldenberg's Restaurant, Pierre Mendès-France, who had deplored Menachem Begin's policies, from the bombing of Beirut to the talk about putting French-Jewish vigilantes on the streets of Paris, said that the media here, in their "excessive exploitation" of the war, if not their outright distortions, were underwriting, in a way, a tolerance for the terrorism at home.

Last month, Mitterrand compared the Israeli bombing of Beirut to the Nazi massacre at a French village called Oradour-sur-Glane during the Second World War, and in that remark nearly undid the careful diplomacy of more than a year in of-

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fice. French Jews all but forgot that Mitterrand was Israel's first real friend in the Elysée, that Giscard d'Estaing had bought immunity from terrorism with his pro-Arab policies, and that at least some of the terrorism in Paris now was retribution for Mitterrand's fairness. Terrorists—most of them Palestinian or pro-Palestinian—have struck twenty-five times in France since the end of March, and killed seventeen people. They have succeeded in producing terror, which is what terrorism is all about. There is fear and confusion in Paris now. There are policemen on every corner. The city has some of the tension of Bonn or Cologne after the Hanns-Martin Schleyer kidnapping, or London with Irish Republican Army bombs exploding in parks and restaurants and department stores. People coming home to Paris from their holidays confront an "Orientalism" that is a bitter mockery of Delacroix's bright Jewish brides and his delicate Arabs in their white turbans—an Orientalism that plays out the tragedies of the Middle East in an old Paris quarter where Mme. de Maintenon assembled her *Précieuses* and where tourists today are lining up to see the erotic canvases of Pablo Picasso's old age.

Joséphine's red crayon belongs to everyone. —JANE KRAMER

•

CHOCOLATE TRIBUTE TO SHUTTLE FLIGHT 3—Chocolatier Marcel Antoine and wife Suzanne, of Hackettstown, N.J., honored the third flight of Columbia in their own unique way—by sculpting a 75-lb. chocolate replica of the spacecraft. Chocolate Columbia was the focus of Marcel's 19th annual Easter confectionery display at his candy shop in Hackettstown. Measuring 47 inches tall and 33 inches wide, Marcel perched 5-inch tall candy figures of astronauts Lousma and Fullerton on ladders inside the cargo bay which was bedecked with American flags and miniature Easter chickens and eggs for companions.—*Photo caption in NASA Activities.*

Marcel, he eat too much chocolate.

•

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AROUND CITY HALL

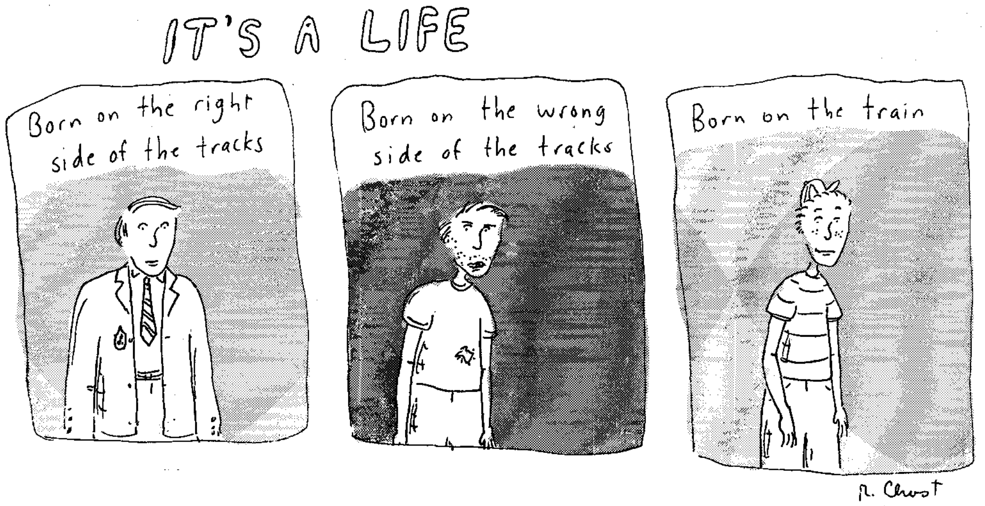
CHANGING SIDES

IN a television interview eight or nine years ago, Earl Butz, who was then Secretary of Agriculture, illustrated the kind of thing he had to put up with from interfering idiots on Capitol Hill by telling the interviewer about a member of the House—a fellow from New York, as Butz remembered it—who had introduced a bill to cut the gestation time for cows from nine months to four and a half. On August 2nd, President Reagan, addressing a convention of the National Corn Growers Association in Des Moines, Iowa, told the farmers about a Congressman "from the heart of our biggest city" who, finding himself assigned to the House Agriculture Committee, had proposed that the federal government "confiscate all food and divide it equally among all the people because food was a natural resource, belonging to everyone." The next day, a *Times* reporter called the White House press office and asked for the name of the House member, so that the legislator could be held up to suitable ridicule in his home town. The White House response was that the incident had never happened; the President had meant it as a joke. The corn growers, however, had appeared to accept the story as a true account of the kind of thing the Reagan Administration has to put up with from the simpleminded, irresponsible types that voters in the nation's biggest city send to represent them in Washington.

Some Republican officeholders make a habit of telling comical stories, true or not, about New York politicians, because the chances are—as they probably count on their listeners to understand—that they are poking fun at Democrats. This is a good bet in the case of New York City, where only three of the eighteen House members who represent districts entirely or partly in the five boroughs are Republicans. In the state as a whole, the assumption is less safe than it used to be. In the mid-nineteen-seventies, only twelve of the state's thirty-nine representatives were Republicans. Since the big Reagan victory in 1980, the tally has been seventeen Republicans and twenty-two Democrats. The *Times* was evidently put out about the President's fanciful pandering to regional hostilities at last month's meeting of the corn growers, and also about the fact that in a congressional-election year Reagan had introduced from among those sitting on the platform with him Iowa's two Republican Senators and two Republican members of the House while ignoring two Democratic House members who were also on hand. The *Times* pointed out that Reagan and his party had been flown to the Des Moines meeting at government expense—that is, at the expense of all American taxpayers, rural and urban, Republican and Democratic.

If New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan hadn't been preoccupied with his own reëlection campaign, he might have waded into the fray to mention that the oft-maligned New Yorkers had in fact paid more than their share of the cost of the Presidential expedition to Iowa. In a July 25th press conference, during which he complained that New York State would benefit from only two and three-tenths per cent of the federal military budget in the next fiscal year, he had made the perennial Moynihan point that this state regularly sends to Washington several billion dollars more each year than it gets back in benefits. The discrepancy for the current year was surely no smaller, he said, but it could only be estimated: among the federal services that the Reagan budget cutters had eliminated—for reasons best known to themselves, he suggested, rolling his eyes—was the publication of its annual report on the geographic distribution of federal funds; thus, it will now be harder for a state like New York to prove how much the Reagan Administration is shortchanging it.

On August 19th, Moynihan, unlike Alfonse D'Amato, his Republican counterpart in the Senate, voted against the President's ninety-eight-billion-three-hundred-million-dollar tax bill. Only a little over a week after Reagan's Des Moines trip, his battle to get his tax legislation through Congress was requiring him to put considerable reliance on the good will and—as he surely saw it—the good sense of New York legislators of both parties. The members of the House of Representatives from New York—especially the Democrats—measured up well from the White House point of view. House Democrats voted a hundred and twenty-three in favor of the bill and a hundred and eighteen against it. Of the twenty-two Democrats from New York, twelve voted yes. The recorded total in favor would have been thirteen if it hadn't been for a mishap that befell James Scheuer, who represents a district that is partly in Brooklyn and partly in Queens. Describing himself as "very mortified," Scheuer explained after the results were announced that he had been talking to his colleagues on the House floor and had simply neglected to cast his "aye" vote. ("A CHATTERBOX VS. BALLOT BOX" was the *News* headline the next day.) When the Speaker of the House heard about this, the voice of the usually soft-spoken Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, Jr., rose to a shout. "You were right here and you forgot to vote!" he said to Scheuer, raising his eyes heavenward. There was no public shouting at New Yorkers on the other side of the aisle, but some local Republicans who had not responded favorably to the White House lobbying blitz found even more ominous the rumbling sounds emanating from the neigh-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borhood of the Oval Office, including references to permanent damage that the nay-voters might have done to their political best interests. A hundred and three House Republicans voted for the President's bill, and eighty-nine came down on the other side. Of the seventeen G.O.P. members from this state, nine voted no. The Republican leadership's assignment of blame for the fact that over half of the New York House members from its party had rejected the President's importunities began, of course, with Representative Jack Kemp, of upstate Erie County, who had had a kind of father-son relationship with Reagan since the mid-sixties. In 1980, Kemp had converted—or thought he had converted—the President to supply-side economics, of which Kemp sees the tax-increase bill as a dangerous betrayal. Otis Pike, a former representative from suburban Long Island, said of the situation, "When the messiah of supply-side economics gets into a hassle with its highest priest, the faithful are left wondering whom to follow."

THOUGH the White House lobbyists expected trouble from New York—more trouble than in fact they eventually got—they probably did not expect to have to deal with the embarrassing situation that at one point confronted them on heavily Republican Long Island. Of the six House members from that area, only Representative Thomas Downey, who was also the only Long Island Democrat to survive the 1980 Reagan landslide, was working actively in support of the President's bill. However, Representative Gregory Carman, although he had expressed some doubts, was expected to come around—and he did. The Albany Republican leaders who helped oversee the reapportionment of New York's congressional districts to reflect the state's decline in population, which was revealed in the 1980 census, had made Carman an odd man out, throwing him into the same district as a fellow-Republican, Representative John LeBoutillier. LeBoutillier, who, at twenty-nine, is the youngest member of the House, had undoubtedly been favored in part because he was known to have close White House connections: several California members of the Reagan Kitchen Cabinet had helped him in his 1980 campaign, in which he defeated the veteran Democratic Representative Lester Wolff. After thinking matters over, Carman

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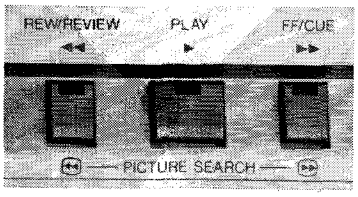

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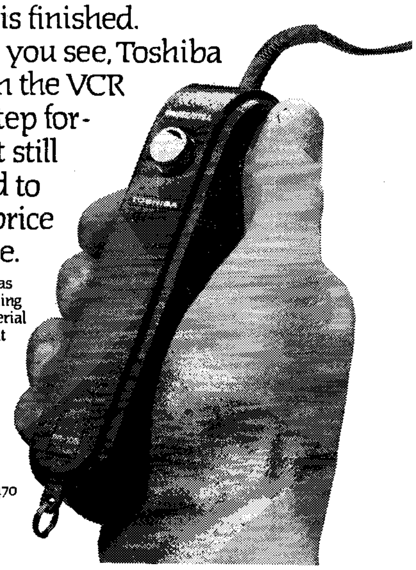

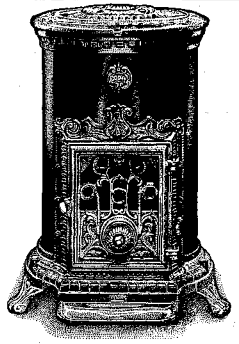

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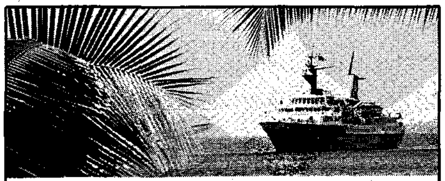

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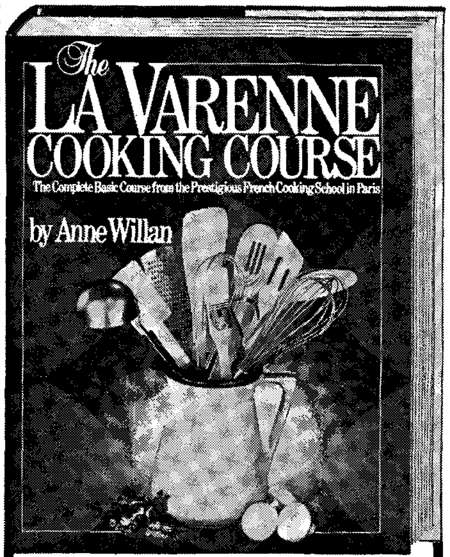
made things easy for everybody by announcing on August 3rd that he would not be a candidate for reëlection. It was widely assumed that his accommodating behavior would be rewarded, possibly with a federal judgeship—a prospect that he was not likely to jeopardize by defying the White House on the tax bill. The four other Long Island Republicans—all of them from the conservative end of the political spectrum—indicated that they were ready to vote against the bill. Two of them eventually did, but this was not for lack of persuasive efforts by Reagan allies. Early in August, a member of the campaign staff of Representative Raymond McGrath, who, unlike several members of the New York delegation, is not a millionaire, put in a call to Richard Bond, the deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee. He asked when McGrath could expect the first installment of his share of the huge supply of campaign funds that the Democratic National Committee complains that its opposition has available to influence this year's congressional elections. McGrath had expected a friendly reception, since he had once been a babysitter for Bond in Rockville Centre, which is in his district. Bond, who was quoted the same week as saying of Republican representatives who didn't coöperate on the tax bill, "Nail them to the wall!," asked how McGrath was voting. When he was told, Bond said he couldn't really be sure when the funds might arrive. McGrath attended the hot-dogs-and-beans picnic that the President threw on August 15th for thirty-two wavering Republican members of the House. They were transported to Camp David in three military helicopters to hear the President and Cabinet members explain why any doubts about the bill were misguided. McGrath did not shift sides. Displaying a concern for appearances that does not afflict all politicians, he asked, "How could I possibly change my mind? It would look as if I did it for the money."

Representative LeBoutillier, whose district is half in Queens and half in Nassau County, did not go to Camp David. His position was that he was still a loyal supporter of the President's 1981 tax cut, even though the President wasn't. He estimated that the Republican National Committee had spent four hundred thousand dollars lobbying for the tax increase, and asked whether that was what many of the Republican contributors had in-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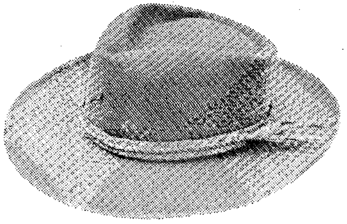

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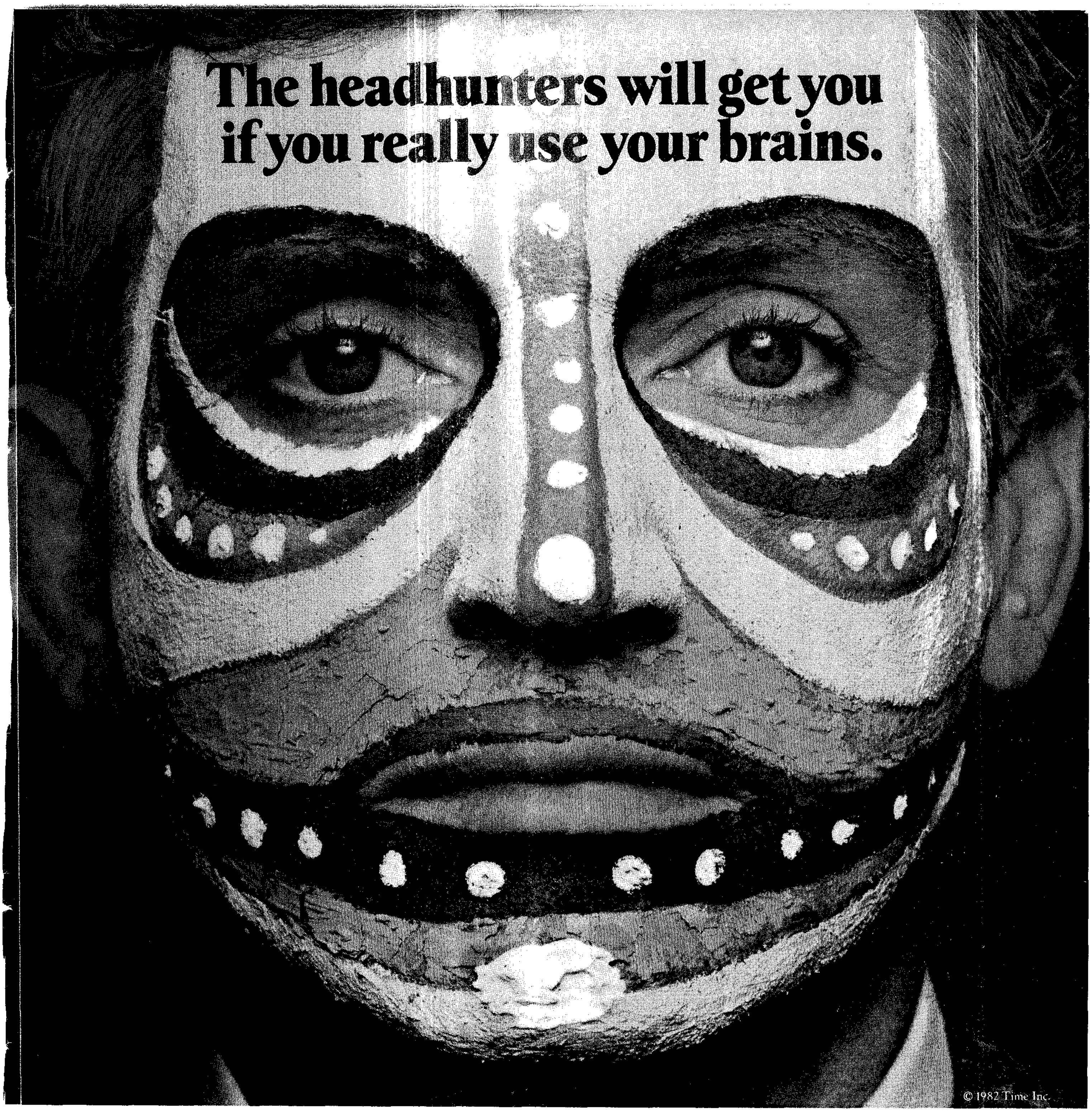
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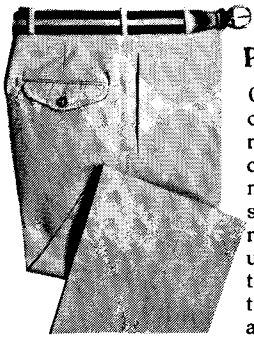

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tended their money to be used for. His reason for skipping Camp David: "I couldn't in good conscience let them woo me all day and then vote against the bill."

An attack of tastefulness was just about the last thing that most members of Congress expected of LeBoutillier, who within weeks of taking office in 1981 had begun to establish himself as the enfant terrible of the House of Representatives. He had called his fellow-Republican Charles Percy, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a wimp, and Moynihan, among other things, a drunken bum. "Like the federal government—big, fat, and out of control" was the way he dismissed Speaker O'Neill. "Slow and fat" was his phrase for Congress, which he had spent nearly half a million dollars of his and other people's money getting elected to. Those who recalled that in 1978, while he was in graduate school at Harvard, LeBoutillier published a book called "Harvard Hates America" concluded that he didn't appreciate being a member of any institution that would have him as a member. The young Representative's apparent political recklessness has limits, however. After his remark about O'Neill, LeBoutillier—whose name the *Post* got tired of spelling out in the frequent headlines that his gyrations required, and now shortens to "LeBoot"—wrote a letter to the Long Island paper *Newsday* expressing his regret not to the Speaker but to a bloc of his own constituents whose feelings he might have hurt and who could carry their grudge to the polls. "If fat people took offense, I apologize," wrote the Representative, who is tall and on the thin side, adding chummily that he was "a former fat person" himself.

Although LeBoutillier declined to go to Camp David, he did not turn down an invitation to what he later described as a one-on-one meeting with the President in the Oval Office. LeBoutillier told reporters that before he went in he had to agree not to denounce by name the aides who he believed had "behaved dishonorably" by putting out the word that Jack Kemp's only purpose in opposing the President on the tax bill was to promote Kemp's future Presidential prospects. (Impugning Kemp's motives was a bipartisan affair last month. After Kemp's own session with the President—whose later reference to the tax bill's opponents as "jackasses" was assumed to have been chosen with malice

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aforethought—Kemp had said, "Now I know the woodshed is oval." O'Neill's comment was "You ought to know. You've measured it often enough.") LeBoutillier said later that he found the President a hard man to refuse, but he emerged from the oval woodshed with his nay vote intact.

In the matter of the two other Republican representatives from Long Island, the Reagan lobbyists achieved an even split. It was no surprise that William Carney, who was a registered member of the Conservative Party when he first won on the Republican line, in 1978, resisted to the end voting for what the President insisted was not—as others kept describing it—the largest peacetime tax increase in history. Representative Norman Lent, who said the day before the vote that he would probably be among the bill's opponents, because he, too, had faith in the President's 1981 supply-side program and felt that it hadn't been given a chance to work, supported the bill at the last minute. The President, he said, had promised that although the A-10 fighter plane, made by the Fairchild Republic Company, which is in Lent's district, had been cut from the new defense budget, he would see that the *Pentagon* helped get foreign orders for the A-10. In the case of the two Republicans whose districts, unlike that of LeBoutillier, are entirely in the city, there was also a standoff. Manhattan Representative S. William Green, a member of the dwindling contingent of liberal-minded House Republicans, in his Oval Office meeting with the President (after the bill passed, the White House reported that Reagan had spoken personally with a hundred and eighty members of Congress) expressed his concern about the impending cuts in Medicare and Medicaid while money for the military was being increased. According to Green, the President's answer was to tell an anecdote about a pregnant woman in labor trying to get into a hospital. In the end, he was persuaded to vote in favor of the bill by callers from the city—particularly Richard Ravitch, the head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, who kept emphasizing that the bill's lease-back provisions would allow the M.T.A. to save perhaps five hundred million dollars in connection with the purchase of buses and subway and commuter-train cars before the provisions run out next year. In addition, Green had a visit from Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan, who brought with him

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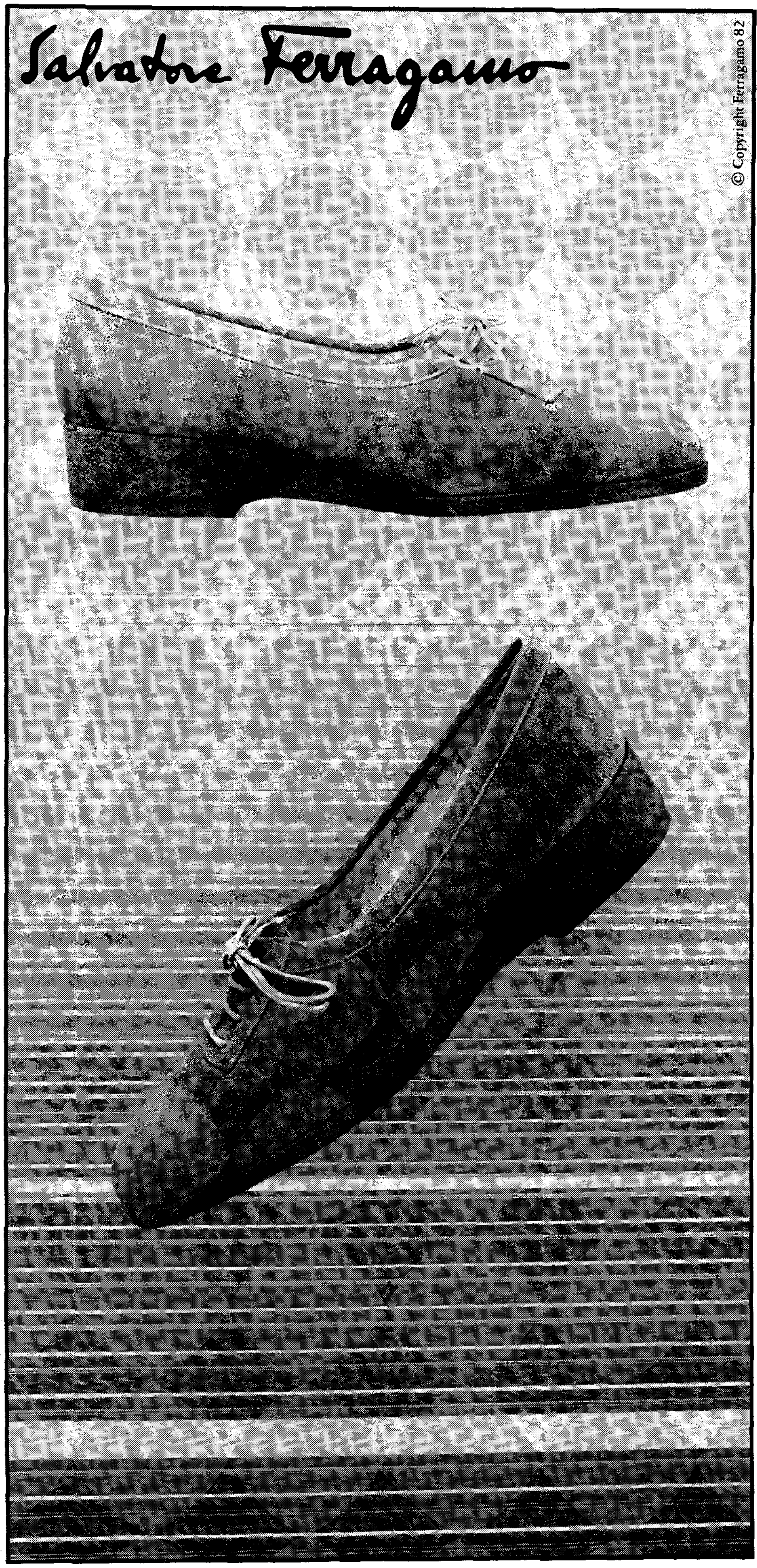
figures apparently proving that the majority of the voters in Green's district supported the bill. The call received by Representative Guy Molinari—whose district includes Staten Island and a section of lower Manhattan, and who in 1980 defeated a Democrat who had been in the House for eighteen years—was from Richard Schweiker, the Secretary of Health and Human Services. Schweiker reminded Molinari that by special dispensation a former Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island had been kept open as a private institution with the help of money from Washington, while similar federal hospitals were being closed all over the country. Who knew what cuts in hospital funds might be necessary in the future? However, the phone calls in Molinari's largely conservative district were running four to one against the bill, and he voted in the negative.

While some Republicans here were assessing the tax bill in terms of cut-rate subway cars and possible hospital closings, the disciples of the President in his supply-side mode (before he did what the syndicated columnist Patrick Buchanan called "his Sydney Carton imitation" in the speech urging a tax increase) were treating the scramble for congressional votes in theological terms. Georgia Representative Newt Gingrich, who is a Kemp ally, called it "the opening round of a fight for the soul and future of the Republican Party." Kemp himself denied that his opposition to the tax increase implied disloyalty to the President, who, White House aides kept saying, had made Kemp what he is today. Kemp said, "I don't think loyalty requires a sacrifice of conscience, principles, and belief." Possibly he thought that as the first New Yorker in many years to have a nationwide political—even theological—constituency he might hope that there would now be an end once and for all to the football metaphors that hark back to his having been a quarterback for the Buffalo Bills, for which he played his last season in 1969. It didn't work out that way. Delaware Senator William Roth, the co-sponsor of the 1977 Kemp-Roth bill, which became the vade mecum of the supply-siders, explained that he regarded Kemp as being still on the team and that "just calling a different play on the same team is no repudiation." Last month, a cartoon in the Detroit *Free Press* showed Kemp and the President (possibly in honor of his role as the Gipper) suited up for a game,



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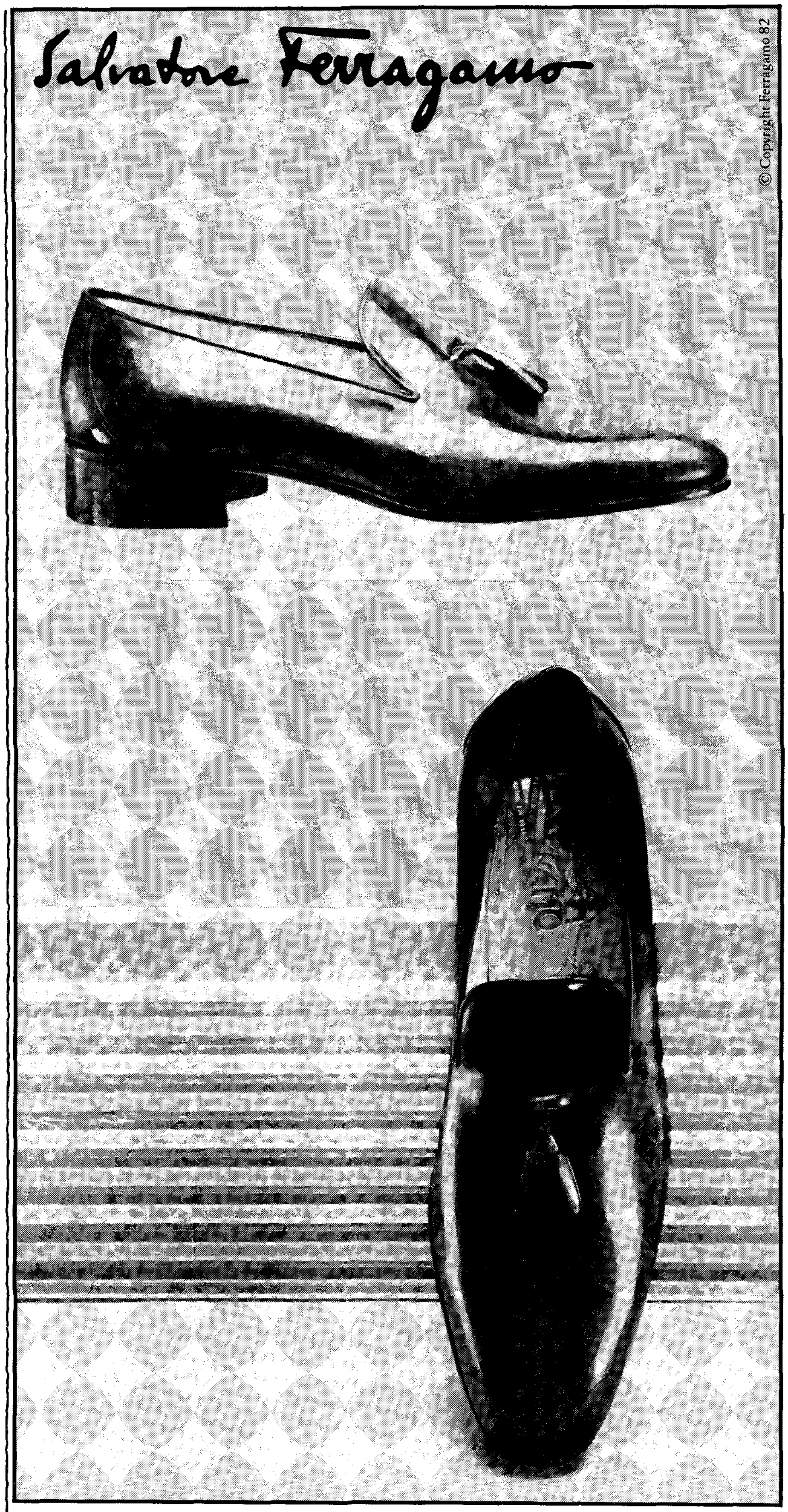
playing with a football labelled "Taxes," with Reagan giving the signal "Hike" while Kemp, pointing to a drawing of the Laffer curve, signals "Punt." In a letter published a few weeks ago in the Buffalo *Evening News*, Donald Hoak, the president of Local 1122 of the Communications Workers of America, said of Kemp's economic philosophy, "His insistence on giving his economic theory more time to work reminds me of when Jack used to fade back to pass while he was the Bills' quarterback. He faded back and back and back before so often being sacked for mammoth losses by onrushing defensive linemen."

As in Congress generally, some members of the New York delegation, such as Kemp, opposed the tax bill because it was not conservative enough and some because it was not liberal enough. Of the seventeen blacks in the House, twelve voted no. The two blacks from New York divided on the issue: Shirley Chisholm, of Brooklyn, who is retiring, voted against (as did Bronx Representative Robert Garcia, the only Puerto Rican in Congress), while Charles Rangel, whose Manhattan district includes Harlem, voted in favor. There may have been a lesson for the Republican National Committee in the fact that in districts where the November vote was expected to be close and the perils of supporting the President had to be carefully weighed the House members' votes usually went against the legislation. A Washington *Post*-ABC News poll just before the vote indicated that Americans opposed the bill by fifty-four per cent to thirty-five. Those charged with redrawing the lines for New York's new congressional districts—a process that required shrinking the number of districts by five—tended to solve the problem by throwing two incumbents into one district and letting them fight it out. This practice evidently increased the negative total from New York. In the city, the Republican Molinari was put in the same district as Leo Zeferetti, a Democrat. In the counties just north of the city, the Republican Benjamin Gilman and the Democrat Peter Peyser were consigned to similar overcrowded political conditions, and so were two Republicans, Gary Lee and George Wortley, in the central part of the state. All six voted no. Of the moderate and liberal Democrats who supported the bill, some surely did so because they believed that the President was right when he called it tax-



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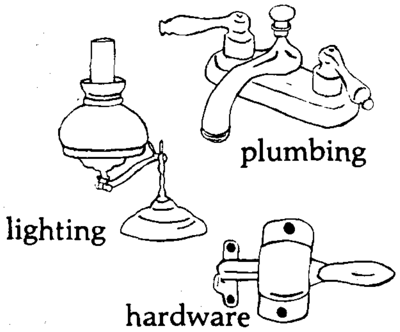
reform legislation. A late provision that won the support of many liberals in this state and elsewhere, and was undoubtedly included in the bill for that purpose, was the ten-week extension of unemployment payments for workers whose benefits were running out—a measure that, as LeBoutillier, among others, grumbled, added nearly two billion dollars in costs to a bill that was intended to reduce the federal deficit. And some may have voted for it because they agreed with Tom Downey, the only New Yorker on both the Budget Committee and the Ways and Means Committee, who said of the tax increase, "Regardless of whether we like it or not, we need the money to govern the next two years."

A comment frequently heard from those who were on the receiving end of White House lobbying was "Those guys are really playing hardball." The final vote on the tax bill marked the second time this summer that Downey—who was the youngest member of the House when he took office, in 1975, at the age of twenty-five—had come out on the high-scoring side against LeBoutillier. In 1981, in the twentieth annual House baseball match between Republicans and Democrats, LeBoutillier had been the star of the game, pitching his team to a 6–4 victory. Early in June of this year, he told reporters that he was practicing his curve and worrying about the opposition. "I worry about Synar—a tough out," he said, referring to Representative Mike Synar, of Oklahoma. The pitcher for the Democrats, Ronald Mottl, of Ohio, was also worried. Mottl had been one of the Boll Weevils who voted with the President on the 1981 tax-cutting budget bill. Running this year for a fifth term, he had been defeated by a more liberal Democrat in the primary June 8th—an indication that in at least one case supporting the President could be hazardous to Democratic political health. Three days before the game, on June 13th, Mottl delivered himself of various philosophical remarks. "This game means a real lot to me," he said. "I really want to go out a winner. It was embarrassing to lose that primary." He also said, "Politics is very analogous to sports. When you're a winner, you're a hero, and when you lose, you're a bum." The Democratic team won, 7–5, behind Mottl's pitching and good hitting by Synar and also by Downey, who got a triple off LeBoutillier. During the game, the Democrats' cheering section



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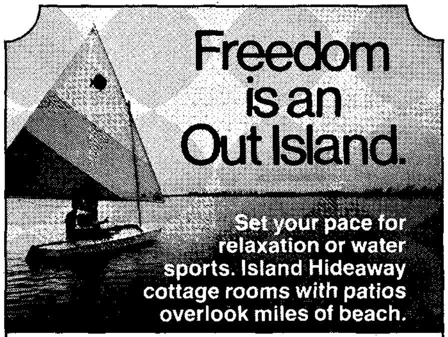
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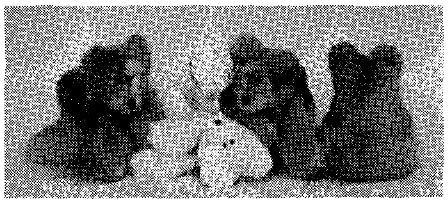

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kept their team psyched up by chanting, "Two, four, six, eight! We remember Watergate!" LeBoutillier was unsuccessful in trying to psych his team up to a victorious effort by shouting at them, "Your prestige is on the line! If you're a bum, you're a bum for the rest of the year!"

THE President, this year's winner—and still champion—insists that there have been no significant shifts in policy at the White House recently, although his sometime admirer William Safire had complained that from that point and elsewhere "the slapping sound of the flip-flop can be heard throughout the land." It's true that there have lately been some sharp reversals of direction on the political scene in this city. On a visit here last March, the President told a group of editors that the city's Democratic Mayor, Edward Koch, who was an announced candidate for the Governorship, would make a great Governor. Apparently, he remembered that the Mayor, who had run for reëlection in 1981 on the Republican as well as the Democratic ticket, had had mostly friendly things to say about the Reagan Administration, and forgot that in this year's Governor's race Koch would have a Republican opponent. On the same occasion, Reagan, as he often does, quoted what he calls the Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not speak ill of another Republican." From comments heard after what had been taken by some observers as a virtual endorsement of Koch, it seemed that the Republican contenders for their party's nomination—there were then four of them—were struggling manfully not to speak ill of another Republican: the President. Since then, Reagan has made it clear that he favors having Republicans beat all Democrats everywhere, and Koch has regularly denounced the Reagan urban policy as a disaster for both the city and the state. (The Mayor has had a sharp change of heart about another political figure. Last winter, he described President of the City Council Carol Bellamy, who will succeed him at City Hall if he becomes Governor, as "just tremendously vicious"—"vicious" being a favorite Koch term of non-endearment. Nowadays, she is invited to be at the side of a smiling and deferential Mayor on almost every ceremonial occasion.) Meanwhile, Koch's opponent for the Democratic nomination, Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, has been running com-

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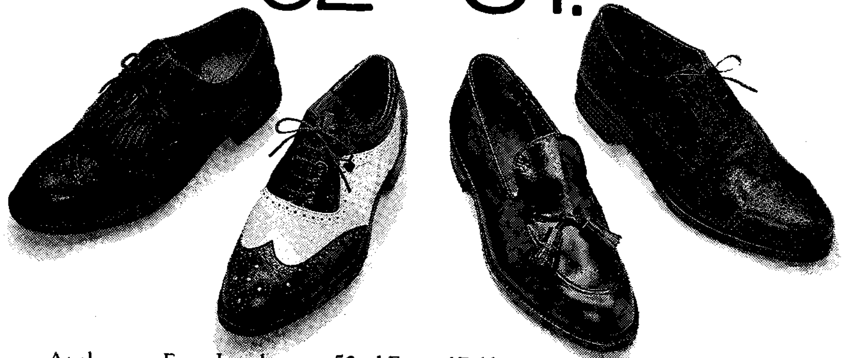

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mercials that quote Koch's 1981 statement that Cuomo would make a great Governor. He has also charged the Mayor with having too long been soft on Reagan. Koch's answer was to retrieve from the archives a commercial made by Cuomo last year during the mayoral campaign in which the Lieutenant Governor urged the election of Koch as someone who would lead an effective fight against Reagan in Washington.

Curiously, the name of the President, which crops up so often in the debates between the two Democratic contenders, is hardly ever mentioned by the two men who have made it to the finals for the Republican gubernatorial nomination—the businessman Lewis Lehrman and the former United States Attorney Paul Curran. This lapse is particularly strange in the case of Lehrman, who strongly supported Reagan at the 1980 Republican National Convention. Later, he made an intense effort to win appointment as the new Administration's Secretary of the Treasury, for which he seemed well suited, since he was an ardent supply-sider. He also favors a return to the gold standard—a position that, like his belief in supply-side economics, goes unmentioned in the Lehrman campaign commercials. Despite the President's reminders about the Eleventh Commandment, the Republicans in the New York gubernatorial race have been speaking just about as ill of each other as the two Democrats. Curran has suggested that Lehrman is a liar and a tax dodger. Lehrman has said that his opponent is in no position to question anybody's character, since Curran has "traded his U.S. Attorney's legacy" for the support of a "convicted felon." His reference is to Joseph Margiotta, the Nassau County Republican chairman and Curran's principal backer, who has been considered the most powerful Republican boss in the state. Last December, Margiotta was found guilty of mail fraud and extortion in a federal court—a conviction that has been upheld by the Court of Appeals and is being taken to the Supreme Court. Curran, in his turn, has said that Lehrman sought Margiotta's support both before and after the loss of the most recent appeal. Curran played a tape of a speech at a May 6th Nassau County dinner on which Lehrman was heard saying that the Margiotta organization "is the real Republican Party" and that whatever happened to the Party "is Joe

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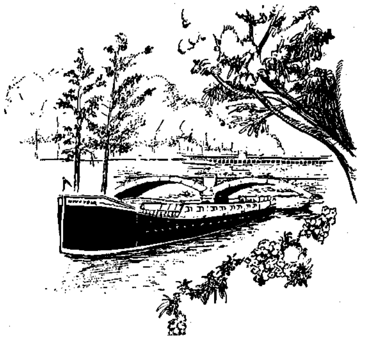

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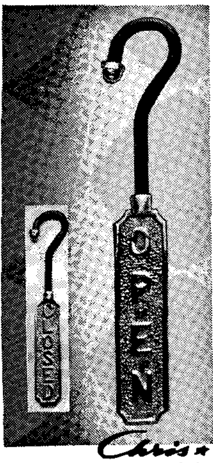

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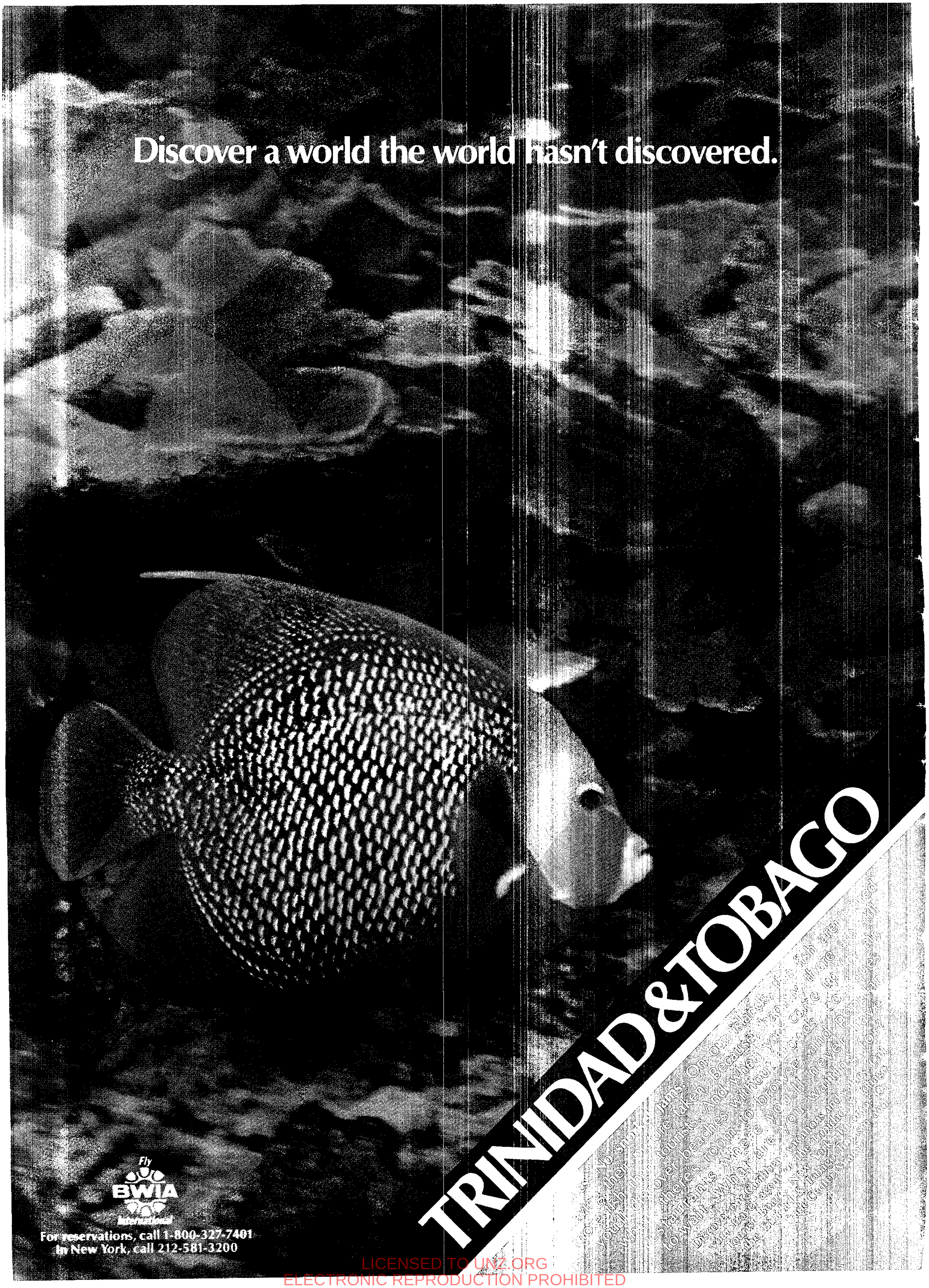
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Margiotta's victory." Lehrman added, "As our Olympic coach told our boys when they whipped the Russians, you, above all, were born to play this game."

The Margiotta mess prevented New York Republicans from striking a self-righteous moral pose and trying to make partisan election-year capital out of last month's news that Brooklyn Representative Frederick Richmond had pleaded guilty in federal court to a felony charge and two misdemeanor charges, involving income-tax evasion, the possession of narcotics, and an illegal payment to a federal employee, and had then resigned from the House. The outcome was a relief here and in Washington, since Richmond's long-running troubles with the law, which had also involved moral turpitude, had been an embarrassment both to the Democratic Party and to Congress. As it happened—although, of course, when the President told his little joke in Des Moines he had no particular legislator in mind—Richmond was the only New York member of the House Agriculture Committee. His resignation (his last important vote was for the Reagan tax bill) guaranteed that the House seat in the Eleventh District, where he had planned to run for reëlection, will be filled by a black or a Hispanic. The district Richmond represented had been drawn at the instigation of the Justice Department in 1974 with this goal in mind, in response to a suit filed under the Voting Rights Act. Nevertheless, Richmond—who is white, who last year said that his personal fortune was over thirty-one million dollars, and who lives not in Brooklyn but on Sutton Place, in Manhattan—was able to win that year and has won every election since. Part of his success was the result of his paying genuine attention to the legislative concerns of his constituents. (As chairman of the subcommittee that dealt with the distribution to the needy of food stamps, a program that was also very welcome to farmers, he did in a sense deal with food as a natural resource, though neither the growers nor the recipients of the food saw this as anything to laugh about.) He also attended to some of his constituents' other concerns. "They say there are more organs in the Baptist churches in his district than in any other part of the country," Representative Rangel said after Richmond's resignation.

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forty-four per cent black and thirty-seven per cent Hispanic, now number three. Two are of Hispanic descent—Louis Hernandez, an insurance broker, and Jack John Olivero, a former executive of American Telephone & Telegraph—and the third, Edolphus Towns, who is the Deputy Borough President of Brooklyn, is black. A protégé of Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn Democratic boss, with whom Mayor Koch is also on excellent terms, Towns has been one of the few black Brooklyn politicians who were openly friendly and helpful to the Mayor—who, for whatever reasons, is not overwhelmingly popular in the black community. Citing these alliances, the editors of Harlem's *Amsterdam News* early this summer denounced Towns, among others, as a "handkerchief head" and a "Koch quisling," and said that they would "rather every black son be still-born" than grow up to be like him. Towns conceded last month that an endorsement from Koch would be harmful to his campaign. The issue of the *Amsterdam News* that reached the stands on August 26th carried the news of Richmond's guilty pleas and his resignation. On the front page was a story under the headline "TOWNS DUMPS KOCH, RETURNS TO THE FOLD." In return for the support of black leaders, Towns had pledged to reject the Koch administration's social, economic, and political policies. "The Koch administration has been detrimental to black and Hispanic communities in New York City," he said. On its editorial page, the *Amsterdam News* did not refer to flip-flops—its own or anyone else's—but made a more ancient and poetic connection. The editorial began with the quotation "And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven. . . . But the father said to his servants . . . bring hither the fatted calf. . . . For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." —ANDY LOGAN

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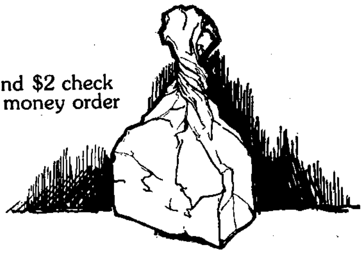

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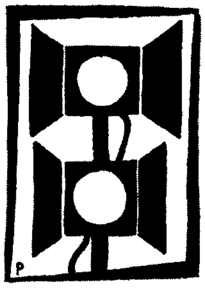
A Beast in Chains

SAD to say, the production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" that has arrived at the Brooks Atkinson is an unsatisfactory one. The play is, of course, fiendishly difficult to act—tremendous revelations about the doomed Alving family keep emerging almost from one line of dialogue to the next, and the lines themselves, terse and plain enough in their syntax, are often elliptical, leaving far more unspoken than spoken, and therefore requiring that the five members of the cast be exceptionally well trained in modulating their voices and in modulating their silences as well. The ellipsis I speak of not only is a highly effective dramatic device, which Ibsen in this play is practicing with a newfound assurance; it also was a necessity of the time in which he was writing, just over a hundred years ago. Ibsen was bent upon bringing up and scrutinizing one socially impermissible topic after another—gross infidelity, incest, and congenital syphilis among them—and even with all his artistic cunning his subject matter was sufficiently offensive to render productions of the play unlikely in many countries. With a chauvinist's pride, I cannot resist noting that the world première of "Ghosts" took place in Chicago, in 1882, in the original Norwegian; the first production of the play in English was given here in New York, in 1894. The London public wasn't permitted to see "Ghosts" until 1914.



Of the cast in the present production, only John Neville, as Pastor Manders, speaks Ibsen's lines with the variety of changes in pitch and tone which they demand. Liv Ullmann, as Mrs. Alving, has a curiously inexpressive voice, accompanied by a tomboy laugh. Jane Murray, as the sensual, ambitious maidservant Regina, speaks a flat prairie English that fails to convey her lofty intentions in regard to her future; Edward Binns, as Engstrand, the scoundrelly carpenter, and Kevin Spacey, as Oswald, the artist son of the house, appear to have so little confidence in the colloquial force of the words they are uttering that they hammer them home as if with their bare fists. To make matters worse, Miss Ullmann lacks grace of movement, and Mr. Neville, as director, has apparently sought to mitigate this defect by moving her and her fellow-actors about as little as possible and in a stilted, old-fashioned manner; nothing is fluid onstage save the rain that we are told is falling outside the Alvings' commodious villa and that, though it is called for in the stage directions, we never see. (The setting is by Kevin Rupnik, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. The translation of the play is credited to Arthur Kopit, who has done Ibsen little harm.)

Despite my objections, even an imperfect "Ghosts" is better than no "Ghosts" at all. What an extraordinary work it is, not alone in the audacity of its content but in the austerity of its construction. James Joyce, at seventeen, was wise to salute it in a paper prepared for his college literary society and, shortly afterward, to write a review of "When We Dead Awaken" in the *Fortnightly Review* which earned a word of gratitude from the playwright himself. Joyce said that Ibsen was able to find the universal in the commonplace, and Joyce was determined that someday he would be able to do the same. In "Ghosts" we have a further pleasure—that of observing the prototypes of characters that Shaw was to steal and, with a typically exuberant lack of guilt, make over according to his heart's desire; Engstrand, for example, is obviously the model for Alfred Doolittle, in "Pygmalion," as Pastor Manders is the model for the Reverend James Morell, in "Candida," and Oswald is the model for Dubedat, in "The Doctor's Dilemma." Vain, cranky, imperious, disagreeable Ibsen saw plainly and without fear what he taught all his successors to see—that the past is a beast in chains, and that out of the unchaining of the beast comes art. That we live willingly among ghosts and draw nourishment from them as well as pain is thanks in part to "Ghosts." We have reason to be grateful. —BRENDAN GILL

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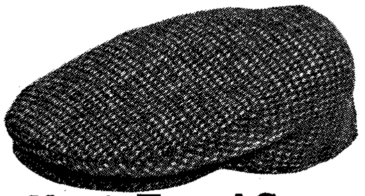

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BOOKS

Kissinger and Nixon

THE Kissinger memoirs' qualities of detached intelligence and skilled narrative, obvious in the initial volume, "White House Years," are equally apparent in the second volume, "Years of Upheaval" (Little, Brown; $24.95). These books will be of permanent interest, both for their account of that time when Dr. Henry Kissinger dominated our foreign policy and for their reflections upon the general issues of policy. A number of American theoreticians have been called to Washington since the Second World War to practice what they preached. Usually, the results have not been especially successful. Dr. Kissinger's is a more complex case.

Success in policy is nearly always an arguable judgment. What would have been the outcome of policies different from those pursued by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger? What, moreover, was the contribution of Mr. Nixon, under whose authority everything was done? (This volume covers the author's tenure as Secretary of State under Nixon, up until the latter's resignation, in August, 1974.) Dr. Kissinger emphasizes Mr. Nixon's importance. He says that Mr. Nixon was a decisive President; one would have expected that. He says that Mr. Nixon's judgment was good; one would have thought otherwise. Dr. Kissinger's comments on Mr. Nixon have the effect of making that strange man not only a clearer and more easily comprehended figure but a more sympathetic one—even as Dr. Kissinger describes him with a detachment that would be more appropriate if his subject, whose favor allowed the unknown university professor to become world-famous, had never been Dr. Kissinger's friend.

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There is a quality to what happened to Richard Nixon which one would like to call tragic but which is (and this, one supposes, is the personal tragedy) merely pathetic. That desperate effort, the failures overcome, the victories won, the terrible collapse provoked by his own distrust even of those closest to him and by that fatal lack of common sense, that unwillingness to take people on terms other than their worst—dictated, it seems, by his ultimate lack of belief in himself: Dr. Kissinger's account makes all this clear, almost categorically so. It does this even as it makes it plain that Dr. Kissinger, on the other hand, is troublingly sure of himself: making overbearing jokes about his own vanity, offering complicitous indiscretions, winking our way, leaving us with a sense of being used, as others have been used before—and rather glad, in the end, that we do not know the Doctor.

It is a book that insistently imposes a formidable personality—not a particularly pleasant one. Sometimes there are the signs of committee creation, the prose of the press release, but elsewhere—particularly in the summary descriptions of personalities—there is precision and grace as well as condescension: living men soberly summed up as if they were already on the coroner's slab.

DR. KISSINGER was initially of interest to the world, when he assumed office as Mr. Nixon's national-security adviser, because he was supposed to be un-American. Europeans certainly expected him to be un-American—reassuringly so, from their point of view—but they were puzzled by what they eventually discovered. He had seemed European by his origins, obviously, but also by his professorial qualities and his predilection for the theoretical aspects of policy. He was an intellectual and an academic. This set him far apart in Washington, where the makers of foreign policy have more often come from the practice of law, and where, as George F. Kennan noted long ago, American policy has reflected a powerful tendency "to transplant legal concepts from the domestic to the international field: to believe that international society could—and should—operate on the basis of general contractual obligation, and hence to lay stress on verbal undertaking rather than on the concrete manifestations of political interest." Dr. Kissinger purported to be a realist, a man of calculated national interest, a detached geopolitician—another Metternich, the hero of his doctoral dissertation thirty years ago.

The skill of Metternich was to play from weakness: He made the remnants of the old Hapsburg lands into a great power by, as A. J. P. Taylor says, "pliant diplomacy and

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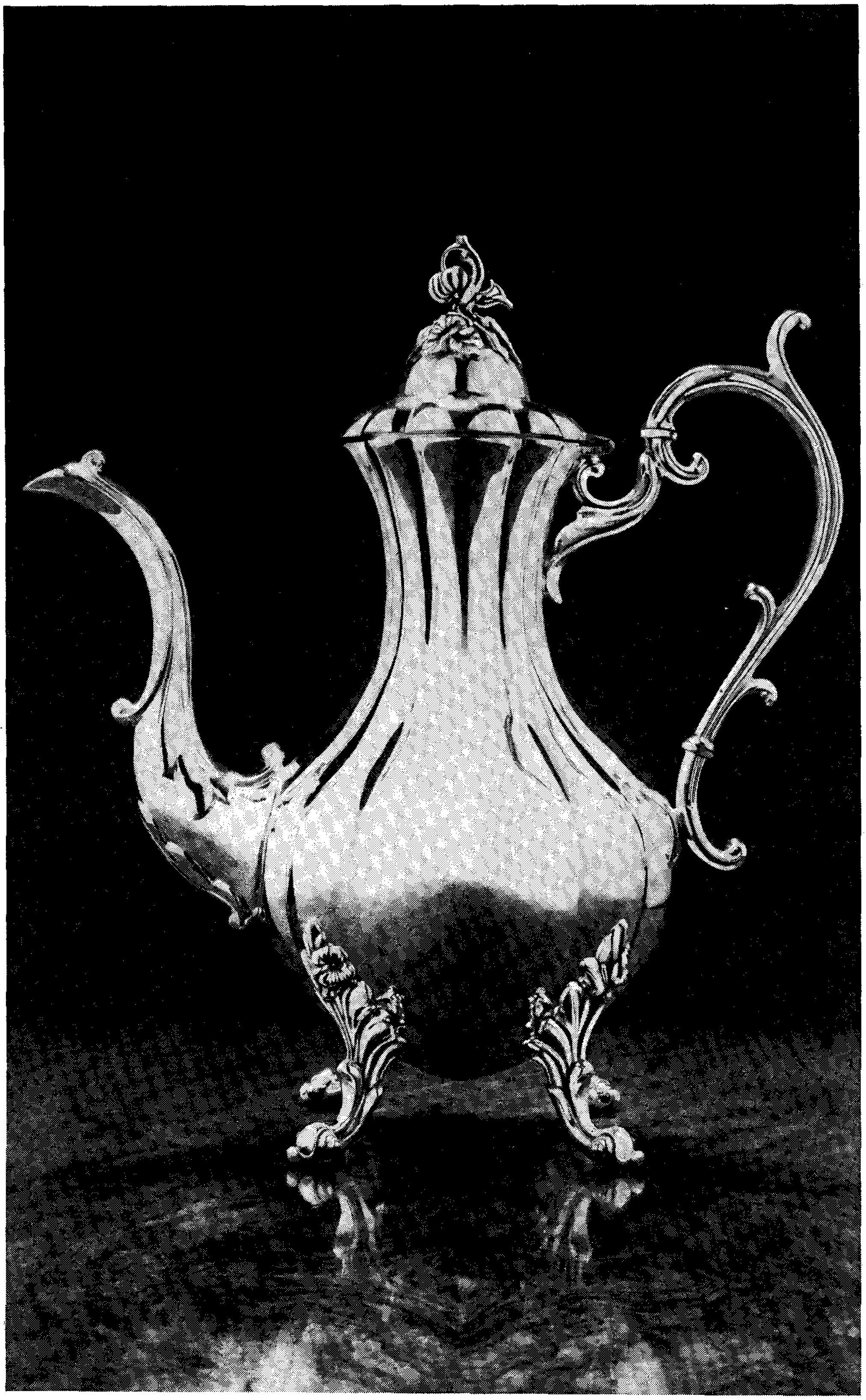

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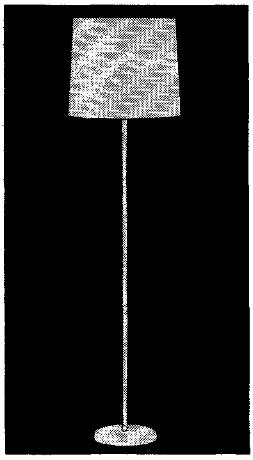

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ingenious treaties." Allies were essential to Austria, because it was fundamentally weak, incapable of independent action. This was just the opposite of Dr. Kissinger's situation. He assumed office in a United States at, or possibly just beyond, the peak of its power, more nearly invulnerable (leaving aside the nuclear threat) than any other nation on earth—never having known defeat.

Henry Kissinger dismissed the Wilsonian tradition in American diplomacy and substituted, he says, an opposite conception of policy, that of balance of power. It was a conception that Woodrow Wilson had denounced and deliberately repudiated in the years between 1916 and 1920, on the ground that the amoral pursuit of balance had led to the World War. Wilson had wanted to substitute an institution—the League of Nations—more representative of the ordinary man's ideals, more democratic. He rejected a classical diplomacy that rested upon calculations of power and was conducted by unrepresentative élites. The scandal of Henry Kissinger is that he rejoices in the claim that he returned the United States to the pursuit of great-power balance but did not in fact do so.

He has repeatedly gone into his ideas of power and diplomacy in this and the previous volume of memoirs. He makes the apposite comment that liberals in the United States, his critics, equate relations between states with human relations, in which good will and unilateral gestures can be effective, while conservatives see in them a version of the eternal struggle of good and evil. Dr. Kissinger's own "inviolate" principle of policy (he is speaking of China's policy at the time, but this clearly represents his own view) is that "no nation could be permitted to be preëminent, however fleetingly, over the combination of forces that could be arrayed against it, for in that fleeting moment of neglect independence and identity could be irrevocably lost." It is a fair definition of the rationale for a diplomacy of balance. But this was not Dr. Kissinger's diplomacy. That is why his account is so curious: what he says he was doing is at odds with what he actually did. Since the United States was at that time the only country that had the slightest serious possibility of decisive preëminence over the forces that might be arrayed against it, balance of power was inevitably the objective sought by the opponents of the United States, not

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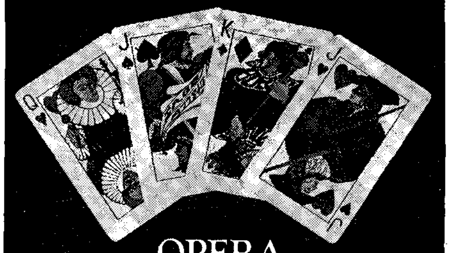

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by the United States itself. Dr. Kissinger was certainly not interested in creating a counterbalance to American power. He actually worked to resist balance, to the advantage of the United States. The opening to China brought together the two main enemies of the Soviet Union, creating an alignment that posed a potentially devastating threat to Russia. The Soviet Union, by itself, had never possessed any hope of "irrevocable" preëminence over either, even separately. What had actually happened was that China, aware of its weakness and isolation, opened itself politically (and, later, economically, and even militarily) to the United States—until then its excoriated "imperialist" enemy—so as to offset the threat of a "hegemonist" Soviet Union. A distant power was brought into play to counterbalance the threat of the neighboring power. The United States was the used, not the user, in this exercise. For the Soviet Union, the effect of bringing together its two main rivals was, naturally, frightening—fuelling its sense of encirclement. The United States, for its part, expected to obtain some help from China in ending the Vietnam War. (In reality, it did not get much.) But with respect to the Soviet Union the United States did not thus restore some kind of lost balance. It did not need alliance with China to be secure. China is the country that got what it wanted.

Much the same thing happened in the Middle East at the time of the 1973 war. The Soviet government had vainly sought a role equal to that of America in the region and in any possible Middle Eastern settlement. What happened during the October war and the shuttle diplomacy that followed was, as Dr. Kissinger explains, that the Soviets were cut out—"expulsion" is his word—so as to make both sides, Egypt and Israel, clients of the United States. The Russians, he concedes, regarded this as an affront to the "principles" of good relations that had been agreed upon in 1972. (They thereafter moved into Angola.)

Again, the objective of Dr. Kissinger was not great-power equilibrium. That is what the Soviet Union wanted, to its advantage. The United States wanted to sponsor Egypt as well as Israel—and Iran, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan, too. Its policy was competitive and bipolar, its intention being to collect as large a group as possible of formal allies, or informal dependents, against the Soviet Union—itself

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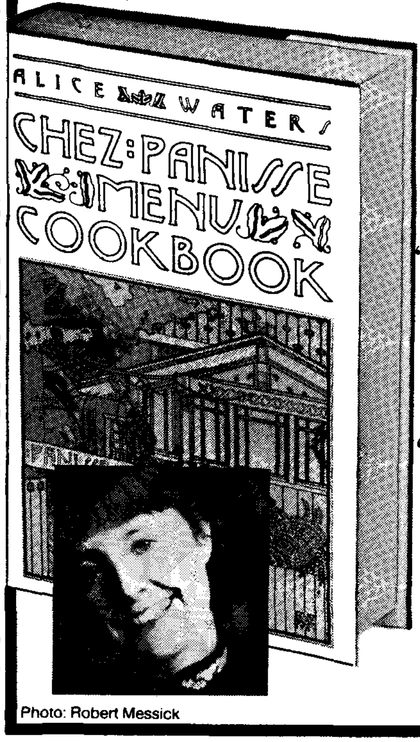

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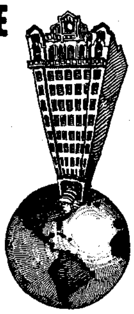

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presumed to be going about the same thing among the more radical Arabs. Once again, a policy of balance was conducted by a third party—in this case, Anwar Sadat, who patiently and brilliantly (Dr. Kissinger makes this admiringly clear) led both an unwitting United States and the Soviet Union into a situation where Egypt could achieve what it wanted: a restored Sinai, a peace treaty, moral recovery, self-respect. The old pattern, in which Egypt was the Soviets' client and Israel was America's, was broken with such subtlety that the victims scarcely knew what had happened until it was done. No wonder the two heroes of this book—aside from its author—are Zhou Enlai and Anwar Sadat.

DR. KISSINGER inevitably reopens the Vietnam debate. This volume covers the years from the Paris peace agreement of January, 1973, to the end of the Nixon Administration. The final collapse of Saigon awaits the next volume. The account is, understandably, self-justificatory; but from one concerned so often to pose conceptual questions, and draw general conclusions relevant to the future of American policy, what Dr. Kissinger has to say is disappointing. He stubbornly insists upon the wrong debate, which is about who is to blame, rather than the serious debate, which has to do with what the past may say about proper policy for the United States in the future, in these repeated affairs where American interests become bound up in the internal struggle of another country. Central America, obviously, poses the problem today. Iran did so yesterday. Egypt may do so tomorrow. What kind of intervention is valid, and in what circumstances; or to what extent can such interventions work at all? What, after all, *is* the lesson of Vietnam?

Dr. Kissinger merely defends himself against "fashionable critics," as he calls them, who were responsible for his being "ferociously attacked from the left for resisting the Communist takeover in Indo-China." Framing the matter in those terms, he inevitably contributes to the argument, increasingly heard today, and even at risk of becoming "fashionable" itself, that insists that whatever the United States did in Vietnam, or tried to do, is vindicated in retrospect by the horrors subsequently undergone by Cambodia and, on a different scale, by Vietnam and Laos. The critics of American

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policy, and particularly those who opposed the invasion of Cambodia, are held to have caused that policy to fail, and therefore to be responsible for the genocide in Cambodia. Had they not had their way—had United States bombings in Cambodia not been halted by Congress—Cambodia could still be free today, and Vietnam and Laos as well.

This argument contends that an honorable—and effective—American program to resist Communism in Indo-China was caused by its liberal and leftist critics to fail. The government—to use an old phrase of unfortunate memory—was stabbed in the back. It would otherwise have brought the war to a successful conclusion. Dr. Kissinger contends that the liberals, responsible for Congress's placing a series of legal restraints upon United States actions in Cambodia and annulling the threat of punitive bombing of North Vietnam for violations of the Paris settlement of 1973, were often motivated by admiration for the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front. He says that they preferred the Communists, whom they saw in idyllic terms, to the non-Communist military governments that their own country supported in Saigon and Phnom Penh. Accordingly, they bear a large, and perhaps the principal, responsibility for the collapse of those governments, and for what ensued. They committed, he believes, an act of naïve and erroneous moral judgment, which actually led to the awesome immoralities practiced by the Khmer Rouge.

Dr. Kissinger insists that it was American policy that was morally valid, being meant to permit the Vietnamese and their neighbors some space of freedom and choice. But surely, even when the controversy was at its most furious, few can have thought that successive Presidents of the United States were conducting a costly and unpopular war, jeopardizing their own political survival, for what they recognized to be immoral purposes. The moral criticism made of the war, and of Dr. Kissinger himself, is, understandably, the one that most upsets him. But it is also the least consequential. The real question before the country in the nineteen-sixties and the early seventies was about the United States' ability to accomplish its aims, however moral—or, at least, about its ability to do so without a disproportionate expenditure of violence.

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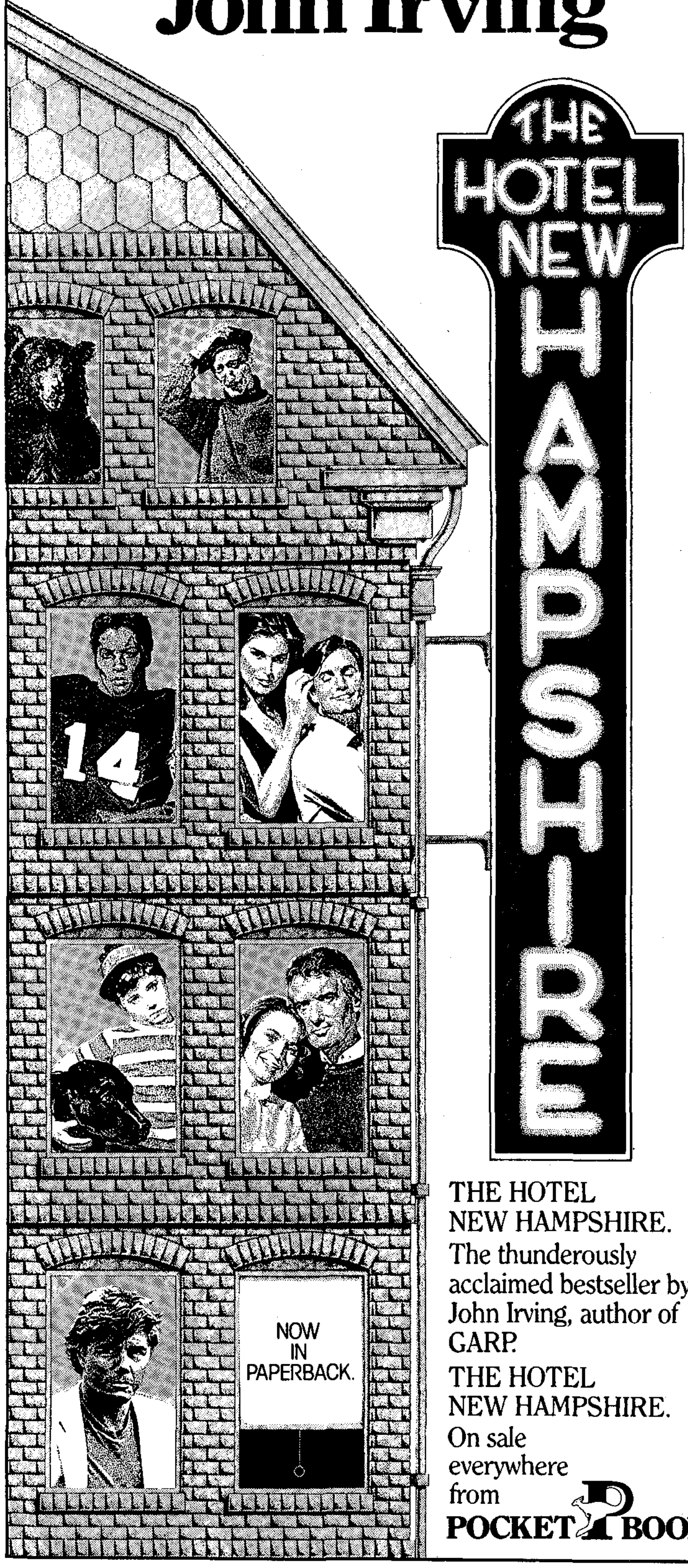

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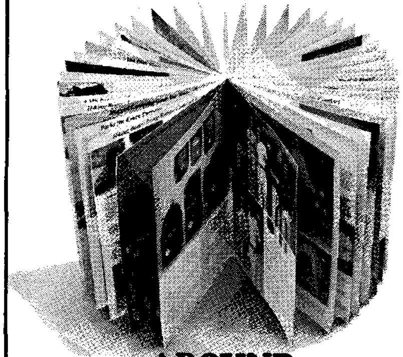

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munist politics in Saigon, Vientiane, and Phnom Penh was a proper goal for American policy—or, certainly, not an immoral one—could it have been done? Could it have been done within the limits of violence which American and international public opinion would tolerate as just or appropriate? Public opinion, after all, tolerated a great deal. It should be remembered that between mid-1965 and the Tet offensive, in 1968—or, at the latest, the invasion of Cambodia, in 1970—the military forces of the United States were given virtually unlimited means to accomplish their mission. They had everything they asked for except unlimited mining and bombing of the North and the use of nuclear weapons. They certainly had immensely more than the French had in their Indo-China War or the subsequent Algerian war, or than the British had in their successful suppression of the Communist uprising in Malaya between 1948 and 1960. The American military's conduct of the Indo-China affair was logistically impressive, but, as most intelligent officers knew, and several have subsequently written, it was tactically sterile, not to say incompetent. In any case, it failed. To argue that it would have succeeded if there had been no limits on the bombing, or less strict rules of engagement, or if nuclear weapons had been used, is to make an unprofessional argument. The military responsibility is to accomplish an agreed-upon task within agreed-upon limits. War is the agent of political policy. To think otherwise is to deprive war of its moral warrant.

The military failure in Vietnam followed from the difficulty that foreign troops have invariably encountered in imposing their will upon a political struggle as extensive and deeply rooted as the one that had been going on in Vietnam since the nineteen-forties (indeed, in important respects, since the twenties, and before). This obstacle was obviously not conceded by the American government that first intervened in Vietnam, when Henry Kissinger was still a professor at Harvard, but to contend that the obstacle existed was certainly not an exotic argument, or even a liberals' argument. General Douglas MacArthur told President John Kennedy, according to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., that "anyone wanting to commit American ground forces to the mainland should have his head examined." It was not an eccentric argument even when the intervention

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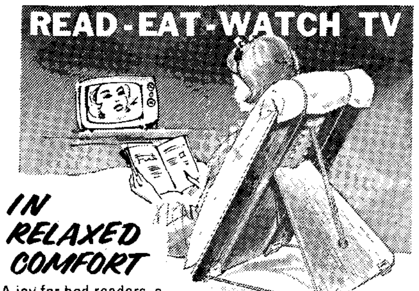

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began. The Johnson Administration heard the argument and rejected it. But it was possible to foresee in February, 1965, when the United States began air operations against the Vietcong, and the dispatch of ground troops was being discussed, that it "would be a war to wrest Vietnam out of the control of a native revolutionary movement . . . which, however hateful we may consider it to be, is the single effective national political-military movement left in Vietnam. . . . And there is no mandate for such a war in American public opinion. . . . If this opposition should be ignored in Washington, the result could be a moral crisis in the domestic political affairs of this country comparable to that which corrupted French politics for the decade of its colonial wars." This view—my own, writing in *Commonweal* at the time—was not the majority view, but it was not an isolated one. Walter Lippmann, Hans Morgenthau, and the New York *Times* echoed the warning General MacArthur had made against introducing American troops into the Asian mainland. A major part, if not the majority of members, of the professional foreign-affairs community outside government was probably against the war even then. The judgment made was not that it would be immoral to keep South Vietnam out of the hands of the Communists. Why should that have been so? The argument was that the means to do this, in a reasonable way, with more gained than would be lost, were not available to the United States.

While Dr. Kissinger had nothing to do with the war's beginning, he had everything to do with the war's prolongation, and precisely these issues of attainable goals and proportionate means were present as the Nixon Administration extended the war to Cambodia and intensified the bombings. Richard Nixon had been elected President in 1968 with a clear mandate to end the war. He had declared that he had a plan to do so, which for prudential reasons he would not describe during the campaign. It is possible today to say that if he had indeed ended the war upon taking office—on whatever terms could have been wrung from Hanoi (at a time when the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese forces were not as well placed as they were five years later)—the result could hardly have been worse than what actually happened. It might have been better. It would certainly have been better for Cambodia, which was then still only

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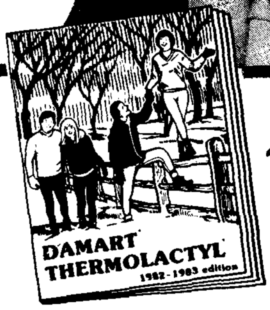

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marginally involved in the struggle, and with its own Communist movement, the Khmer Rouge, still a minor force in its affairs.

For all of Richard Nixon's admiration for Charles de Gaulle, neither he nor Dr. Kissinger seems to have grasped the salient fact about the great Frenchman's conduct in ending the Algerian war. He had been brought to power by the Algerian crisis, and, unlike those who elected Mr. Nixon in 1968, his most vehement supporters were convinced that he meant to win the war—to keep Algeria part of France. Within months, he had concluded that while the war might be won militarily—that is, the military organization of the Algerian nationalists might be broken and, probably, indefinitely contained—there could be no victory in that outcome, because the Algerian population simply would not accept continued French rule. He therefore ruthlessly proceeded to disengage France from the war and from Algeria, settling with the nationalists even at the risks of mutiny in his Army and something near to a civil war among the French. There was in this a quality of cold, magisterial judgment and moral courage to which Mr. Nixon and Dr. Kissinger aspired but which they could not, in the event, summon. They failed to understand that, to serve their country as it badly needed to be served, they had to summon the courage of the surgeon, and wager their own careers upon doing right. They made the weak choice—to try to have it both ways.

Accordingly, they spent the next five years attempting to gain at the conference table what had been lost in the field, and what the political dynamics of Vietnam's society would not yield. They eventually had to lie to themselves. The American troop withdrawal in 1973 was predicated, officially, upon the assumption that South Vietnam's forces, left to themselves, would be able to withstand a Communist offensive that South Vietnam and the United States together had not been able to withstand when there were half a million American troops in the country. Given the hostility to the war which by then existed in the United States, the idea that the United States could by threatening reintervention prevent Hanoi from continuing to pursue what had been since 1945 its implacable aim, a unified Communist Indo-China, was not to be taken seriously. Watergate certainly made the Nixon Administration

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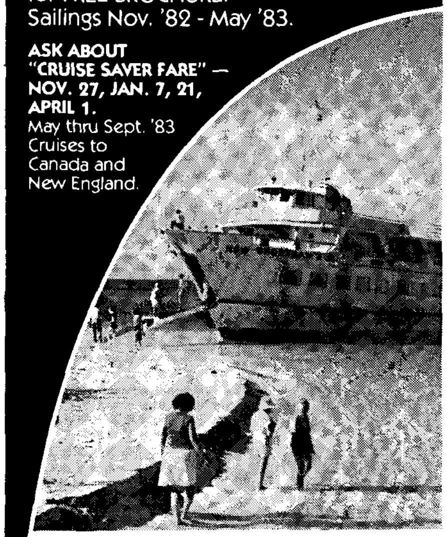

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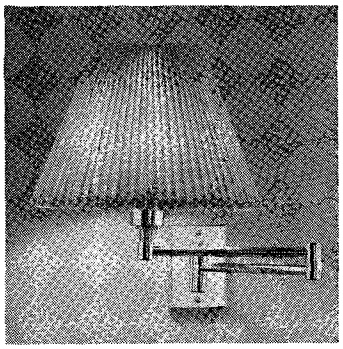

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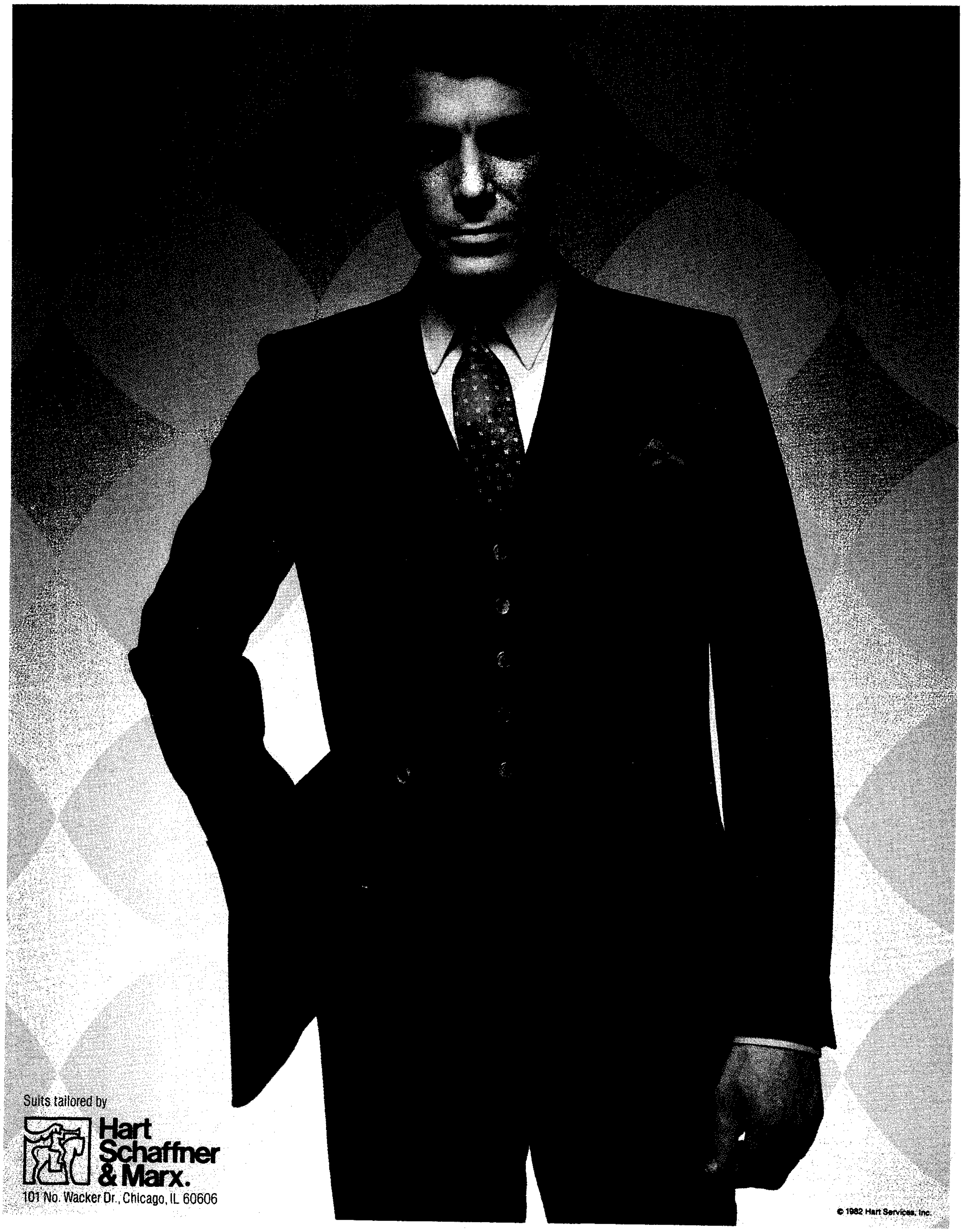

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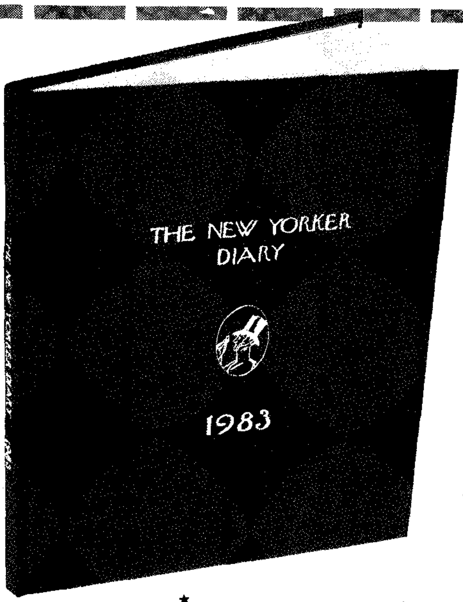

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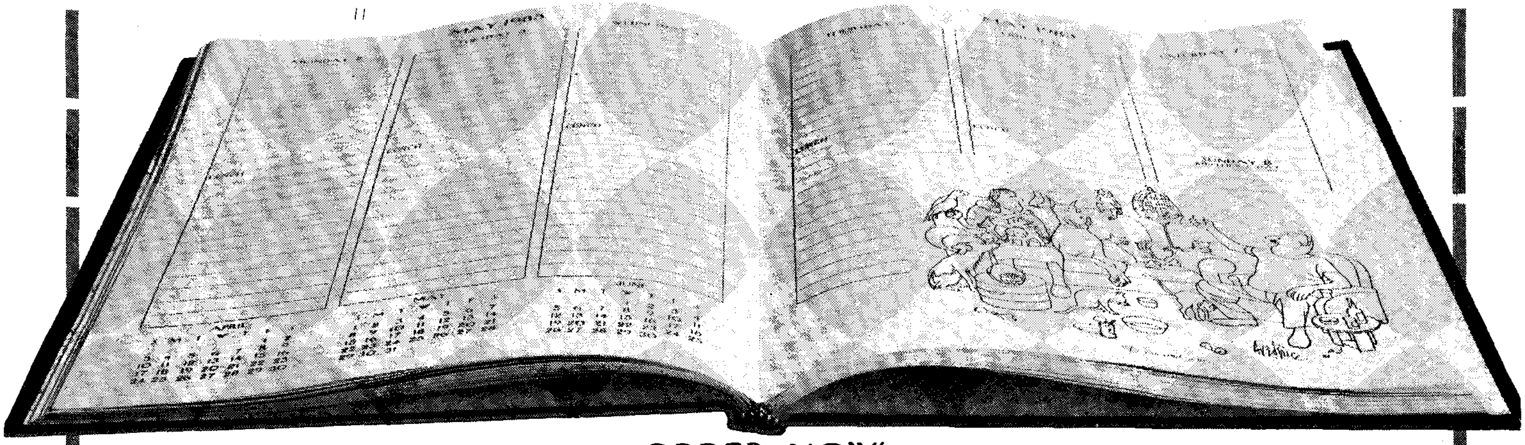

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weaker yet; but in 1973 hardly any serious observer saw the American troop withdrawal as anything but an effective abandonment of South Vietnam to its fate. Dr. Kissinger says he believed that there was a chance to maintain the equilibrium in Indo-China by means of the threat of renewed bombing. He does not explain why bombing would have had this decisive effect after 1973 which it had not had before 1973. But by arguing that Indo-China's equilibrium might in the right circumstances have been salvaged, he is able to say that congressional hostility to the war, together with Watergate's destruction of Mr. Nixon's authority, handed Indo-China over to the Communists. The war was lost not by those who were in charge—who had promised a successful outcome and had, from the time Dr. Kissinger came to Washington, been given five years and vast means to obtain it—but by those who criticized them. The German General Staff in 1918 said the same thing.

The policy question remains. If an insurgent movement is strong enough to place a government in such grave difficulties that it must look abroad for help in order to save itself, can that movement be defeated by foreign intervention? Can foreigners decide what amounts to civil war? (Everyone knows that North Vietnam was behind the South Vietnamese Communists; but North and South became separate countries only in 1954. One cannot seriously say that this was not a civil war among the Vietnamese.) Does not such an intervention tend to enfeeble its host government, by contributing to its perceived loss of legitimacy? One may suspect that if Abraham Lincoln had looked to Prussia or France for military and political advisers at every level of federal government in 1861 and afterward, and had allowed the main burden of saving the Union to be assumed by half a million European troops, there would be no union of fifty states today. These are not, I must add, simple questions, to which a simple response of universal validity may be expected. But they are the real issues posed by Vietnam. Dr. Kissinger is content to make a reductive interpretation of what the war's opponents said, declaring that if only the liberals had not criticized the Nixon Administration there would have been no holocaust caused by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, no victory of the Communists in Vietnam, no collapse in Laos,

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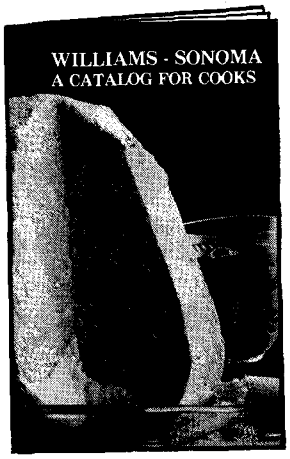

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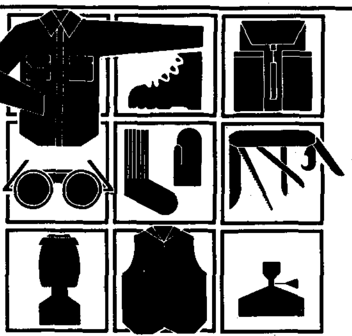

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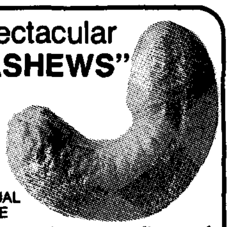

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THE idea of a balance of power describes what can exist, or what should exist, in international relations, but it is only an indirect guide to foreign policy. Nations attempt to balance friends against enemies, or even enemies against enemies, but this is not always possible. Prince Norodom Sihanouk tried bravely to balance Cambodia between North Vietnam, which was sending supplies south through Cambodian territory, and South Vietnam and the United States government. Dr. Kissinger and Mr. Nixon had become convinced that attacks upon that supply route, or its interdiction by means of an invasion of Cambodia, might decide the larger war. Pressure from the two sides was too much for Sihanouk, and Cambodia paid a desperate price. A policy of balance no longer was possible. Similarly, the plight of the Eastern European nations today is that no counterbalancing force to Russia's is accessible to them. The unavailability of balance has been a fundamental problem for Latin Americans, in that there has seemed to be no external ally available to them to counter the inevitable but overpowering influence of the United States. "Poor Mexico," a post-revolutionary leader said. "So far from God and so close to the United States." And the Cubans, who did find an ally, are still trapped, because their external dependence has become suffocating. The United States is so close and so powerful that Cuba's dependence upon the Soviet Union is near-total.

A multipolar world is not, unfortunately, for the superpowers to create. Their impulse is aggrandizement, and Dr. Kissinger demonstrates this even while he insists upon the desirability of balance. His own policies, in practice, were scarcely distinguishable from those of John Foster Dulles, in the nineteen-fifties: collecting allies; backing anti-Communist generals in Greece, Brazil, and Chile; expelling the Soviet Union from exposed positions; putting pressure upon would-be neutrals to declare themselves; resisting the fitful European effort to become a third force in the world. The Nixon Administration differed from the Eisenhower Administration (and from the Reagan Administration today) in being less ideological, more open to practicalities of détente, more sophisticated in its analyses than Mr.

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Dulles would have approved. But it was less detached in the event, less restrained, less wise in experience than the Eisenhower Administration had proved to be.

The United States, it can be argued, would be better off if this were indeed a world with more than two serious powers active in international relations, so that it need not regard itself as inevitably engaged in nearly every dispute nearly everywhere. It might itself have tried, in 1973 and after, to restore a regional balance within the Middle East by shifting responsibility for settlement back toward the Middle Eastern governments themselves, and using American influence to cause both superpowers to back off. Today, it might take more seriously what must sooner or later happen in Europe, where the realities of nationalism in the West and of latent disorder in the East have yet to find full expression and may become very dangerous. A pluralism of power in the international system is slowly emerging from the exceptional conditions created by the last war. It would, one supposes, be too much to expect a nation that has benefitted from those exceptional conditions to contribute creatively to their replacement; but it would be intelligent for it to try to do so.

—William Pfaff

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FICTION

Mantissa, by John Fowles (Little, Brown; $13.95). The resemblance between the bearded face of the nude sculptor (admiring his nude model) in the Picasso etching chosen to adorn this book's jacket and the bearded face of John Fowles in a photograph on the back is probably—in view of the extreme self-consciousness of the text within—no coincidence. It is in this text (printed in an unusually handsome typeface on thick and creamy paper) that the author's equivalent of the sculptor's model can be found. Erato, the Lyric Muse, assumes various guises here—a provocative young doctor and her well-rounded nurse; a Punk/Skinhead/Hell's Angel mutant with kohl-ringed eyes and a filthy mouth; a Renaissance sylph (white samite tunic, saffron girdle, chaplet of rosebuds, lyre)—as she reminisces about her diverse clientele, confusing Vergil with Ovid and Horace with Catullus, and complains about her current client's neuroses. He, in

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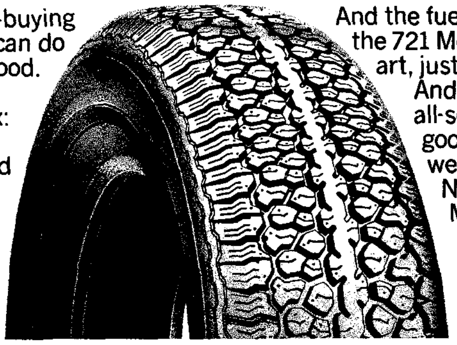

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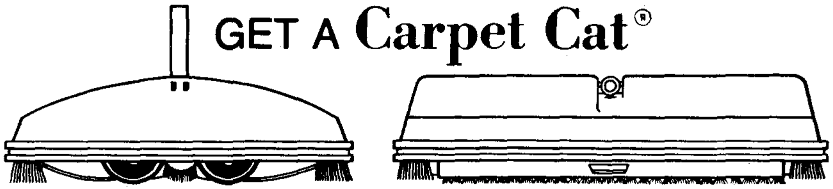

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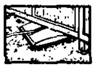

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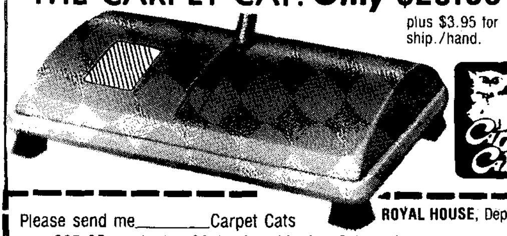

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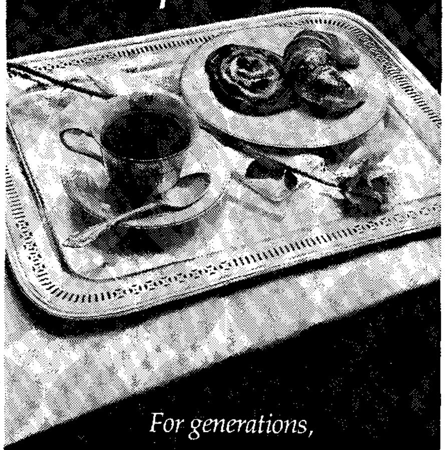

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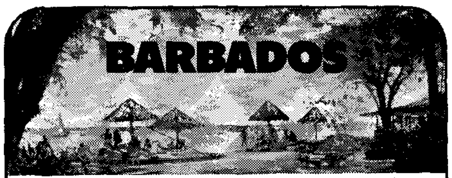

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turn, takes note of her (typically female) fickleness as well as her faulty memory but throws a fit when she vanishes, at will, into thin air. An innocuous exercise in self-mockery; as the book's one footnote, citing the O.E.D., explains, a mantissa is "an addition of comparatively small importance, especially to a literary effort or discourse."

Flashman and the Redskins, by George MacDonald Fraser (Knopf; $14.95). After begrudging Sir Harry Flashman a bit part in his last novel, "Mr. American" (1981), and then watching that honey-tongued, lily-livered scoundrel (whose native wickedness was first exposed in "Tom Brown's School Days," many years ago) steal the show, Mr. Fraser has, happily for *everyone*, returned to the task of editing the Flashman Papers. This is Volume VII, but it begins where Volume III ("Flash for Freedom!") left off: in New Orleans in 1849, with "your humble obedient trotting anxiously at the heels of [an] Oriel man, slaver, and homicidal lunatic," who is also a sea captain about to sail for England. The homesick Flashman soon finds himself obliged to take a more roundabout route back to England, in the company of the employees of a California-bound bordello, by way of the world of Kit Carson and Geronimo. When the Gold Rush is in full swing, Flashman is, temporarily, out of danger, and so he skips ahead to 1876 and his further American adventures, as a "trader, wagon-captain, bounty-hunter, irregular soldier, whore-master, gambler, scout, Indian fighter" and worse, which climax at the Battle of Little Bighorn, where (riding a Cheyenne pony and dressed *in evening clothes*) he finds himself arguing with the doomed Custer. This is a glorious tour de force, with an unexpected bonus: twenty-three pages of impeccable footnotes, on everything from Apache sweat baths to Visigothic scalp hunters.

So the Wind Won't Blow It All Away, by Richard Brautigan (Delacorte; $12.95). On August 1, 1979, the narrator sits with his ear "pressed up against the past as if to the wall of a house that no longer exists" and recalls the summer when he was twelve (in 1947) and was living (courtesy of the Welfare Department) with his mother and his sisters in an Oregon auto court: fishing in a pond and getting his

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sneakers wet; watching a gigantic man and woman set up and then fish from a truckload of living-room furniture on the pond's far side; collecting empty beer bottles from a night watchman at a sawmill up the road; and visiting a one-lunged veteran of the Great War in his pondside shack. He also recalls a series of previous addresses, including the annex of a funeral parlor, where (in the spring of 1940) he watched hearses come and go before breakfast, and a dingy apartment where everyone sat around and wished there was a radio. All these dreary memories forestall, for a while, the story of a terrible accident hinted at in the opening sentence and then, a few pages later, given a date: February 17, 1948. A weary little dirge. (The title, followed by the words "Dust . . . American . . . Dust," heads every chapter.) Only Mr. Brautigan's hard-core fans will mistake its slightness for subtlety.

GENERAL

WATER: THE NATURE, USES, AND FUTURE OF OUR MOST PRECIOUS AND ABUSED RESOURCE, by Fred Powledge (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). Although the author tells us that the shortage of pure water is worldwide, he concentrates on the water problems of the United States, in the hope that his readers will do something about them. There are many reasons that potable water is growing scarce. Past ignorance is one: many dams and irrigation systems were built before their builders had any notion of the harm they would do. Another is the growth of population after the Second World War, which has increased our demand for water. Among the greatest dangers is the recent development of a host of new toxic chemicals—some used as pesticides and others for industrial purposes—which can pollute not only groundwater but aquifers. Along with providing scientific information, Mr. Powledge explains the political failures that continue to aggravate these insults to nature, and criticizes particular agencies of government which have been responsible in some cases for causing and in others for permitting the destruction of water supplies all over the nation. His purpose is to prevent further poisoning of our waters, and he has adopted exactly the right tone: he does not exaggerate but,

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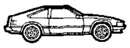
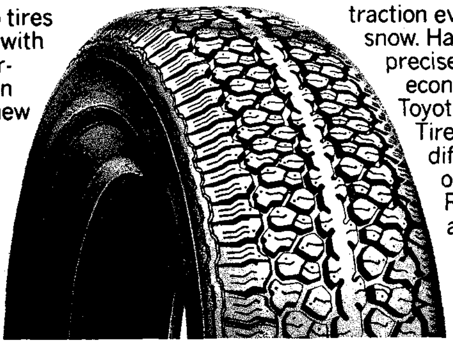

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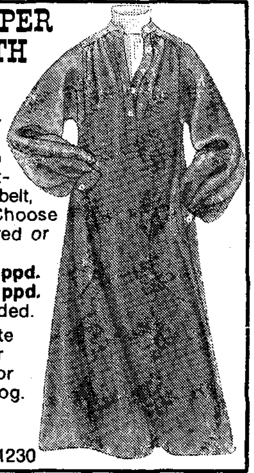

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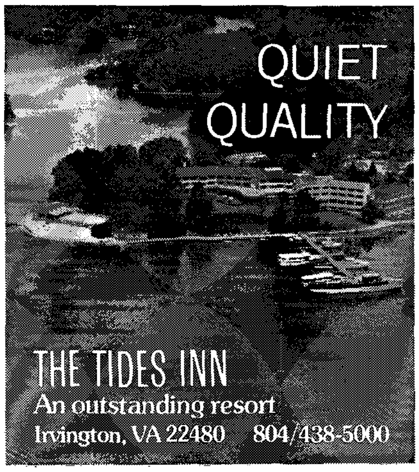
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having alerted us to some alarming realities, suggests practical action at every level of government.

Disraeli's Grand Tour: Benjamin Disraeli and the Holy Land, 1830-31, by Robert Blake (Oxford; $14.95). In 1829, Benjamin Disraeli, then twenty-four years old and, in the author's words, "one of the most foppish, insufferable, conceited young men that ever walked," decided that, to lift a mysterious *depression of spirit which had* plagued him for three years, he would undertake a trip to the Mediterranean and the Near East. His father, the wealthy man of letters Isaac D'Israeli, refused to lend him money, so young Disraeli resolved to "hack for it," and wrote a potboiling novel, "The Young Duke;" with the five hundred pounds that it brought, he and a companion set out for Gibraltar, Spain, and sometimes extended stops at Malta, Corfu, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo. Disraeli was enchanted by the East. He was most deeply impressed by Jerusalem, "a gorgeous city." The trip lasted only sixteen months, but Lord Blake, the author of a distinguished biography of the Prime Minister, shows that what Disraeli absorbed in those Eastern lands colored his thinking throughout his political career.

The Coming Boom, by Herman Kahn (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). The head of the Hudson Institute tells us why he thinks that prosperity is just around the corner, and that the chances are better than even that the United States will soon enter another period of economic growth—one not quite as striking as the great development of the nineteen-fifties and sixties but more than adequate to solve our economic problems well into the next century. Mr. Kahn believes that the Reagan Administration represents a national consensus, and that most of its economic policies should succeed. He argues that some of our difficulties are not as acute as we think—for example, that, in constant dollars, the federal deficit has grown only slightly; those big numbers just reflect inflation. Some of his optimism depends on the Administration's doing what it has not done—supporting an ambitious program to develop synthetic fuels, for instance. And Mr. Kahn sounds too casual about the side effects of the "super-industrial" world economy he fore-

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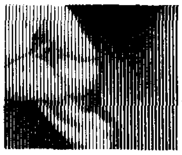

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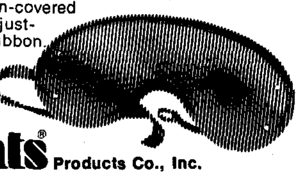

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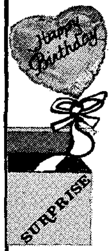

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sees—notably the new varieties of lethal pollution. However, he offers several ingenious schemes to make long-term public and private investment attractive once again.

ACROSS THE ABYSS: DIARY ENTRIES FOR THE YEAR 1939-1940, by Paul Roubiczek, translated from the German by George Bird, with an introduction by Erich Heller (Cambridge; $27.50). The author (1898-1972), who taught literature and philosophy at Cambridge, was born a Jew in Prague; his combat experiences in the First World War led him to Christianity, and he studied in Berlin until the Nazis' racism exiled him to France, whence he fled to England, the background of this meditative wartime journal. Roubiczek's overwhelming concern is the right path for a Christian during a war. His religious reflections are accompanied by original observations on art, literature, architecture, history, human behavior—on the British national character, say, and the reasons that German Romantic lyrics are weaker than poetry of earlier periods. Roubiczek's evocative powers are irresistible. We see the battlefields of his past and the Cambridge gardens of 1939, and we share his pained, perplexed responses to events of the day. Every subject he turns over in his mind relates in some way to his ethical and spiritual preoccupations, with the result that his once timely thoughts have become timeless.

NOTE: "Unscientific Americans," a collection of drawings by Roz Chast, some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dial ($7.95 paper).

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[*From the Crawfordsville* (*Ind.*) *Journal Review*]

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2:06 P.M. KCBS-AM (740): Newsmagazine. Airline pilot Dick Deeds tells why he thinks a high-rise development at the end of a runway at San Francisco International Airport is a bad idea.—*Radio listing in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

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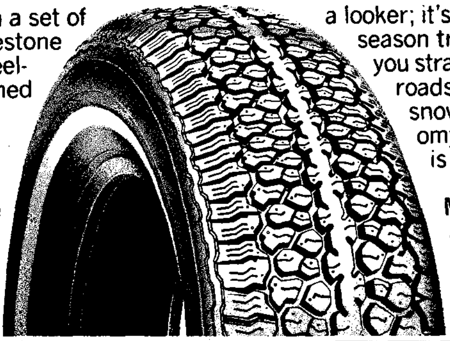

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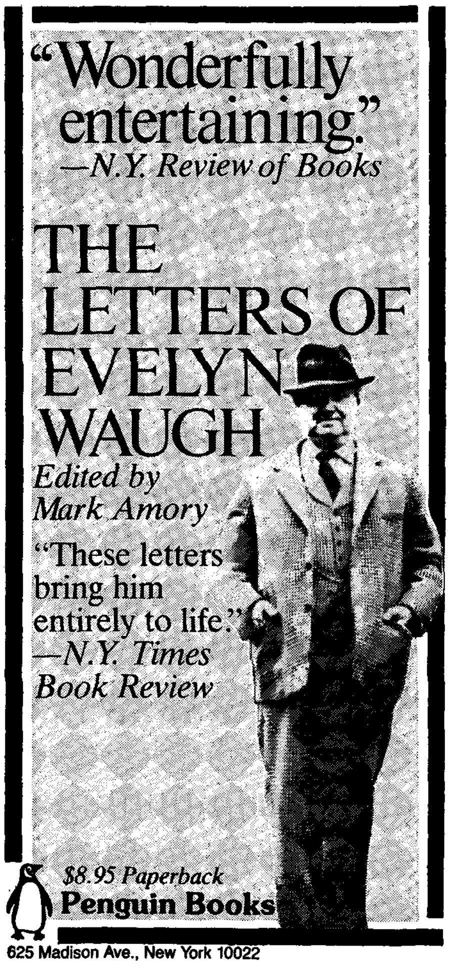

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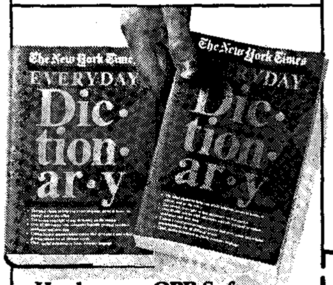

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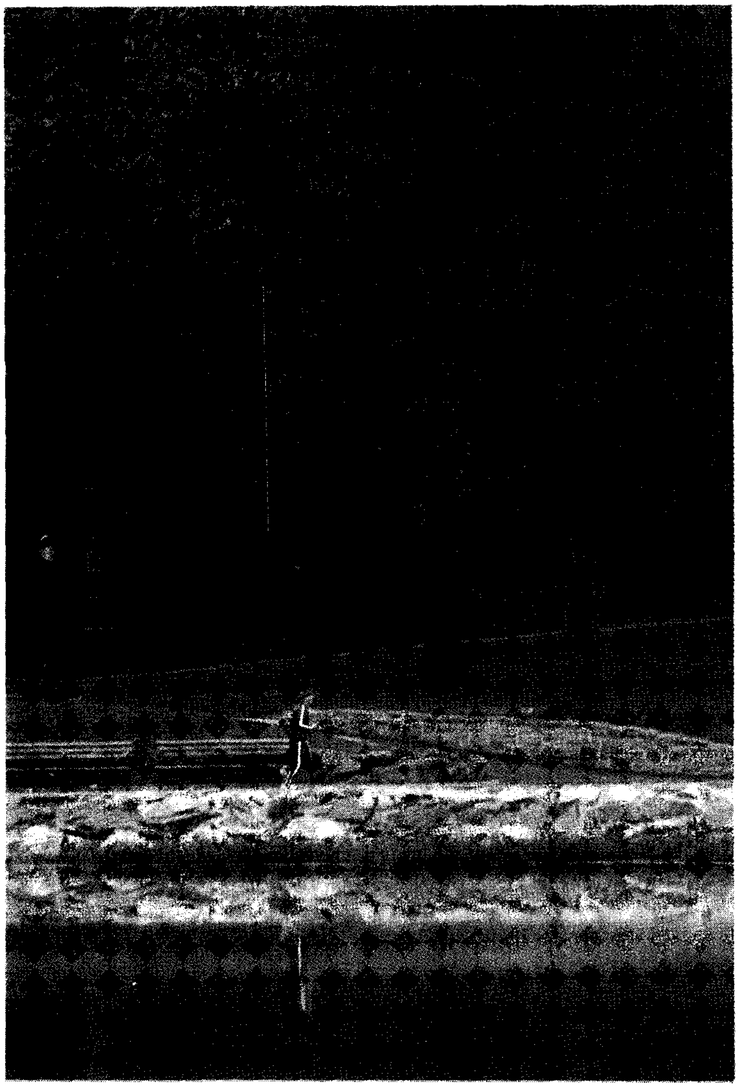

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If you have a sizable portfolio you may wish to consult Morgan's specialists in investment management and trust administration. We also act as custodian for your securities—collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, tender offers.

An invitation

To find out more about opening a personal account at Morgan, talk with a banker at any of our New York offices: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or you can telephone Peter E. Guernsey Jr., Vice President, at (212) 997-8037.

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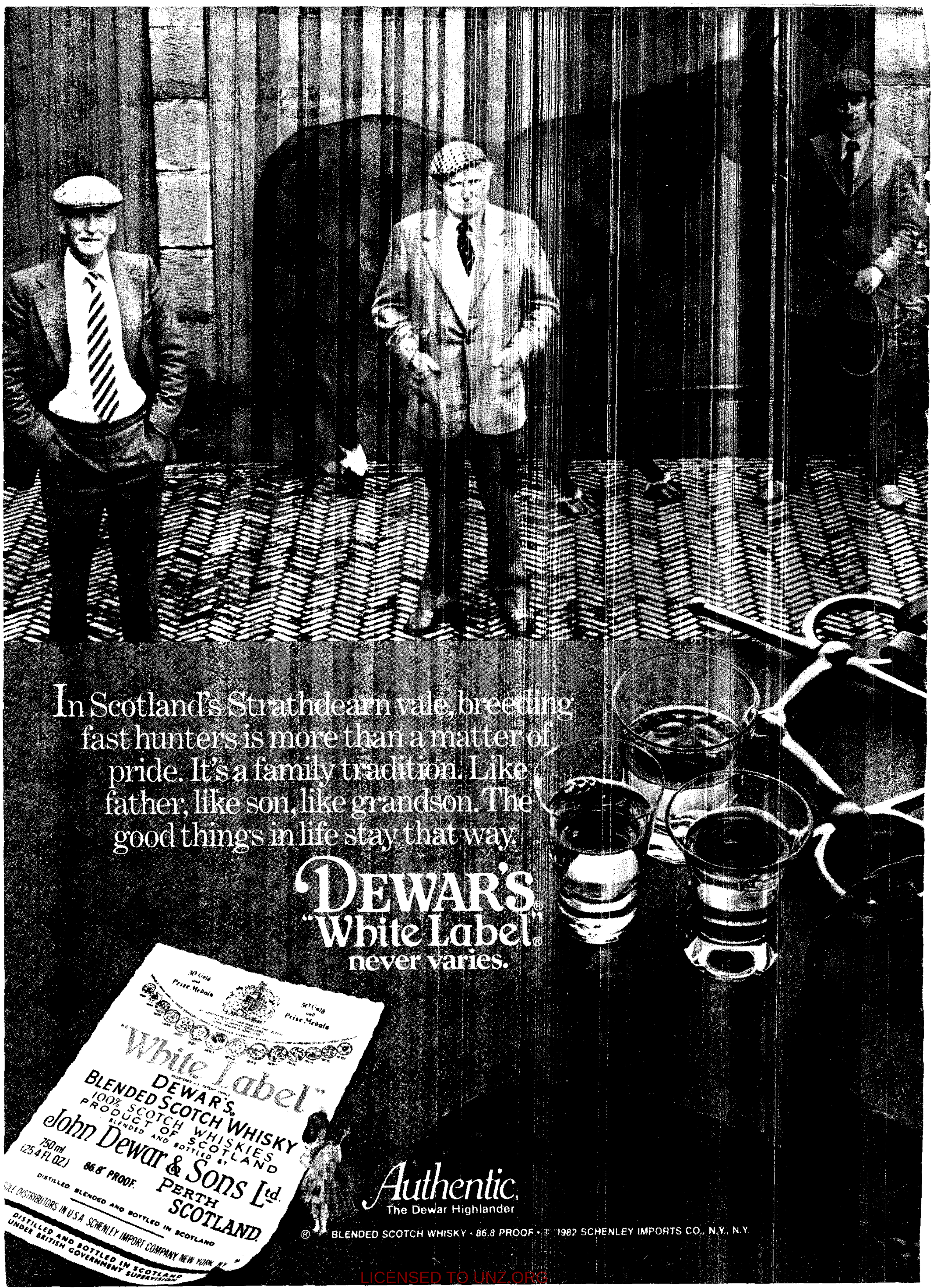

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